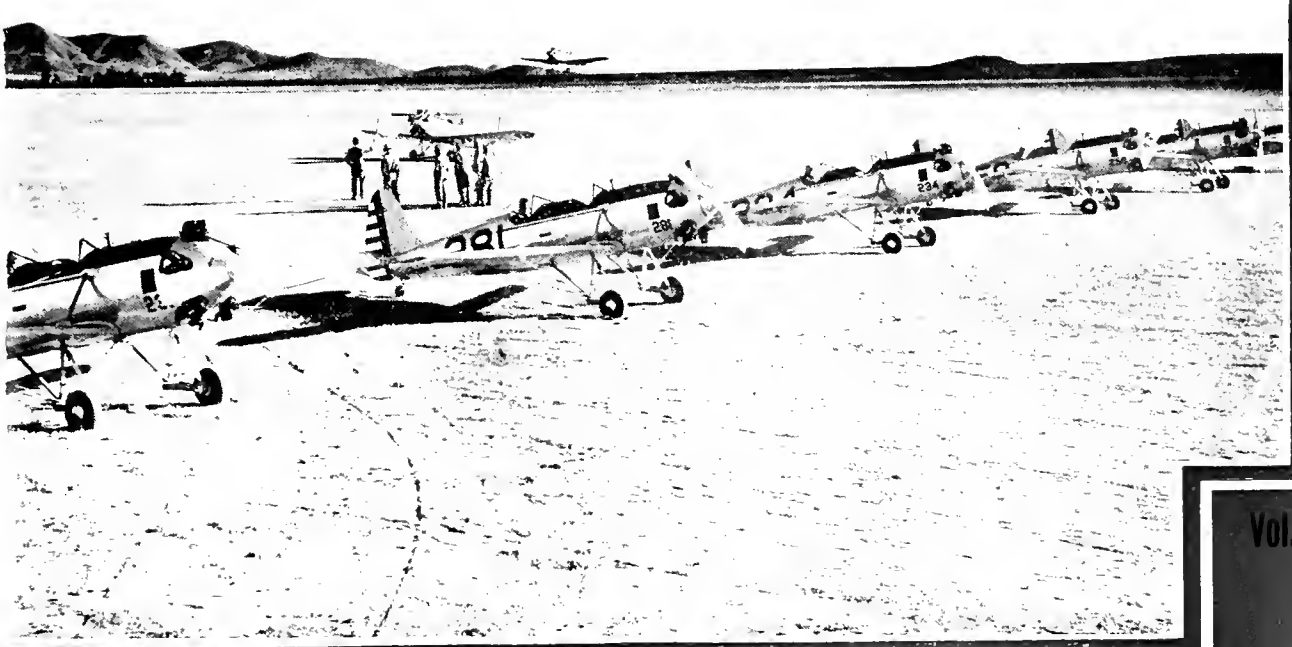
Ryan Flying Reporter



Vol. 4 No. 1

JULY 17TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

The products of Ryan workers' hands get around these days. Details of just how completely, of course, are not available for public release. Bomber, fighter and military cargo pilots who received their flight instruction in Ryan primary trainer airplanes are performing magnificently on all fronts . . . . . more details about that later.

Right now I want to pass on some news that is thrilling to me and I know will be to all of you, particularly those who work in the Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division; and it will be inspiration, I hope, to all others who in any way contribute to Ryan production to learn that:

The products of your handiwork have helped make possible countless successful U-boat attacks; were present at Dunkirk and helped write a glowing page for history; have taken part in wide-spread bombing raids over Norway and the Bay of Biscay, the bombing of enemy munition dumps, attacks on military objectives in occupied Europe, and the only capture of a submarine by an airplane ever recorded. The King of England depends upon your quality craftsmanship every time he enters his personal plane.

Our manifold's excellence has admitted it to the war's most thrilling scenes. It flies, today, over the North Sea, the Mediterranean, Africa and Australia . . . anywhere and everywhere that Democracy's life is threatened. And according to official reports, it's doing a magnificent job!

For all this you may well feel proud. For this splendid privilege of placing your skill at the service of united free peoples the world over, you should be thankful. Let us show our appreciation in a sincere determination to produce the very best we can . . . as speedily as we can!

T. Claude Ryan

THIS FIRM BELIEVES IN AMERICA

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER

RYAN EXHAUSTS PLAY VITAL ROLE

"Old Boomerang . . . she goes through flame and flack, through hell and over water . . . but she always comes back to England!"

It is the rugged durability of the Lockheed Hudson Bomber, its staying power under all flying conditions, that caused the men of the Royal Air Force to dub the airplane "Old Boomerang." **And because the R.A.F. Hudsons are equipped with Ryan Exhaust Manifold Systems, workers in the Ryan Aeronautical Company factory can take justifiable pride in knowing their skills have played a part in the exceptional combat records of these sturdy bombers.**

The Hudson was in England before the start of the war; it went into action in September, 1939, and was the first American-made bomber to reach the battle zone in quantity. Its record is long and brilliant, and its reliability and versatility have made it a favorite among military airmen.

Though it is a land plane, more Hudsons have been flown across the stormy North Atlantic for quick delivery to embattled England than all other types of aircraft combined.

While designed chiefly for reconnaissance and patrol duty with the Coastal Command of the R.A.F., the Hudson has distinguished itself also as an effective raider along the Invasion Coast, as a dive-bomber and, in emergencies, as a fighter of formidable qualities. The plane has made its presence felt in far corners of the Empire as well—the Mediterraneon, Africa, and Australia.

The story of the Hudson begins in 1938, when a five-man British commission visited the United States in search of a medium reconnaissance bomber, of fairly long range and fine staying qualities.

A contract for 250 Hudsons went to Lockheed, which selected Ryan manifolds as standard exhaust system equipment. The order was completed seven and a half weeks ahead of schedule, and has been repeated many times until now literally hundreds of Hudsons have been delivered to the R.A.F.

Tales of the exploits of the Hudson are legion. They range from reconnaissance expeditions to bombing raids on German shipping, and death battles in the skies in which these sturdy Lockheeds rarely come out second best in aerial encounters with enemy bombers. Even the Messerschmitts have been shot down in great numbers by Hudson "Tail End Charleys," as the rear turret gunners are called in the R.A.F.

It was a Hudson that discovered the prison ship Altmark skulking in a Norwegian fjord with British captives in her holds; another Hudson was first to give the Royal Navy the startling news that the Bismarck had left Germon waters and was on the prowl for convoys from America.

In the evacuation from Dunkirk, the Hudsons were sent over in waves of twelve every fifteen minutes, dive-bombing the Germans encircling the British troops on the Dunkirk sands, straffing the Nazi infantry, bombing enemy boats and giving protection to the countless smoll croft bringing the evacuees back across the Channel.

The Hudsons have blasted away wherever enemy concentrations have been found. Their exploits include wide-spread bombing raids over Norway and the Bay of Biscay; hunting down U-boats; the photographing of aerial-torpedo damage at Taranto; and attacks too numerous to mention on enemy shipping and military concentrations.

And ample demonstration that the Hudsons can really take it is afforded by the accompanying picture of a bomber riddled by anti-aircraft shell-splinters and bullets which came home though badly damaged—and only five minutes late.

But perhaps the most notable feat of all was the only capture in history of a submarine by an airplane. Patrolling far at sea, a Hudson dive-bombed a submarine just as it was breaking the surface. All guns blazing, the plane then dived across the U-boat that had been disabled by the bombs.

The submarine's conning tower hatch was thrown open and a dozen Nazis popped out. Presently, with the waving of a white shirt, the U-boat surrendered. The Hudson radioed for help, was relieved by a Catalina Flying Boat which took up the vigil until the arrival of a Naval boat which towed submarine and crew into a British port.

Yes, "Old Boomerang" does a job thanks in no small part to the skill of Ryan as well as Lockheed production soldiers.

July 17
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Vol. 4
No. 1

Ryan FLYING REPORTER

Published every third Friday
for Employees and Friends of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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Slim's Pickin's.....**Slim Coats**
Executive Interviews.....**Bob Close**
Technical Features.....**Wm. van den Akker**
Shop Interviews.....**Ray Markowski**

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Sport News.....Jack Billings
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Humor.....Will Cameran
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First Aid.....“Doc” Mullins
Manifold.....G. “Bob” Harris
George Duncan
Final Assembly.....Claude Nadeau

☆ ☆ ☆

The list of staff contributors is compiled from the names of all who have submitted original material for any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is July 29th.

WAR BOND PROGRAM MOVES FORWARD

Sparked on by their enthusiastic foremen, employees in half a dozen departments of the Ryan Aeronautical Company this week reached that enviable goal . . . 100% representation in United States War Bond purchases.

Demonstrating at once their patriotic support of the country's war program, and an inherent recognition of thrift's wisdom, all workers in the following plant departments at last reports had placed their names on the roll call for voluntary payroll deductions: (If we missed you, let us know)

Sheet Metal—first and second shifts.
Drop-Hammer—first shift.
Maintenance—first, second and third shifts.
Time Study.
Fuselage Assembly.
Laboratory.
Final Assembly.

From all indications, these six departments are to be merely a vanguard from the army of Ryan workers now preparing to “present arms” by enlisting a part of their paychecks in this battle to retain our free way of life.

Now, more than ever before, each American citizen is asking himself: “How much is my home, my future, my freedom worth?” He is well aware that the Axis has set out to destroy those many privileges he had come to take for granted. Today, he knows that to survive and win, every American must help.

By constantly doing their best on the job . . . and by investing a little of the pay from that job in U. S. War Bonds . . . Ryan workers are making sure that they will always be paid in DOLLARS — not marks, lire, or yen!

U. S. O. Show To Be Given By Ryanites

Can it be done? Can what be done? Can Ryan Aeronautical employees put on a Floor Show as good or even better than any other aircraft company in this area? You bet they can, and that is just what we are going to do. The company has been requested to stage a show once a month at the Pacific Square “Swing Shift Dance.”

We know our plant is overrun with good theatrical talent, and this is just the opportunity some of you musicians, dancers, singers, and other entertainers have been waiting for. Don't be bashful—let us know what you can do.

Arrangements are being made for a place to hold a meeting, and to draw up a program. If you have any talent at all, be sure to leave your name in the First Aid Room with attendant “Doc” Brath, or you may drop into the Personnel Office. You will be notified as to when the gang will get together. A lot of fun can be had in putting this show over, so what do you say? Come on and give us a hand!

First Production Drive Award Medals Presented

First presentation of Ryan Production Drive Awards, given under sponsorship of the plant's joint labor-management War Production Drive Committee, was made at a special meeting in the factory office conference room Friday afternoon, June 26th, with Major Hubert B. Duckworth assisting in the ceremonies.

Winners of the Poster Design Contest, recently announced in the pages of Flying Reporter, were introduced by G. M. Bowman, co-chairman of the joint committee. Presentation of awards was made by Major Duckworth of the local Air Forces office. The winning posters, which have since been shown in the factory on the War Production Poster Board adjacent to the first aid room, were on display.

The first Silver Medal authorized by the Production Drive committee went to A. G. Britton of the Finishing Department for the design and execution of the "Production Is Urgent" poster shown in the center at the bottom of this page. A Silver Award also went to W. R. Honson of Stainless Steel Welding for three poster ideas submitted; and a Bronze Award was presented to E. F. Roehmholdt of Sub-Assembly by Major Duckworth for a poster idea. Winning Posters are shown below and are by (1) Hanson; (2) Roehmholdt; (3) Britton; and (4) and (5) by Hanson.

Awards were also presented by Major Duckworth to members of the second-shift volunteer fire squad which helped control the paint shop fire last winter and prevent possible serious disruption to production. Members of the volunteer fire squad responded promptly and efficiently to the emergency fire call and took over responsibility for control of the fire after members of the paint shop crew had already started to work on the flames. It was the committee's desire to honor the volunteer fire workers since their service on the squad is over and above their regular duties of employment.

Preceding the presentation of awards, Fire Chief Dan Driscoll gave a short talk on the work of the volunteer fire protection groups and expressed the appreciation of Al Gee, Chief of Plant Protection, and the management for their fine work. Gold Awards were made to Dick Gillam, E. M. "Red" Becker and Charles E. Ray, while Bronze Awards went to D. W. Cook, Ernest W. Kennedy, John V. Cramer, Emil M. Magdick, George L. Hinkley and Al J. Weber. Hugh J. Jones and Terrece Kell, who were also given Bronze Awards were unable to attend the meeting; and Ray-

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Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

Well, it's vacation time again, although it is doubtful whether many of us will take time out during the present emergency.

Did we ever tell you of our vacation at Enchanted Mesa, New Mexico? We interviewed an old Indian while there, but to this day don't know whether he nodded yes, or whether he had a slight but durable attack of affirmative palsy.

He was wrapped up in a blanket that looked like he had just been thrown out of a Murphy day bed. We don't recall his name, but his address was three nods—one to the west and two east. He was apparently doing some back tracking. There is nothing older than an old Indian, unless he is twins. His face was wrinkled enough to hold six-days' rain, and his eyes looked like the last buttons on a bum's overalls.

He had a large vocabulary of nods, and although the temperature was so high the sun fried an egg under a setting hen, he was wrapped in the blanket from feathers to bunions. He looked like he had been attacked and defeated by the tenth moth. The blanket was all wool and an Indian wide.

The Indian was leaning against the cool of an adobe wall, and was the finest case of suspended animation known to science since they chopped that dinosaur out of an Alaskan Glacier.

Only a silk worm and an Indian can wrap himself up and put himself away. The only difference is, the worm uses better material. The Indian had no visible means of support and was sitting on it. The old Indians always sit, while old Mexicans always lean. The reason the old Indian doesn't lean against the wall is because he doesn't like competitive sport.

The way he hung on to that blanket indicated that he wasn't going to take any chances of anybody taking more than half of it at night. We don't know what the squaws do during the long cold nights. The ratio of the census of the last frontier is one Indian to a blanket.

Now you tell me about your vacation.

We watched J. C. "SNUFFY" SMITH take his cat-nap during lunch hour recently. There is much to be said about a cat-nap. It is invaluable when listening to the Mayor clip the ribbon on a rustic bridge, or

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MEET "Shell" Moore

BY BOB CLOSE

Entering the office of the Assistant Factory Superintendent in Charge of Tooling, one is confronted by a sign on "Shell" Moore's desk. The size of the sign is not impressive, but quite outstanding is the meaning of the one word on this sign. The word: **"THINK!"**

It is hard for one to comprehend any other single word that carries so much meaning, and the more we think about that word the more we realize how much our work here at Ryan's is affected by each employee's reaction to its meaning. And the more we **must** realize its importance. Each department has a responsibility in its reaction to that word.

Tooling plays a vital part in our production system and the parties responsible for its smooth action have what is known as **"real** responsibility." Sheldon A. Moore's knowledge and experience has been used to our benefit to help our tooling program accept this responsibility and to help make our company's tooling procedure the equal of any in the aircraft industry.

Mr. Moore's experience in tooling has taken him all over this country as well as France; and close association with foreign machinery gave him a knowledge of Italian toolmaking in our own industries.

It all started at a printing shop in his home town, East Liverpool, Ohio, where he was working after school and on Saturdays learning the complicated business of printing, type setting, etc. When his family moved to Trenton, New Jersey, Shell decided that he would learn the trade of a pattern maker. Nights were spent at "Tech" where he learned the theoretical end of machine design and mechanical engineering.

Shell entered the automobile field with the S.G.V. company which manufactured "Lancia" automobiles, an American version of an Italian small bore high speed auto. "If the Italians can't make any better cars than these we won't be long in subduing them," declared Shell.

Later he was manager of several auto service stations and during this time became quite interested in automobile racing, spending many hours roaring around the racing tracks in that section with such competitors as Hughes, DePalma and Graig.

He spent a short time as a toolmaker at the Naval torpedo factory in Rhode Island after which he moved to Plainfield, New Jersey, where he was in charge of the experimental department of the Standard Aircraft Company, a company manufacturing a biplane with an "OX" engine. Tooling in those days was an individual problem of being able to use pliers and glue. Any good mechanic was a "tool designer." It is much more complicated now.

When the first World War came along, Shell joined the 376th Aero Service, at that time a branch of the Signal Corps. He received primary training at Kelly Field I in Texas and advance training at Roosevelt Field II in New York. He was then sent overseas to be stationed at St. Maxient in France for the duration. With a Master Sergeant's rating, he had considerable responsibility helping run the Service and Supply depot and repair stations. Using old French "Newports" and English "De Havilands" he could tell us many tales about the construction, fabrication and flying of those old ships.

After the war Shell returned to Jersey where he established himself in sales and service of automobiles. After two years of such inactivity he returned to aviation. This time his start was in Bristol, Pennsylvania, with the Keystone Aircraft Company. At that time they were building a three-engine high-wing transport known as the "Patrician" which they engineered and built in 100 days. Shell was superintendent of experimental and saw the development of two Navy and one Army aircraft.

In fact, he was so interested in airplanes that he and his co-workers decided to build their own airplane. The back yard at Shell's home was the scene of building activity which resulted in a single-engine OX5 high-wing monoplane which flew—but, as Shell says, "not very successfully."

It was decided that a glider wouldn't be so contrary as not to fly after slaving to build it—so, they built a glider. During the process of getting ready to take off, an argument arose as to the one who was to be first. Minutes passed and the shock cord groaned at being held back so long. Finally the strain released the tripping mechanism and the glider launched itself. It flew, too—but again, "not very successfully." They repaired it after the crash but duties forced them to leave it in the hands of the air-minded young people in the neighborhood.

In 1932 the company closed, having been bought out by Curtiss-Wright. Shell went to Newcastle, Delaware, where he became

Assistant Chief Inspector of the Bellanca Aircraft Company. One year ater he was Superintendent of Experimental at Fairchild in Hagerstown, Md. At the time they developed Ranger powered "24" low-wing model 45's. Also a single engine baby clipper was developed for Pan American. He left Fairchild to became Chief Inspector of the Export Division of Seversky Aircraft Company in Long Island, New York, which at that time was making P-35's for Russia and the United States.

From this position he stepped over to Buffalo and became Superintendent of the Experimental Department of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. He was in on the beginning of the present model, XS03-C1 scout observation along with the XP-37 and P-40. One incident that stood out in his memory of the experimental P-40 was the fact that the crew worked 48 hours without leaving the airplane. When tired they snatched a few hours on a cot beside the plane and kept this pace up until the plane was completed.

Following a short time at Stinson and Vultee he came to Ryan in 1940 as Superintendent of Tooling. He firmly believes that tooling plays one of the biggest parts in manufacturing airplanes to meet the requirements of this war. Of course, there is room for intelligent and rapid improvement in the field of "tooling and tool design." Ryan can and will hold its own with other companies — — if not surpass them — — by following the idea of streamlining our program into smaller sub assemblies which in turn require smaller fixtures and tools.

Wanted Foster Parents for Flyers!

A Japanese plane, bloated with death-dealing eggs, is headed toward your neighborhood! Will you contribute a quarter to a community fund to shoot it down? Of course you will!

The picture of the bomber may seem a little fanciful, and yet it could some day be quite horribly true. But the role of the twenty-five cent piece is very real and can best be explained in the story of the "American Flying Services Foundation," through which Ryan employees may "Adopt A Pilot" and assist him to obtain military flight training—perhaps even in one of our own trainers—which might otherwise be denied him.

Of every 100 aviation cadet applicants, only 20 are able to pass the rigid physical and mental tests. About half of those rejected are disqualified because of only minor deficiencies such as defects of eyes, nose and teeth, and for hernia.

With an eye to salvaging as much of this pilot material as possible, the American Legion devised the American Flying Services Foundation, a non-profit organization, to render expert medical attention to overcome the minor defects.

Over 7000 boys have come to the Foundation for advice and assistance; approximately 3400 have received medical help and many other boys who have been rehabilitated are now awaiting re-examination. **Thus these young men who would have been lost to the air services have been able to achieve their patriotic aspiration through the Foundation's cooperation.**

In acknowledgement of the Foundation's excellent work, the naval air services and the Army now refer rejects to it for rehabilitation. With the possibility of eighteen and nineteen year olds soon entering the fray, the organization's importance can readily be seen.

The foundation is financed by voluntary contributions, large and small, with the average rehabilitation costing around $100. To meet the present enormous responsibilities, it has inaugurated a plan whereby citizens may help in this vital work of building up the air force.

It is this plan which is offered to employees of the Ryan Aeronautical Company through the joint labor-management Production Drive Committee upon a suggestion originally coming from Bill Cameron of Tooling. Known as the "Adopt A Pilot" plan, every $100 received from the employees is applied to the rehabilitation of a boy who has failed to pass Aviation Cadet requirements in the United States Air Forces.

When and if Ryan workers adopt a cadet, his name, age, address and the history of his case will be forwarded to us. This personal touch, according to the officials of the Foundation, furnishes the boy with an added incentive to do his best during training and in combat and allows us to know where and how our money was spent.

Outlining the close relationship encouraged by the foundation between the boy and sponsor, a spokesman recently wrote the Production Drive Committee: "At the same time you are informed of the boys you are sponsoring, the boys are notified who is sponsoring them. They are advised to notify you immediately and to keep in constant contact from time to time. We also keep the sponsor posted from time to time as we receive word from the boys."

The Foundation is now reported to be working on the possibility of having a Ryan-adopted pilot write the story of his training and later his combat experiences for Flying Reporter.

By availing themselves of the "Adopt A Pilot" plan, Ryan employees can not only perform a valuable service of patriotism . . . they can also play a very personal part in this war.

A twenty-five cent piece is the admission to the truly greatest show on earth, for with enough of these contributions another Ryan-sponsored American pilot will take to the air in search of our foe.

To facilitate the collection of this $100 fund, Al Gee, Chief Peter, and the Plant Police Force, which did such an excellent job on the benefit for Ed Schindler, have offered their services to accept voluntary contributions—not to exceed twenty-five cents a person.

Here's a chance for all of us to chip in our two-bits worth!

Machine Shop

By Win Alderson

Never a dull moment. Between Bill Wagner's gentle reminders and Slim Coat's verbal prods, a very ordinary correspondent comes nearer to being a literary slave. I am beginning to sympathize with people who are forced to live under a dictator.

The Machine Shop extends a welcome to Nikkola "Nikky" Ra (pronounced Ray) Golden. Nikky assists Byron Geer and Jack Kennedy in dispatch booth four. Recently from Consair, she has nothing but compliments for Ryan. Also we welcome Mrs. William Dubleman who is now a member of the inspection department. She is assisting Eleanor Adams in searching out the elusive pin hole. (Correction on previous issue. Eleanor does not use lipstick.)

Fred Wittenberg discovered to his dismay that he was driving seventy miles per day, to and from work. So, he nailed up his barn door, posted a "NO HUNTING" sign on his front gate, and moved into town. Along with him came his spitz pup and "Soxie." "Soxie" is a beautiful white footed sorrel mare, four years old, and good for about fifteen years of transportation. Fred says that when his rubber gives out we will see her in the Ryan parking lot, replacing his car.

The secret of Bill Hubbard's new suit has finally come out. It seems that Bill was listening in on a conversation about a man who was so thin that he fell through a hole in the seat of his pants. Evidently Hubbard is not a man to take any chances.

We are going to need a society column if the Ryanites keep coupling off like they did last month. Willard Harpster recently returned from a two weeks'

(Continued on Poge 12)

By Jack **SPORTS** Billings

Thanks to a brilliant four-hit pitching job by Bill Mathie, and some timely hitting by Tam McWilliams, hard hitting third baseman, the "Ryan Air" softball team (Giant Killers) succeeded in downing the mighty "Consolidated Bombers," 2 to 1 at the Mountain View Playgrounds. The well earned victory also placed

SOFTBALL

the club at the top of the league, tied with their arch rivals "Coronado Ferry." The Ryan team is playing once a week at Mountain View Playgrounds. Watch your bulletin boards for dates and opponents. Following are the batting and fielding averages of the team, including the game with Consair.

Name	A.B.	H.	Avg.
Joe Bosso	21	7	.333
Tom McWilliams	24	8	.333
Bill Mathie	12	4	.333
J. Marlatt	22	7	.318
Jack Billings	23	7	.305
"Chief" Walker	18	5	.273
Bob Merchant	15	4	.266
Bob Shively	24	6	.250
"Moose" Siraton	21	5	.237
E. Marlatt	21	5	.237
"Speed" Cole	15	3	.200
Bob Chase	10	2	.200
"Gibber" Bristow	6	1	.166

The Ryan ST-3 club has won 1 and lost 1 in their quest for the pennant of the "BB" league. Their recent victory was over Solar Aircraft. These boys play twilight ball every week, games starting at 6:30. Manager Joe Love has issued a challenge to the "Ryan Air" team for a game in the near future.

Keith Whitcomb furnished quite an upset in the last golf tournament when he cracked out a nice 78 to nose out the favorite, Larry Gibson. There was a

GOLF

total of 38 linksmen who turned out for the event, held June 26th at the San Diego Country Club. Aside from the loss of a couple dozen balls, everyone had an enjoyable time. The next tournament will be held at the La Jolla Country Club, July 19th. Starting time will be 8:00 and green fee is a buck. Watch your bulletin board for prizes to be awarded. In the event that you want to play in a certain foursome, turn in the four names to M. M. Clancy; it will make things much easier on the whole for Clancy, who does a swell job in arranging the details of these golf tournaments. Following are the winners of last month's tournament:

Low Gross—**Keith Whitcomb**—Clock and Green Fee.
Low Net—**Frank Flynn**—3 Golf Balls.
Second Low Gross—**Larry Gibson**—3 Golf Balls.
Second Low Net—**Jim Bently**—Set of Head Covers.
Most Pars—**Tom Usler**—Head Covers.
Blind Bogies—**Gary Adams**—$1.00 Defense Stamps.
Jack Billings—2 Golf Balls.
Maurice Clancy—Sport Shirt.
Ralph Haver—Sport Shirt.
Jim Newman—2 Golf Balls.
Harry Oakland—$1 Defense Stamps.
R. S. Smith—Sport Shirt.
George Woodard—2 Golf Balls.

Y. M. C. A. Memberships

For some time the company has been trying to obtain a gym in order to organize certain types of gym classes, and an athletic club to compete with other companies in this area. Due to the increased population and the additional military personnel that has come to this city, the problem of obtaining suitable quarters for the purpose has become exceedingly difficult.

Last week, however, the San Diego Y. M. C. A. offered to the employees of this company a membership plan that should answer the problem. Their plan is a three months' membership at the rate of $3.00 for the entire 3 months. This membership entitles the individual to all the privileges of the "Y," including unlimited use of their pool, their athletic equipment, the reading room, and the many other facilities they have to offer. The membership also includes an opportunity to attend any of the gym and lecture classes held at the "Y." A complete schedule of these classes appears on our bulletin boards. If you have not investigated this plan, and you are interested, contact either the Y. M. C. A. or get in touch with

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HITLER Has FLASH Your Number

The Germans are proud of their great military machine, prouder of the nazification of Germany, but proudest of their plans for control of the world. The Reich is working today toward the one great goal of world domination. This is the inescapable conclusion of A. W. Klieforth, U. S. Consular officer in Germany and Austria for seventeen years.

We are indebted to Bert Holland for bringing the interesting information which follows to the attention of Flying Reporter readers. **It's just one more reminder of the value of keeping our eyes open and our mouths shut about company business and the status of production.**

It will surprise many to learn that German fifth-column reports cover all forty-eight states of the Union, Canada, Mexico and all of Central and South America. If you work in a factory that has some connection with import or export trade, **Hitler has your number.** He has you classified by groups, racially, religiously, socially and politically. His research institutes have further classification as to the individual's efficiency, both in a business way and also looking toward political leadership.

The Germans are convinced that this super-census will enable them to succeed in the western hemisphere just as they have already done in Europe.

Americans naturally will ask, "How is it possible to make a world survey of this magnitude? Does it not require the service of an army of men?" It did require an army of men, an army of fifth-columnists organized in this country by Nazi Germany.

In Klieforth's post in the Rhineland he saw how rapidly and in what large numbers German sympathizers in this country were returning to the fatherland by the tens of thousands. Eventually it was learned that they had been assigned to one of the many research institutes which existed in Germany even prior to the Hitler regime to catalog military and commercial information.

And here Klieforth picks up the story . . . "I remember once I discussed the situation with one of my German friends, a prominent industrialist, and told him that I was unable to believe it. He told me to put the proposition to a test. 'Take any factory,' he said, 'of any size in any state of the union—provided it has some connection with the import or export trade—and I will show you a fifth-column report on it.'

"I mentioned the Universal Motor Co., of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a firm which is run by friends of mine and employs several hundred men, making Marine engines. Within a very few days my German friend showed me a report. It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen. It had all the employees classified by groups as to country of origin; then religiously, as to church connections; socially, as to contacts; and politically, as to their politics in state, national and international affairs. The report also showed the classification of the employees as to their efficiency, how many were capable of managerial positions, and who was suited for political leadership. Later, I was able to verify the accuracy of the statement and learn, too, that such reports cover all parts of this Hemisphere.

"All industry, according to the plans of world domination, would be concentrated in Germany; not in the occupied territories, but in Germany. The rest of Europe and the world, under German control, would merely constitute the supply line of food, raw products and labor. This setup already exists in German-controlled Europe, and it is planned as a permanent arrangement, or as Hitler puts it, "for at least a thousand years." The supply of labor under this regimented system, whether you call it the enforced labor of prisoners of war or slave labor, is an essential part of the plan for the domination of the world."

1942: Sixty Thousand Planes; 1943: The Sky's The Limit!

We will produce 60,000 planes this year, War Production Chief Donald Nelson has assured the country. Our total production of war goods has proved greater than we had any reason to suppose from the blueprints it could be, he revealed.

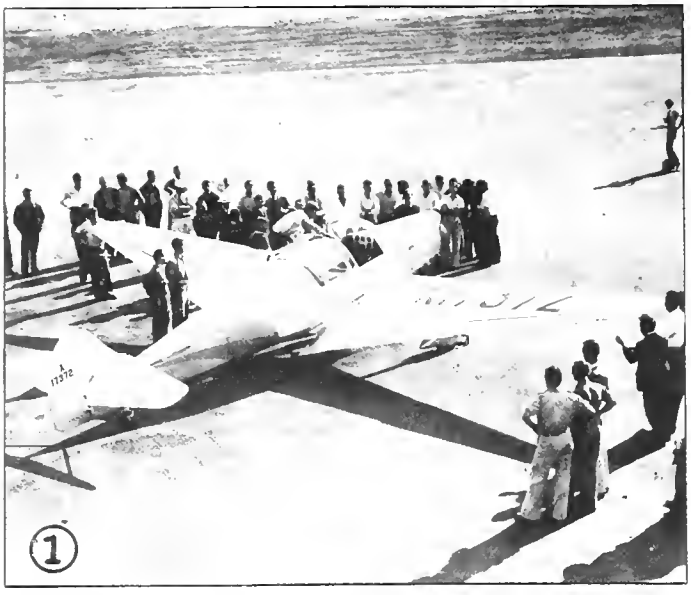
"As you know," stated Nelson, "a very large number of new factories for the manufacture of arms and munitions were built in this country during the past year. During the past winter, a great many of these began to swing into production; and since then we have been discovering a rather unexpected thing—that in many, many instances the rate of output of a new factory has proved to be a great deal higher than the output which was anticipated when the factory was designed and built.

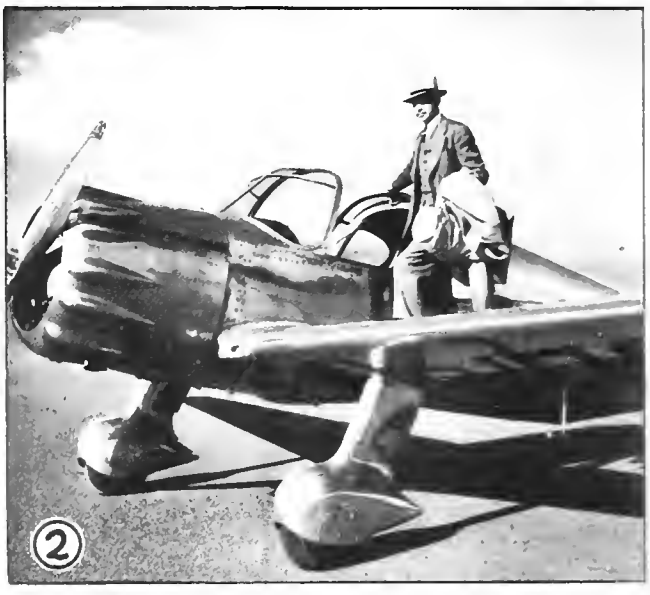
"Why is that happening? In part . . . I think it is due to the fact that the men who are making the goods—the managers, the engineers, the foremen and the workers alike—are working as they never worked before to make the things we need so desperately on the battle line.

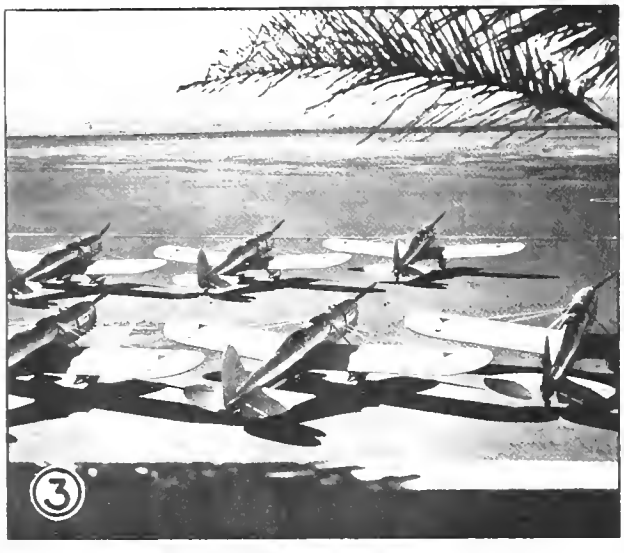
"A new aircraft factory was put into production some time ago. It had been designed to produce fifty airplanes a month, working at full capacity. Now we have discovered that its real capacity is much closer to one hundred and fifty planes a month.

"And I would like to remind you that it is just two years since the President announced that we ought to try to reach a point at which we could make 50,000 airplanes a year. Well, this year we shall make 60,000 airplanes, and by the end of the year we shall still be picking up speed for an even vaster production in 1943."

1937 TWO DECADES OF







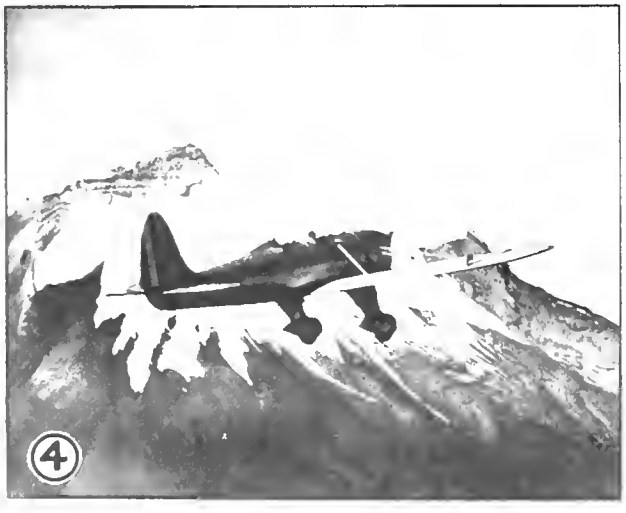
Cabin Plane Introduced . . . In 1937 the Ryan S-C made its bow to an admiring audience of airmen; here **(1)** it is wheeled out onto the field for the first time. Primarily designed to supply the need of the private owner for a superior-type cabin plane, the first S-C was powered with an in-line Menasco engine . . . as were the S-Ts.

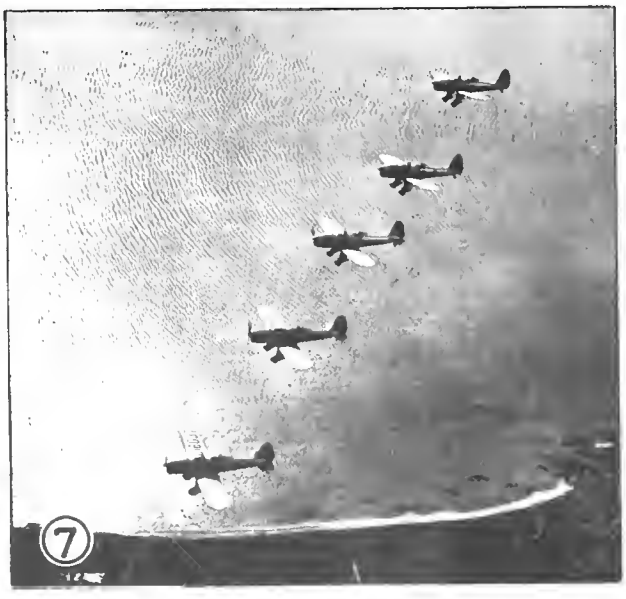
To demonstrate the merits of his new cabin plane model, Claude Ryan often did much personal demonstration sales work. In picture **(2)** he is shown leaving Lindbergh Field on one of his many business trips. The standard engine installation was changed from an in-line Menasco to the Warner radial engine.

Recognizing the growing need for efficient military trainers, Ryan turned his attention to this problem and solved it successfully. In the sun's spotlight is the first group of military trainers manufactured by Ryan **(3).** They were military versions of the standard S-T sport trainers and were built under contract for the Mexican Army Air Force.

Inspecting the crest of Mexico's world renowned Popocatepti is one of the Mexican Army Air Force trainers. The STM's ability to operate under extreme conditions and loads is well demonstrated in this photograph **(4)** showing student and instructor, carrying full equipment, as they fly alongside the volcano crater.

Pictured in graceful flight as it comes in for a landing **(5)** the camera reveals the S-C cabin plane's center-section perforated flap which provides effective glide control to assure a steep approach and short landing run.





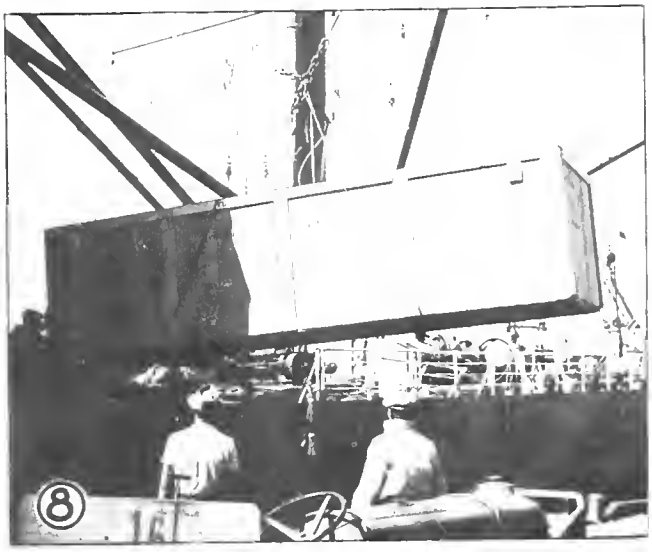
Trainers For Latin America . . . A group of Ryan military trainers for the Honduras Air Force is being refueled in picture **(6)** by Pan American Airways at Guatemala City preparatory to continuing on the last hop from San Diego to their destination, Tegucigalpa.

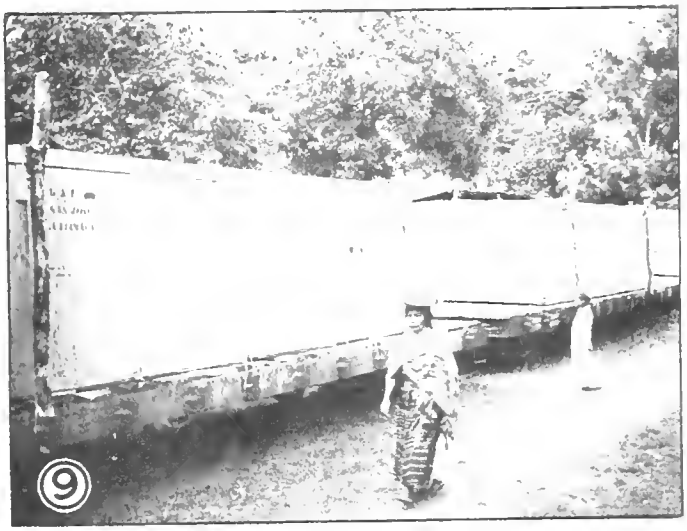
Five Ryan S-Ts in formation flight practice **(7)** head homeward toward the Ryan School of Aeronautics after a Del Monte holiday. S-Ts frequently could be seen taking part in sportsman pilot tours.

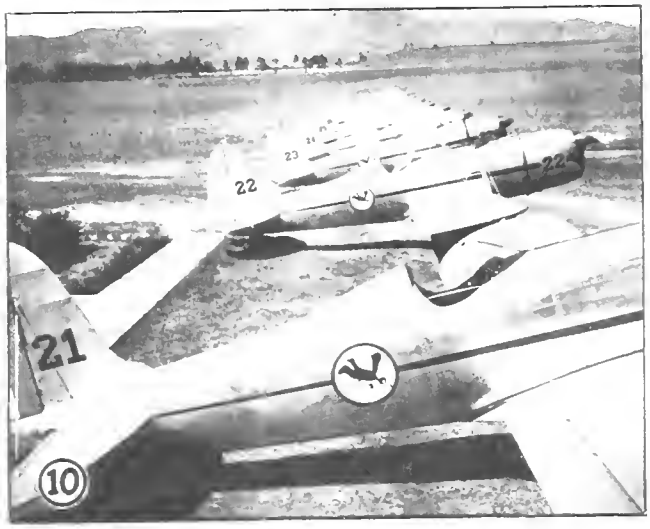
Crated Ryan STMs are loaded aboard ship at Los Angeles **(8)** on their departure for the Costa Rican port of San Jose, en route to duty with the Guatemalan Air Force, up to that time the largest purchasers of Ryan military trainers.

Shown in picture **(9)** is a shipment of crates bearing Ryan military trainers on flat cars being readied for a journey from the Central American coast to Guatemala City.

As Chief Pilot for Ryan at that time, Paul Wilcox, who took the last three pictures in this series, accompanied the shipment to Guatemala where he supervised the planes' assembly, test flew them, and then checked out the Guatemalan military personnel in the trim craft. Lined up in picture **(10)**, and awaiting their new pilots on a military airdrome at Guatemala City is a group of the STM trainers. The Latin American republic's president, Jorge Ubico, proved an ardent enthusiast of his country's Ryan trainers.







Production Portrait

WILLIAM H. CAMERON

Transportation has been the keynote of William H. Cameron's life—far all except a few years' interlude as a public servant.

Did you know that Ryan's chief taal engineer was purchasing agent far the City of San Diego 'way back in 1923-27, and was city councilman in 1934-35?

Politics, however, has been a sideline for Cameron, whase career in the last faur decades has bridged the gap between faur majar farms af transportatian—the railroad, bicycle, autamabile and airplane. Taday he is relying an a vast starehause of mechanical knawledge in his supervisian of ane af the mast vital departments af the aviatian industry—taal engineering.

Born in Taranta, Canada, Cameran thraughaut childhaad was curiaus abaut what made things tick, and when only 15 he began his apprenticeship as a machinist in a railraad shap af western Pennsylvania.

In thase days, a youth's ambition ta became a locamotive engineer was equivalent ta taday's yearning of America's yaung men ta fly, and Cameron was no exceptian.

However, after 5½ years af acquiring an extremely liberal educatian in the mechanical trades af the Iron Harse, Cameran switched to another farm af transportatian —the bicycle. In this baaming industry af the early 1900's, he warked far three years in the vicinity af Buffala, N. Y.

About 37 years ago, he was attracted to the "baby" af the transportation field, the automobile, and spent the next 10 years an the ground flaar af a business that was to revalutianize American manufacturing methads.

"The world was astounded when the Olds campany annaunced it was praducing 90 cars a week," Cameran recalled. "Peaple were sure that Olds wauld go broke. 'Who's going ta buy that many autas? Why, the saturatian paint will be reached in na time,' they'd say."

By 1909 and 1910, Willys-Overland, of which Cameran was chief engineer from 1909 to 1912, was turning aut 20,000 cars a year, considered a marvelous recard. Not many years later, that was ta be scaffed at as an infinitesimal figure.

Cameron was employed successively by the Marmon Company at Indianapolis as superintendent of the auta division; Olds Mator Warks, Detrait as chief of the repair department; Willys-Overland Company, Indianapolis as chief engineer; and Michigan Motor Car Campany, Kalamazaa, Michigan, as chief engineer and factary manager.

At Marmon he helped design and develop the first V-type cylinder engine, and while with Willys-Overland, Cameron was instrumental in canvincing the autamotive industry it aught ta shift the steering wheel fram the right to the left hand side af the driver's seat, and to place the gear shift lever in the center af the front campartment.

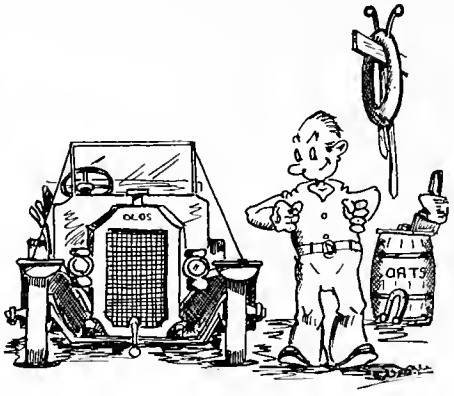
These revalutianary develapments arose from Cameran's belief that the driver's seat should be enclosed. However, installatian af a daar would interfere with the operatian of the gear shift lever, which at that time was situated at the right of the driver, who manipulated the steering wheel on the right side af the seat.

"Put the gear shift lever in the center," suggested Cameran, and when conservative executives insisted that drivers would rebel against manipulating the lever with their left hands, he had a ready salutian.

"Mave the steering wheel fram the right ta the left side af the driver's campartment," he suggested. "That's where it belangs anyway, ta give better cantral af the auta, especially against traffic fram the appasite direction."

This radical idea was adapted by the Saciety af Autamabile Engineers, af which Cameron was a member of the standards committee, at its canvention in 1912. Hence, you have a fellaw warker, William H. Cameran, at least partly ta thank far the fact that yau drive a car fram the left, instead af the right, side af the frant seat taday.

In 1914, Cameron recalled with satisfactian a trip ta San Diego several years before, and agreed with his wife that the pleasant existence af that easy-going, sunny community was preferable to the hurly-burly, hectic life af the industrial east.



Thus, 28 years ago the Camerons came to San Diega, and until 1926 he operated the city's largest gas and electric appliance business. Praminent in civic, as well as business affairs, Cameron was appainted by the City Council in 1923 ta serve as purchasing agent, a past he held far faur years. He still thinks with relish af the $20,000,-000 af the city's funds he spent during that period.

Later came a variety of activities, including public relatians work for a local hospital, and supervision of construction of the Crystal Palace Building on E Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

The City Council again called on Cameran, in 1934, to fill a vacancy left by resignatian af ane af its number. His year's term af office was marred by a fall resulting in a broken hip. Hawever, Cameron didn't allaw a minor casualty like that ta interfere with his duties, and he attended at least twa meetings on a stretcher, with half af his body in a cast.

Employed by Ryan in August, 1939, as a taalmaker, Cameron has advanced with the campany's steady expansion and taday heads his department.

He sees in the airplane industry a parallel with the automobile industry of 30 to 35 years ago.

"Aviatian is in the same trial and error stage as autas were before they went into mass production at a rate that would have sounded fantastic in 1910," he remarked. "And taday aviatian is an the threshald of the same kind of development, and should lead the warld inta a past-war prosperity such as we have never seen."

Receiving Inspection

By Irene Travis

BOB CORNET and family are in the mountains on their vocation. WARREN MARCOUX and the MRS. are taking their vocation in Ft. Warth, Texas, visiting his parents. MARY TRIMBLE is back home in this crib; ta stay we hape. EDITH DAY, better knawn as EDITH COLLIER af fabric, before she went ta Yuma, Ariz., with CLARENCE DAY an May 16; well anyway what I was going ta say is that she has joined aur farces in Honeymaan Crib.

Hatcher fram crib three came up to wark with us, and the nice part far him was that he moved up the very day af aur picnic, but we were glad ta have him and his attractive wife.

Falks, it's mighty nice to get acquainted with yaur fellaw warkers' families, as every ane in this crib will tell yau after attending aur first crib picnic, July 2.

TOMMY HICKEY, ANN and MARJORIE DEITRICH were hanared guests at the picnic. TOMMY and ANN have just returned fram Ft. Warth, Texas. ANN will be remembered as ANN CARROL af fabric. By the way, Tammy says he hapes he didn't bring any af thase Texas chiggers across the Califarnia line. Marjarie was celebrating her twenty-first birthday. She is the daughter of IRENE TRAVIS and lives in Las Angeles.

Thanks ta RUTH HIGGENS far a very nice evening after the picnic in her hame. Ruth has anly been with us a short time, but we are mighty glad ta have her. We have pretty flawers in aur crib mast of the time and Ruth usually furnishes them.

NOTICE: Ta all the men who will be located in the new building: we women have decided that there will not be window curtains as we pramised. There will be na windaws, it seems.

SPORTS - Continued

(Continued fram page 6)

the Welfare Department as we are very anxious to further develop this project.

FREE SWIMMING LESSONS

YES SIR! The Y. M. C. A. will open their pool ta Ryan and Solar employees starting July 20th and continuing for a periad of twa weeks. The pool will be open 4 days each week, and a regular schedule af classes will be offered with praper supervisian. These classes will be absolutely free, and advantage shauld be taken of them as they affard far some the needed chance to learn ta swim. With the summer season coming on, many of us will be spending the week ends at the beaches, and what better appartunity could be affered to thase who have yet to learn the art of buayancy? See the Welfare Department for schedule af classes.

BOWLING

The Ryan Air entry in the 825 leogue is still ralling along; they are on top af the league with 26 wins and 6 losses. Nice going, Boys!

Bowling in the two Ryan leagues is about aver, and yet it is still taa early ta predict who the winners will be. The winners will bowl a match game at the Tower Bowling Alleys the week fallawing the league wind-up. Watch the bulletin board far the winners and the date of the match.

MANIFOLD EXHAUST

By George Duncan

Pardon me, da you happen to have a turkish towel? California, according to statistics passed around by the gentlemen from Nebraska, ranks forty-seventh in the number of days the sun shines visibly. This is no doubt true, but the notives claim California has more sunshine in just one of its fomous three-day warm spells than the rest of the country has all summer. This, of course, moy not be absolutely authentic, but it has its points for lunch time debates.

Hank Hanggi, dyed in the wool fisherman, finally—after three summers of intense effort—caught himself a yellowtail. Heretofore, he has only been able to snare the common ordinary garden variety (the kind we used to bury 'neath the rose bushes to make them flourish) and seemed tickled to death with his fortune. He still likes to talk about that $15 Bonita. 'S ok, Hank, we know a guy who paid $10 for a sheephead.

It looked far a while as though I had a pretty good thing, what with Hank Rickman bringing some of his misses' ginger bread—and Bob Plummer furnishing the toll-house cookies that Mrs. Plummer so generously packed in his lunch kit. Just when I had gotten things organized by finding someone to furnish the staples, Plummer ups and transfers to second shift. Incidentally, Mrs. Plummer, your cookies are very good.

"Olie" Olsen, who has plenty of time to study, observes that all the women he knows seem to have dual personalities—i.e.: they can slap equally well with either hand. Welcome to Mrs. Dubbleman who is pinch-hitting for husband Bill in manifold inspection. Welcome, too, the news that Bill is coming along o.k. What's this we hear about Lou Schaffer drapping mandrels (the hand type) on his feet? Tiny Cornwell, Fuller and the Marlatt boys are all proud possessors of jaloppies of ancient vintage, each equipped with "duration-rubber." Larry Brunson, we have been informed, is strongly considering matrimony. September 19th is the date that's been set. I don't smoke, Larry, but I know a guy who does.

'Round and 'Bout: Les Bowen doing "La Conga" on the back of his neck. Jack Westler and his pantomimes; Rex Seaton, Joe Love, Mickey Meyer wearing new badges. Bob Gardner looking at an "ace-full" and really seeing it. Jitterbug Geist night-clubbing. "Chief" Walker making a reservation at the Paris Inn. Harold Weber reading up on the form sheet. Jimmy Larson actually starting a sentence without asking: "Have you heard the one about?" Ernie Palama bemoaning the lack of enough to feed both him and his helper. Junior lighting the oven and making for the neorest exit. Officer Hattfield and his station wagon freight line.

Glod to note forthcoming U. S. O. show. There is o vost store of good tolent throughout the plont, so—come on, all you folks! Get behind Billings ond help him put it over!

Sue's Surprise Supper

By WIN

The departure of Sue Zinn from the staff of the Flying Reporter was the occasion for a surprise buffet dinner Sunday evening, June 28th. Held in the Franciscan room of El Cartez Hotel, the Flying Reporters shed their tears and bid their adieus to Sue, who, os Bill Wagner so ably described her, has been the right arm of the organization.

Her successor, Eddie Piersol, was made acquainted with the gathering. His introductory speech was not quite understandable to some of us, being in Mandarin Chinese, but in plain English it meant, "The queen is not with us any more; here's hoping the king can fill her shoes." Eddie is the type of man needed for the job, especially with his knowledge of Chinese. It will help him no end in deciphering some of the hieroglyphical nightmares that clutter Bill Wagner's office every three weeks. (Editor's note: You ain't waofin'!)

Bill and Hazel Wagner were seated at the head of the room. Mrs. Wagner, having nothing in particular against anyone, gave Bill the privilege of making the introductions.

First was Sue Zinn and (big surprise) Seth Gunthrop, her husband, Seth and Sue have been married for four years.

Slim Coats was there, much to the embarrassment of Mrs. Coats, who is going to have a long, uphill pull taking the country out of the boy.

Donald Dudley enjoyed his repast with "Dagwood" Gillam and "Blondie" Stubblefield.

When Bill Wagner introduced Charlie Anderson, he mentioned that Charlie had not brought a wife, as Ray Markowski had done for a change, but had brought a saxaphane. Dapper Dan wanted to know if there was any difference. There was an immediate chorus of answers from the delighted audience when Ray Markowski suggested that a saxaphone had a remavable mouthpiece.

By this time things must have been going at a pretty good pace because M. M. Clancy introduced his wife as "Tinky" and Gary Adams got mixed up on who had and hadn't been introduced.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. George Duncan were spared embarrassment in their introductions.

To Dapper Dan Burnett goes the credit for the most perfect speech of the evening. "I wish you all to know my charming wife and mother of my three wonderful children." And to those who do not know, Dan has reason to be proud of Mrs. Burnett.

Margaret Fuson, the "Tom" of "Tom and Gerry," was escorted by handsome Don Walker of the experimental production department. Not to be outdone by "Tom," Gerry Wright chose for her escort Lt. Ferdie Reed, U. S. Army.

Bill Cameron, although introduced by Bill Wagner, was already known to everyone. It is hard to get the jump on Bill. "Jonnie" Johnson was accompanied by the only man at Ryan's taller than Slim Coats. Slim Bowman of the paint shop. To balance the evening, Mantie and Maynard Lovell lent just a wee touch of romance.

The entertainment was one hundred per cent local. Charlie Anderson showed his versatility on the saxaphone and piano. We found out that not only is he a writer, but also a composer. Gerry Wright whistled "The Mocking Bird," and several catchy tunes. She can really whistle. She was accompanied on the piano by Dorothy Alderson. Slim Coats pulled several new bunnies from under his big hat while doing some extra fancy rope twirling. He later did his pin-ball pantomime, imitated Churchill, Roosevelt and several others. When asked to do one in particular, an imitation of a man at work, Slim replied that was one act that he had never learned to do.

The party was a great success and I, for one, look forward to another soon.

(What Win failed to mention is that his wife Dorothy's piano playing is the entertainment hit of any gathering.—Editor.)

RYANETTES — By Tom and Gerry

Vacations, vacations and more vacations! What with Tom (Margaret Fuson) gone, here am I all alone trying to write this edition (if you can call it such). Mr. and Mrs. Warren Marcoux will be gone soon for two whole weeks on their vacation. Helen Crosier left Saturday, and many more. Mary Freel just returned from her two weeks' sojourn.

Well, you can certainly see or hear when spring has arrived. What with all the weddings, engagements and such going on. Mary Maude Mitchell of the Service Department just received a lovely engagement ring from Reverend Boone Sadler. Gretchen Marxmiller said yes to her Lieutenant, William Sutherland of the United States Navy. Jimmy (The Great) Orr just asked his lovely girl friend. And she said yes. In fact, they are married now. Dave Bracken just returned from his honeymoon. And Jonet Rose of the Planning Department will soon be leaving us to say yes to another of Uncle Sam's boys. Congratulations to all and the best of luck.

A perfectly super-duper time was had by all those who attended Sue Zinn's farewell party at El Cartez Hotel one Sunday evening not very long ago. She surprised us all by introducing her husband. Congratulations, Sue. There was a lovely buffet supper and entertainment by several members of the Flying Reporter Staff. A grand time was had by all.

Spence Monfert dropped in to see us the other day wearing his new uniform. (Navy—no less). It was swell seeing him again.

Mrs. Harry Kister presented her husband with a baby girl, July 5th, at 1:30 a.m. Specifications: 7½ lbs., 20½ inches long. Harry's going around with his chest puffing and no buttons left on his vest, passing candy to the girls and cigars to the boys. Congratulations.

Continuing With Slim Coats' Tall Tales

(Continued from page 3)

while the Gavernar is buttering the carnerstone af the new B&O roundhouse.

We were mare interested in his snare than anything else. It sounded like a sigh that had jumped the saund track. ERNIE SIMONSON tells me that in Danish it is called Snorken; in Swedish, Snarka; in Bavarian, Schnarchen; in the Tibetan, Schnoozulum, and in the Low Hottentottese we have Scarroamaroom. So you can see it translates freely inta any language. Same day we will tell you more about snaring and cat-naps.

From the diary af Mark Twain under date af January 1, 1904: "Lay abed nearly all day, but wrote three thausand wards, earning nine hundred dallars." And ta think that I write all af this stuff for youse guys and gals for a couple af short beers. And ta top it off I had ta get up early to write this. Would much rather have waited 'til later, when there would have been a sporting chonce of my having sprung from my bed with a glad cry to welcome another day, and all that sart af thing.

We take back what we said about the girls an the Second Shift. We've just faund out that EVELYN LEWIS is quite a deer hunter and an expert rifle shot. Anytime you want a good stiff argument, start to compare combat pilots with airline pilats within hearing distance af JOHNNIE VAN DER LINDE. He used to fly the airlines himself.

GEORGE RODGERS was married in St. Louis to RHEY WILLIAMS, a school teacher. There's this to be said about schaal teachers; if you do it wrang the first time they'll make you do it aver again. Leadman HARPSTER af Sheet Metal is also a brand new groom.

THINGS YOU OUGHT TO SEE DEPARTMENT: BUD BRAGDON'S new slacks; they shauld have mare drape and less droap. WIN ALDERSON, juggling tamatoes far the girls in the blue-print crib. O'BRYAN'S pink rubber panties. Better still is his excuse for wearing them. WIER'S haircut. "WHITEY" ROSEN'S imitation af "F. D. R." LOWELL NELSON, our new clerk in his snappy new fedora. The hat G. T. BELL wears can be faund in the spring and summer catalag, as the Sturdy Camper No. 10. PERRY JONES when he warms up ta go ta work. JOE KEOUGH when he warms up, just thinking cbaut work. WALT JUHL when his girl comes to visit him fram L. A. B. J. CASTILLO and PAUL BOWMAN, a cauple af expert cooks, exchanging recipes. PETE BUSH'S new little blonde.

Haw would DICK GILLAM know anything abaut Wyaming? He crassed it at night in a freight car, so I hear. KENNY SPENCER formerly ane of the members af aur Flying Club is naw working in the Taal Crib. In viewing "DOC" MULLIN'S rock terrace, dan't averlaok (as tha' yau wauld) the twa very lavely daughters, garbed in sun suits, who serve as guides.

If KENNY PEARSON wants ta knack any more plaster aff the walls he can procure a very fine hammer fram "DAD" WHITMORE, Tool Crib. But if Mrs. Kenny hears about it again, she'll abtain a larger one from PAT KELLY, of Maintenance. Which reminds me, if you fellaws haven't acquainted yaurself with aur new dactar, D. H. COPLEY, it's warth while getting hurt, just ta meet him. Congratulations to SAM RAINES wha is now Captain.

ATTENTION GIRLS: Special persanally canducted tours of the plant. See BRODERSON, Praprietor of "Elmer's Beauty Salan."

Leadman MITCHELL gave CARL McKINNON a huge chew af Beechnut, and shortly afterward, Carl sat dawn in a corner and began to contemplate the infinite. Saw FLOYD BENNETT the other day, caddying for his wife while she was shopping.

H. E. GRAVES has a beautiful lobster red sunburn, which reminds me that BILL HENRY and GEORGE OSTER usually sunburn in the doggandest places.

It's about time for me to eat, so I'd better take a peek at my lunch box. There is no use of my looking for the cup cakes if BUTCH ORTIZ has laaked into it. Which reminds me also, I've just eaten same of Mrs. CARL THOMAS' famous strowberry jam, and I think I'll trade her my new tires far another jar of it.

Ah, me, I remember when a man could affard a goad meal. Egg on the chin used ta be carelessness, but naw it's baasting. The new ration cards will be punched for each meal. You eat the part they punch aut.

More About Awards

(Continued from page 3)

mond W. Egbert and Philip D. Moser, who have joined the Navy and Army, respectively, will receive their awards at their military stations.

Next presentation af awards by the Praductian Drive Committee will be in connectian with Shop Suggestions which have been submitted thraugh the suggestion system which is spansored jaintly by labor and management. The time and place of awards will be annaunced later.

On the basis of the many excellent suggestions thus far received thraugh the revised shap suggestian system, the committee in charge has became aware of a condition which it is felt justifies clarification and a change in palicy.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CREW HONORED

Originally it was planned ta make the bronze, silver and gald Ryan Production Drive Awards anly for thase shap suggestions actually adapted which are original with the suggestar and which aid in speeding production.

The committee now finds that many excellent suggestions da nat meet the rigid requirements for Production Drive Awards because quite frequently the problem is already under consideration by shap supervisary personnel.

However, the committee feels this should nat detract from the value af the suggestian since the suggestar has shawn an awareness af the value of a change in procedure clearly demonstrating his constructive thinking alang production lines.

It will therefore be the policy af the jaint labor-management committee to consider future suggestions in the light of this new plan; ta review all suggestions received ta date; and ta make awards af recagnition in the farm af a "CERTIFICATE OF MERIT far Canstructive Shop Suggestian."

MACHINE SHOP DOINGS ON THE SECOND SHIFT

(Continued from page 5)

honeymaan. Gearge Radgers, small parts, went back to St. Louis on the 25th to claim Rhey Williams. Lois Stangal became Mrs. Lewis McCall at Ocean Beach on the 25th. Kenneth Rush and Nadine Bevard took the vaws an the 28th. And there are probably several that I didn't hear abaut. Congratulatians all.

Big hearted Dick Gillam offered to have a group picture taken at his expense. The photagrapher erred in her photo judgment and contrived to get everyane in the picture except Dick. Not to become the victim of samenne else's errar, he "explained" ta the phatagrapher her mistake. She immediately understaad that she had buttered her bread an the wrang side and Dick came away with a large picture of himself as well as the ane taken of the group.

"Rippa" Reed says, "You can tell the size of a man's lawn by the number of beers it takes to mow it. Me, I've gat a four beer lawn."

George Salisbury recenty returned from a two weeks' vacation in Adin, Lassen County, halfway between Shasta and Lassen peaks. Panning gald, faring an antelope meat and catching up on target practice gave him little time to rest. George says that if his next vacation is not spent in a uniform, it will be spent in bed.

Did you know that Ray Hedberg is spending his vacatian manufacturing a new carburetar that he patented last winter? Roy says that he has a new type af carburetion which permits a motar to burn bath water and gas. He expects ta double or moybe triple his mileage.

Honorable mention this week to Frank Richardson, U. S. Army inspector. He not only likes ta see things done right but he likes to see things dane.

We are happy to have B. G. Bills back with us again after his illness. We are sarry to lose him on the second shift, but what is the swing shift's loss is the day shift's gain.

A tree, somewhere in Winter Gardens, provided an untimely stap far Bill Ellis, small parts, Russel Stein, welding, and Bob Dillon, brather to Bud Dillon who works in the machine shap. Bill Ellis, the driver, was seriously injured. All three were rushed ta the receiving hospital. The boys were returning from a rodeo at Lakeside when Ellis lost control af the car an a curve and was unceremoniously stopped by the tree.

America's Pledge

By Bette Landon

We knaw not what the morraw brings,
Or what will take away,
We anly know that as we ga,
We can but hope and pray.

For thase who died that we might live,
And democracy might reign,
We pledge our ward that deeds of ours,
Their memary will not stain.

Maintenance

By PAT KELLY

"An' I'll bet all my money there's no mon alive
Can ride Ol' Strawberry when he makes thot high dive."

So sings "Bronco Bill" Freeborn who recently was swept from the hurricane deck of his fiery steed ond made a magnificent solash on the nearby terrain. We'll wager that Bill answered more questions than the latest almanac. Hoppy londings, Pard.

Edwards possibly thought the Japs were overhead when he was struck o resounding blow on the pate by a falling piece of the foundry crane. Upon regaining consciousness his first inquiry was, "Were the women and children saved?"

"How did you find your steak, sir?" osked the waiter.

"Oh," replied Slim Coats, "I just turned over a piece of potato and there it was."

McCune, the chap who operates the horizontol potter's wheel, hos just returned from a trip 'way up in the High Sierras. Soys Bill, "Up there, when a mon drows thot cold, clean invigoroting air into his lungs, he swears he has found the object of Ponce de Leon's search. When he awakens in the morning, his eyes open with a bang, the blankets are cost aside, and within a few moments the pine knots are burning briskly, the inimitoble aroma of bacon and coffee odds to his enthusiosm ond he's away to a flying start. Boy, howdy! Apparently without effort, the trout are cought, and he finds himself miles oway from camp when a consuming hunger overtokes him. Stopping here to odmire a beautiful view, and there to snap a picture of a particularly entroncing scene, the distance has seemed as nothing. And," Bill adds a bit sorrowfully, "the big one got awoy."

C. R. Anderson, the little mechanic with the walrus mustache, has become the owner of a lovely new home in the Crown Point orea. Becouse of his size, C. R. is olways called upon to get in the tight places. He cheerfully enters, after fortifying himself with snoose, where angels fear to tread. At present he is confronted with the intriguing problem of properly loying out an irrigation system.

Pipe the white shoes on "Jock" Millikon, the Miami real estate salesman! We think, in all seriousness, that Jock missed his calling. Or, perhaps we should soy, that he has just found it. Such a youngster, who claims to be a grand-pappy, with o mischievous Irish twinkle in his eye, beors watching.

Here it is, you mat fans, the battle of the century. A perfect natural if ever there was one. The announcer might spiel thusly:

"And in the main event of the evening, wearing hobnails and brass nucks, weighing 153⅜ pounds, managed by "Yukon" Lehto, we present that stalwart wire puller —'Gunboat' Dave Gordon."

A mighty ovation sweeps the announcer into the ropes. Recovering, he continues:

"And in the opposite corner, barehonded, borefaced, and borefooted, wearing (censored), weighing 153⅛ pounds, that bone crushing, teeth gnoshing behemoth of planishing—Earl 'Bull' Atkinson."

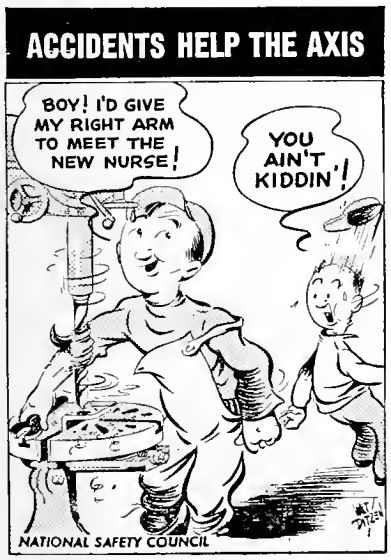
A thunderous burst of applause removes the announcer from the ring, but never mind him.

Date and location of this bout will be published in ample time for reservations to be made. You can't afford to miss this spectocular meeting of these two Herculean exponents of the ancient Greek pastime.

The hydro-press is again in operation and some recognition, we think, should be given to those concerned with its repair. To "Duke" DuShaune and his bull gang, working until the wee small hours of the morning, goes the credit of safely removing the giant cylinder and placing it in the shop. There it was again made whole by the expert welding of "Cap" Roper and "Salt Bath" Cornelius. The "Duke" then replaced it, and the finishing touches were added by Cundiff and Edwards. Congrats to all!

"Sugarfoot" Conde has just returned from his diggins in Arizony, and with a full poke too. Seems like the sun was a bit hotter than usual on this trip 'cause Conde has some wild tale about being in one spot a month and then deciding two whole years must pass before he would re-visit it. Oh, yeah!

See yo at the ring.



NEWS 'N VIEWS

By Dick Gillam

Ah, at last the 4th of July is over and there was nary a casualty. With no tires in sight for civilion use, and a threatened gas rationing what else was there to do but stay home? Ya know some people can stay home and have just as much fun and get more done and the next day feel like they have accomplished something. For instance: there is the victory garden to be taken care of; start a new search for old rubber; check the tires on the car and switch 'em around; mow the lawn; paint the back porch; start a horseshoe game with your neighbor. There's a hundred and one things you can do at home and at the same time you are helping defense because you are saving tires and gasoline — and the money you don't spend can be used to buy defense bonds.

Speaking of buying defense bonds, the Drop Hammer Shop has a bond booster who is unsurpassed; a conversation was overheard that went something like this:

Carpenter: "Well, Scheafer, now that you have bought a horse what are yau going to do with the rest of your money?"

Scheafer: "Buy bonds every week."

Carpenter: "What are you going to do with what you have left?"

Scheafer: "Buy more bonds."

Carpenter: "Well what are you going to feed your horse?"

Scheafer: "Check stubs."

I sure hope it works.

What has happened to the sweetheart of the second shift? The last thing we heard, there was going to be a wedding and the next thing we heard there wasn't. Looks like there's a snake in the woodpile or maybe it's under a manifold. Congratulations are in order for the first shift drop hammer department. In the recent bond drive they came out with flying colors. Every man pledged to buy a certain amount every week, making their score 100%. I am sorry at this time to report the second shift did not do so well. However, there are a couple of fellows who are doing their share, so I'd like to congratulate Christy and Scheafer for buying a bond a week.

(Continued on Page 16)

WAR COMES CLOSE TO HOME

Niece Tells Bataan Nurse's Heroism

"America calling Australia! America calling Australia!"

When these words soon go winging by short wave to "Down-Under" through special arrangements made by Flying Reporter, they will herald the broadcasting of a message from Evelyn Lewis, inspector in the small parts crib, to her aunt, Second Lieutenant Rosemary Hagan, Army nurse now somewhere in the embattled southwest Pacific.

Evelyn last saw her 27-year-old aunt two years ago when Miss Hagan stopped off in her niece's home town of Red Rivers, New Mexico, to pay the family a visit before sailing for the Philippine Islands. At that time, according to Evelyn, neither dreamed of what the future held; and neither would have believed that Miss Hagan was destined to play an heroic role in the now memorable drama of Bataan and Corregidor.

Yet this is exactly what happened as was revealed recently when "Life" published a report on the bombing of Bataan and the bravery of our Army nurses under fire: "A great many all over the hospital were bleeding badly. We went to where the bomb had hit the ward and began pulling patients from the crater. I saw Rosemary Hagan, the head ward nurse, and thought for a moment her face had been torn off. She wiped herself with a sheet, smiled and said: 'It's nothing, don't bother about me. It's just a nose bleed.' But she had three shrapnel wounds."

In preparation for the day of her aunt's return home, Evelyn is making a scrapbook containing all the press clippings about her that have appeared throughout the country. As she told about it, Evelyn's Irish chin jutted out defiantly and she declared: "All I can say is that I wish to heck I was over there with her!"

As for the message this blonde, capable-looking Ryan inspector wishes to send . . . it by now represents a sizable accumulation of news. Of prime importance will be Evelyn's announcement to her aunt that another cousin is expecting a blessed event, and that, if it is a girl, the baby will be named "Rosemary."

Then, too, Evelyn wants to pass on the news that her brother Clifton Lewis, 19-year-old student at Cameron College in Lawton, Oklahoma, is grooming himself in preparation to entering the Army Air Corps.

"It comes natural to Cliff," she explained. Their father, L. S. Lewis, was a sergeant in the Army Air Corps during World War I. Even when the sister and brother were kids, Evelyn added, Cliff would tell of his plans to become a "sojer," and she would vow to be a nurse so she could look after him.

Considering it from the mature viewpoint she now has, however, Evelyn said: "I'll build 'em . . . Cliff will fly 'em!"

Yet another cousin, Marshall Lewis, is also doing his part for his country. A recent wire revealed his landing in Australia, and in her message to her aunt, Evelyn is advising her of the fact in hopes that the two will be able to get together.

Member of the Corson Club back home, a group devoted to winter sports, and herself a skiing enthusiast, she still owns a bowling alley and skating rink there. In her absence, Evelyn's father and mother are operating it. Asked what her favorite recreation was here, in lieu of snow activities, Evelyn stated that today she isn't interested in anything else than getting her work done speedily and well. "I just hope," she declared, "that some of these parts I'm inspecting here at Ryan, and some of these Ryan planes will in some way help to win back the Philippines!"

She is a very determined young woman and although she has been working but a short time for the company, Evelyn has already earned the sincere respect of male co-workers on the second shift. "That girl handles a hammer like an expert," said one admiringly. "None of this tap-tap-tap stuff for her!"

Of her prowess with a hammer, a correspondent in the last issue of Flying Reporter had this to say: "Evelyn 'Katinka' Lewis has the boys in the small parts crib constantly on a language alert. Her thumb is still out of a cast, but if she continues to put a four foot swing behind her hammer when she stamps parts, I can prophesy troubles. Some of you bumpers might get a few pointers here."

This is to inform all those interested that Evelyn (sometimes known as "Strangler") Lewis has solved the problem nicely: she now holds the hammer in both hands.

Brother's Fate Unknown to Ryan Worker

You probably won't realize it when tragedy touches the man working near you, because even sorrow is not likely to interfere with his task as a war production fighter on the home front.

Thus, many of Charles Baker's fellow employees probably do not know under what mental burden he has been laboring in recent weeks — the knowledge that his younger brother, Lt. (j.g.) Paul Baker, probably is lost at sea, and the hope that somehow he might have survived his valiant battle with Jap Zero fighters in the battle of the Coral Sea.

It's difficult for Charlie Baker, 31-year-old machinery maintenance worker on the second shift, to comprehend that he may never again see his only brother, 18 months his junior and almost as close a companion throughout childhood and youth as if they were twins.

Lt. Baker, credited with four Jap Zeros and a seaplane, failed to return to the ill-fated aircraft carrier Lexington with his squadron following a melee with nine enemy planes. He piloted one of four Lexington fighters that pounced on a formation of nine Zeros, six of which were destroyed, on the evening of May 7, one day before the carrier's loss.

Originally, it was believed that Lt. Baker had collided with a Zero and had crashed into the Pacific. Later information indicated that he was running low on fuel and was attempting to reach an island in the vicinity. The navy department, meanwhile, has listed him as missing in action.

"I still think there is a possibility my brother will show up," Charles Baker said this week.

He and Paul were raised together in the tiny community of Aledo, Illinois, and Charles preceded his brother into the navy by two years, enlisting in 1926 as a musician. For two years, he performed in dance orchestras and military bands of the San Diego and Great Lakes Naval Training Stations, receiving a medical discharge in 1928. Until last August, when he joined Ryan, Baker had played the piano in dance bands here, except for a year's interval when he qualified himself for his present job of machinery repair by maintaining all types of equipment at the farm implement store of his father in Jacksonville, Illinois.

Anxious to get back into naval uniform, Baker sought to re-enlist following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor last December 7, and requested service aboard the Lexington in order to be near his brother, then on aviation machinist's mate, second class, with naval aviation pilot's rating. However, because of his previous medical discharge, his application was tabled. More recently, he has been informed that his skill in helping to keep Ryan machinery functioning without costly breakdowns is more vital to the war effort than would be his service as a bluejacket.

But he's still itching for action, if only to get an opportunity to avenge his "kid" brother, one of America's genuine air heroes.

Experimettes

By Jonnie Johnson

Hello everybody! Here we are almost late, but in plenty of time I hope to thank Bill Wagner and everyone concerned, who planned the very nice dinner at El Cortez two Sundays ago. Everyone, including myself, had a lovely time. My only regret is that I missed the previous ones. I hope there will be more in the future.

We are very busy, as usual, around Plant No. 2, and just beginning to miss Dan Burnett and Archie, who left Sunday for Dayton, Ohio, to see what has became of our prize beauty. We wish them the best of luck and a speedy return. The place just isn't natural without Dan. Our aim is to have a plane or two ready to fly when he returns, and if things go as per schedule, he will have to make his trip a short one. Of course with the efficient help of others, such as Bowman and Rath from Finishing, we should be able to accamplish more than is expected.

Well, girls, you can stop wasting your charms on Frank Reed. He is now a married man, having tied the knot last Sunday at the New Jerusalem Church in San Diego. The lucky girl is none other than Jacoba Vandermeer. How about bringing her around sometime Frank. We would all like to meet her.

What's all this I hear about a certain little "Experim-ette" disliking men in general so thoroughly? She sure gets along with everybody, especially at lunch time—what with bicycling and the likes. Also a Sunday afternoon 'cycle-ride now and then. Tsk! Tsk! Who can it be?

Also there is more that could be told of Bessie's party last Saturday night. You shouldn't entertain so extravagantly, Bess. Louie isn't familiar with the Texas way of entertainment. You surely know that the men have to work on Sunday.

I wonder if Gerry Wright would like to know that Dan Burnett has been practicing his whistling, daily, since the party. He's improving too, Gerry. Maybe we can coax him a wee bit more next time—with success. It's just too bad some of "Slim" Coats talents can't be distributed among a dozen other people. He is positively too good.

The darling of the shop, Ruth Mitchell, has everyone ogog. It must be wonderful to be so beautiful. But that's far enough, boys. She has a nice looking husband, and I understand he works quite close to Experimental, too.

I noticed on the bulletin board a sign which reads: "For Sale, Cheap, one Motor-Bike. Contact Bud Meixner." Wonder if it could be the broken foot that prompted the sale? Surely you're not through with them for good, Bud. Your foot will soon be as good as new, and you can always stay clear of street car tracks. Anyway, get Dan Harrison to take you for a spin on his "bike." You'll get a thrill, as well as some good ideas. — I did — Never get on one again.

By the way, now that Steve is back, after a thrilling vacation, does that mean that we are losing Dan? I'm sure that we can

use three inspectors. How about it, Dan? Did that vacation come about? Maybe if you disconnected the phone it would help. And you could move—or could you? Well, anyway, that proves that we need you.

With the last line, I would like to say "Hello" to the gang in and around Finishing. And I do miss you—all.

Tappin's From Toolin'

By Charles Anderson

Well, here's for some more of that ol' corn. After a little over a year in the Wing Department, I wake up one day to find myself here in the middle of the battle of production.

We have a 10-hour battle here every day. One side has logarithms and ice cream; the other side uses fractions and tobacco juice. Mr. Sly is captain of the juicers and Ray, the heat treat man, has complete charge of the creamers.

We don't know all the details but "Mac" McCarthy, the tooling inspector, has a new nick name. It's "Queeny"!

Yes, we're proud of our girls in tooling. They sent their husbands to the service and now they're here to help make it a little tougher on Adolph. That's what you call patriotism. By their family interests, they represent the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. P.S. I think Fields is looking for one from the Air Corps.

We hate to get out of our department but anyway this is worth mentioning. It seems that Bill Brown, of spot welding, needed a haircut so badly that "Davie" had to take up a collection among the boys here.

Went to the races the 4th. Our time would have been wasted but the management was kind hearted and put on a class "C" race so Noel Goath could get his car in. If he only wore ear muffs and blinders he could have run away with the consolation prize. "Anyway, Noel, you did better than another fellow we saw—I think his number was 78."

PRODUCTION PLANNING

By Maynard Lovell

After not writing for the past few issues I should be bursting with news—but such is not the case. Kenneth Rush was married over a week ago—so that isn't news anymore. D. D. Field has received his induction papers and is waiting his orders—so that isn't news yet. The best of luck to both you boys nevertheless.

Vacation time is here again and as Kennedy and Mattson are away I thought I should mention it and the place they went. I asked Byron Geer and he answered "Up North." I asked what they had up north that we didn't have here and he said, "You mean now?" I said yes and got this reply, "Kennedy and Mattson"—I gave up. Hope you had a nice time—also J. L. Hanson who left a few days later. (Editor's Note: Where did you spend your vacation last year, Maynard, and what was the result?)

Coming in at 5 P.M. instead of the usual 4 P.M., I don't get to see enough of the day gang to know much what is going on. The old night gang are going along as ever but without a lot to write about. Maybe when Kennedy and Mattson return from "Up North" they will have some news — or maybe Geer will bring some back when he goes Up North—July 21st. Hope to have more next time.

"Angel" Harper said I should make some mention about the girl who made dates with six different men for the same night and then didn't have any of them show up. (She didn't tell them where she lived — and I wasn't one of them 'cause I knew all the time.) For the benefit of the boys her address is—continued on Page 50.

(Scoop—(I hope) Titus Satterfield is going to be passing around cigars in about a month. (Bet you 1 to 2 it's a boy, Ty—that's the usual odds.)

'Nother scoop—Tarry of Methods Engineering is accumulating cigars to be passed out in October. (Will make you the same bet, Tarry.)

I rushed to the plant today to give out the information that James P. Orr was to be married next Tuesday. After arriving I was informed that I was too late to announce their intentions and that the best I could do was say that they were married at Yuma—July 7th, very suddenly, and that they didn't even tell either his roommate nor her sister. They will be at home on Van Dyke Avenue some time in the near future. The second shift joins me in wishing the best that life holds for EVELYN AND JIMMY ORR.

All Ryan employees wishing to purchase the official Ryan emblem pins may do so by calling for them at the Personnel Department or at the Tool Store, where they are on sale at 25 cents each.

Sheet Metal -- 2nd Shift
By E. M. Magdick

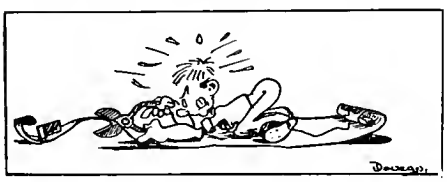
Why does a person always wait till the last minute to do anything? Here it is one day before the deadline, so now I have to write like blazes to make it.

In the last issue of the Flying Reporter, the second shift, Sheet Metal column appeared under the title of "Sheet Metal Shavings." It was written by Byron Geer and not by E. Magdick. It was a good job, Byron, and thanks a lot. I appreciate it and just to prove it, I'll have that scotch and soda anytime, if you buy it.

"Torchy" seems to be the new name for Sam Pinney. The reason is because, being out on the beach every day, his nose turns a tomato red. The new name was unanimously accepted. So, from now on its "Torchy."

June 14th found another Sheet Metal guy saying "I do." Willard "Whitey" Harpster was married to Miss Dorothy Wood. Congratulations to both the bride and groom.

Isn't it marvelous how the atmosphere changes when a woman appears in the picture. Yes, sir, all the guys are coming to work wearing pressed slacks and neckties, even going so far as to clean their fingernails, and that's very unusual.



Curly Stillman has been walking around lately humming to himself. They say when a person gets that way, it's either that he has made a payment on his income tax or he has met a member of the fairer sex. And we know for sure it's the latter. We don't mind your humming, Curly—just so it isn't Chopin or Tchaikowsky.

Seeing there is a shortage of scandal in the Sheet Metal Department, we will have to close for this issue and hope we can have more next time.

Time Study
By C. W. Brown

Well, here it is time for the deadline and me without a thing done in the way of meeting it. Oh well, it must be the sun, or maybe I should say the moon. Before any of this idle chatter I will give you a look into the Methods Engineering Department. Under this heading, after Time Study, comes the Routing Department. Oh, you already have heard about it? Well, I hope that a little more will enlighten you a little further on the method and whom to see if that traveler down thar in the shop doesn't quite suit you.

Wally Gerhart, Supervisor, and his right hand man, Ray (Red) Rieder run this operation. Roy Nelson—he's a new and proud pappy. A. J. Higgins—better known in the Department as "Mopey," Hig is a lot quieter since the heat wave. L. H. Schneider—My, My! Haven't you heard? He is one of the lately acquired members of the Ball and Chain gang. Ross McDaniel — rather quiet and not very much to say unless you ask him first. D. W. Chapman—better or not known as "Tex." Really, he does know how to rope. Watch out for your laurels, Slim. E. M. Phillips, the gal who is worrying about brother Cupid. That's all right Betty, we know your age.

Thanks for the cigars, Bross. We thought you would pick some other day than Independence Day to say "I Do." Well, good luck is wished to you and the Mrs. by the whole department. By the way, you now have the boxer—Carl Walker, in your midst to help on that bonus. Bicky Bicknell will be missed by the whole gang since he has taken leave of Ryons. I was sort of attached to him as we both went to work here on the same day. Good luck on your new voyage. Carl Walker has been replaced by R. E. Walker in Time Study. Some of you boys should remember him from Final Assembly.

Another new addition to the Department is the Romeo of the plant, Red Roberts, lately of Small Parts and Finishing. Watch out, girls, he has a good line and is unattached.

Congrats go to Kenny Rush and Rodgers. The cigar was swell, Kenny, can't you do it more often? I'm still waiting for the long promised cigar from Rodgers. Maybe I'll get it when you see this. Call him pappy, boys. Tarry is now very proud of five nice, new Scotty pups. No, boys, they are all promised. Hansen, I do wish you would change the brand of ropes you are smoking in this hot weather. The Fire Department is liable to come up here and give us all a bath. How refreshing.

I wonder why all the sudden interest in the inspection bench? According to certain people you are doing a good job of keeping it in nice shape, Ralph. Of course, you can't let it get any slivvers in it as Eleanor might get hurt. Whenever you want a good all around man on ropes, or the art of balance on four wheels as a tightrope walker, Hyar Slim? And a happy birthday to Rundquist on reaching man's estate (the ripe old age of 21). He insists that certain drinks don't taste the same since he can buy them legal; he's waiting for the call to arms.

Time Study Department is now 100% in the drive for War Bond sales, thanks to F. P. Tarry. Also the second shift dispatchers are 100%. In other words, every man is buying 10% of each paycheck. Now —come on fellows! Who's next on the list? Everybody Buy Now . . .

I will close with this happy thought: IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A BAN ON TIRE SALES TO KEEP THIS COUNTRY FROM ROLLING RIGHT ALONG!

FINAL NEWS
By Claude Nadeau

Surprised to hear from us over in Final Assembly? We are still here though, and are doing our part in getting the finished planes in the hands of those who need them.

The vacation season has again caught up with us. Two of our personnel, J. M. Bussard and N. C. Keiber are enjoying their well earned rest, if you can call a vacation a rest. Most of us come back to work a tired and sorry lot. Anyway, here's wishing them a swell time.

The summer Bowling League is just about over, and Final's two teams aren't doing too badly. Final No. 1 is in 5th place in B League, and Final No. 2 is holding down 3rd spot in the A League. The Final teams caught a couple of the top teams napping and pushed them around a bit. It's always fun to knock off the favorite. Things will be different in the Winter League, and Final will lash out from start to finish.

This is introducing Enid Larsen, our new Department Clerk. She is the Double R's left hand man and a big help to all of us in Final. We are glad to have her in the Ryan organization.

One of our leadmen, Senor Gerry Jackson by name, has just bought for himself one new automobile. If you should happen to see a gray streak torpedoing around town, your best guess will be Senor Jackson.

We in Final Assembly are making a War Band Drive and as we now stand, that 100% isn't very far away. By the time of the next bulletin we should be in the center of the bulls-eye.

The June issue of "Wings" printed the following poem which I am, in turn, passing along to you.

ALL TOGETHER — OR ELSE

Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em flying,
Is an easy thing to say,
But what counts is always trying
To keep all parts under way.
Piling up a lot of engines,
Heaping wings and rudders high
May not mean a big production
If the cleos are shy.
Keep 'em rolling, all together,
Engine mounts and flaps and props,
For unless all parts are ready
Then our plane production drops.

—FRED COLVIN.

So-o-o-o—Hurry up you guys and gals —get those parts made so we can get out planes and more planes, to knock the axis team off the beam. 'Nuff said. That's all for now, but I'm warning you, you'll be hearing from us again.

News 'N Views - - Gillam

(Continued from page 13)

C. Jarvie and B. Everly have been doing a lot of fishing lately. They don't catch any fish but that doesn't impair the name "fishing" any.

Kenneth Rush and Nadine Bevard recited vows the 25th of June and become Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Rush. The happy couple is living at 2715 Gregory Street with Mr. and Mrs. R. Spiking. Many presents were received and among these were: a nice bedspread set from the machine shop; a wool blanket from production planning; glassware; luncheon sets; and a baby bottle!

Some of the sheet metal boys have got quite a quaint house. It's out in the middle of Bonita Bay at old Mission Beach. As soon as things get shipshape they intend to have visitors, maybe have a dance, and some kind of entertainment. Imagine a house out on the water with no lawn to mow, no backyard to clean. Just get up in the morning and swim to shore for the morning mail and paper—boy, that's the life!

Well, like the monkey said when he backed up to the lawn mower I'm gonna cut this off pretty short.

So Bye, Bye, and buy BONDS.

Mo Loft Sez

By Tom Hunt

Well, hello, all you Ryanites and Ryanettes! This is our first crack at journalistic sabotage in the Flying Reporter, and we ore happy to join the host of other departments represented in our company magozine.

What's this we hear about Pat Carter buying a house sans water and lights? Is that the reason he goes over to his girl's house to use his electric razor? We wonder. Maybe he moved nearer La Jolla to save Paduke's tires.

Say, you should have seen Tom Exley and Chink Lee racing their sputter bikes against a pack of hungry hounds the other morning. It seems as though they were riding down B Street to work when all at once these wolves (they said) swooped down on them from the rear. One dog more ambitious than the rest, continued the chase ond kept nipping at Chink's heels. It was a real treat to watch him trying to maneuver his putput and kick at the pup at the same time. Wonder what Chink and Tom will do when gas rationing goes in. Guess they'll burn corn-likker. Maybe they'll drink it and push the scooters.

Quite a few of the fellows have been passing out those sweet smelling El Ropeos lately. "Rag" Weed, G. Cusey and "Sharkie" Haugh have all embarked on that ship. Wonder if that's why Dean quit fishing? Your guess is as good as ours. Anyway he quit hunting.

And another one is doomed soon. "Spanky" McFarlane has made public his intentions toward a certain she. Good luck, Jim.

Don't miss the familiar (?) sight of one, Ed Berlin, riding his trusty racing bike to and from work. By the way, Ed, what has happened lately—flat tire?

Ask Carl Rasmussen how he likes batching. It seems as though his wife won't ever come home—he says. Razzy claims it took him eight hours to clean up the house and wash the dishes.

What's this word, "Snafu," that's such a by-word in the Lofting Department? It seems to fit everything they talk about. Just ask one of the fellows.

Herb Blumberg, one of the Loft Inspectors, was formerly Robert Ripley's photographer, and quite a world traveler. He certainly has some beautiful pictures of movie stars. Now don't rush all at one time. Line forms in the rear. Some of the tool boxes look like a rogue's gallery. Some rogues.

Helen Caldwell, one of the clerks, has a husband who is quite a Navy flier. She's really doing her bit. Orchids.

Our sympathy is extended to Carl Sullivan whose wife passed away recently.

FRONT VIEWS and PROFILES

By R. J. Markowski

Obed Alexander Rosen was born at a very early age; in fact it was on December 12, 1917 that he first felt the blow in the Windy City. He attended Bradwell Grammar School, Calumet High, and Northwestern University. (You Chicagoans should remember them, don't you Elinor?) Obed, who likes to be called "Whitey" because of his golden locks, had a burning desire to see those palm trees he'd read about; so in 1938 he purchased himself a new Willys and drove to California—total transportation cost $11.00, he says. "Whitey" operated a parking lot in Hollywood to finance his way through Glendale J. C. and U. C. L. A.

In February of 1941 he entered the Ryan School of Aeronautics Army Training program at Hemet as an aviation cadet but unfortunately was eliminated. Before coming to work here he helped build the famous P-38s at Lockheed.

Rosen was married on December 14, 1941, and has one "in the jig" (i.e., he is an expectant father.) He is nuts about model planes, reads extensively and enjoys swimming.

Obed would like to retire at 40 with his feet up on the stone, spit in the woodbox and carve model planes. He used to wear the Sing Sing colors, Class of '29 (sweatshirts), until they put a few feminine inspectors on the second shift. You should see him now. Next to Elmer, he is the best dressed inspector in the manifold crib.

MACHINE SHOP DUDS

By Donald Dudley

At Inspection Crib No. 3, we have the youngest inspector in the plant. He aims to eventually become a member of the Army Air Force. STUART GARDNER HUNT hails from Montreal, Canada, and is motivated by an overwhelming desire to seek adventure in the air. His father, also a former employee at Ryan, is now serving as a captain in the air corps somewhere on the battlefront. Stuart misses his baseball and hockey for these were the sports in which he majored before venturing from home.

Bill Wagner recently arranged a dinner in honor of the "power behind the throne" . . . his able assistant, Sue Zinn. She has left the organization, and with her travels the good wishes of many readers. The entertainment at the farewell party was splendid and those who missed coming lost a treat, indeed. A good time was had by all.

Vacation time is here, and many leave with the memory of that important day fresh in mind. Beyond all doubt some obliging and talented friends will provide our column with interesting material when they return from the tall places.

BILL HENERY left for his vacation. He was so anxious to get started that he could not wait for Monday morning to roll around. Instead he took a bee-liner out at noon time, Saturday.

Our abalone fisherman, Strickland, left Friday. Bill expects to meet him up in the Sequoia National Forest. That might be one of the reasons why Bill was so anxious to get started. When he encounters Strickland in the tall timber, he can kid about the good time his car made over the road. That in itself would be amazing. However, between periods of effort and relaxation, they expect to get in a little fishing . . . the big 'uns always get away, don't they?

JESS McCRAY is also commencing his vacation this week-end. He assures us that he's not going to do much except rest and chase the dog around; his surprise is coming later.

A. WESTLUND has been promoted from the drill press line to the milling machine banks. Thus, once again we are confronted with the proof that rewards may not always come with the promptness we may hope for . . . but, come they do, nevertheless. Anyhow, he welcomes the change.

Talk about the knell of doom sounding. In less than an hour's time, all rubber chair cushions around the offices had vanished from sight. Demonstrating their appreciation of the shortage of rubber, the office employees decided to surrender their cushions and to do without for the duration. This is not only national unity, but the spark of harmony as well. Zeal is sufficient reward. Rubber cushions are to office workers what aprons and gloves are to machine **operators. They serve the same purpose . . but in different directions. Lest we be misunderstood, each and every office worker did it with a smile, because they knew it would help to sound the "knell of doom" that much sooner for the Axis powers. And this is a vital goal!**

WE ARRIVE . . . .

The Flying Reporter bowed into the Ryan scene on January 1, 1941. Labeled Vol. 1 —No. 1 that all might know its intentions of reappearing, it presented a brave front cover on which were mimeographed the New Year greetings of company officials.

Unblessed as yet with a name, the ambitious little ten-page newsletter identified itself in its first edition as the "Ryan News" but offered a five dollar reward for a suitable permanent title. Subsequently C. G. Fowler, of the Drop-Hammer Department, christened the magazine the "Ryan Flying Reporter" and pocketed the prize.

Claude Ryan, in his introductory letter to employees, took cognizance of the workers' desire for a newsletter that would be a medium of thought as well as news; that would help get everybody better acquainted; maintain better understanding; and knit the organization together as a unit.

"Therefore, we propose," he wrote, "to try to get out such a publication and this is the first attempt. You can see it isn't fancy. We don't want it to be. This is a sort of prototype to see how good the idea seems to be. Do you want it continued right along . . . and, if so, what suggestions have you?"

Conclusive proof that the Ryan employees did want it continued right along can be seen in the Flying Reporter's growth from that original mimeographed embryo of 18 months ago to the full-blown mature magazine you are now perusing.

While Vol. 1—No. 1 and its companion issues of an earlier date handled the need of the moment quite satisfactorily, the Ryan Aeronautical Company and its employees have since taken seven-league strides. Because of these stepped up conditions, it has seemed wise to present a more modern and adult face to the ever growing audience of Flying Reporter followers. In this transition, it is our sincere intention to lose none of the informality or friendliness we have come to prize so highly; it will remain our endeavor to bring you news of plant activities, of developments in the aviation field, of progress in the national and international scene—in brief . . . anything and everything that affects you directly or indirectly.

We hope that you will like our new dress . . . and, remember, Claude Ryan's offer in the very first edition still holds good: "What suggestions have you?"

—THE STAFF.

KEEPING AHEAD OF THE POWER PARADE

Only such research and development as Ryan has for years devoted to exhaust systems can meet the problems of the ever increasing power output of aircraft engines. A typical Ryan result in this field is the Universal Joint Manifold which is supported by the engine mount instead of the power plant itself. This exclusive Ryan collector ring development meets and exceeds the requirements for dynamic engine mounts, turbo supercharger installations and up to 2,000 h. p. output on America's most distinguished military and commercial airplanes. And you can depend on Ryan to keep ahead of "the power parade." Engineering consultation is invited.

Ryan

EXHAUST MANIFOLDS

RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Builders of Famous Ryan S-T Trainers

Eastern Office: 420 Lexington Ave. • New York City

Ryan Flying Reporter

← RYANS IN JAVA

Vol. 4 No. 2

AUGUST 7TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Sometimes we become so immersed in our every-day jobs that we suffer from a "can't-see-the-forest-for-the-trees" complex. Even under normal peacetime conditions, this attitude, while not a particularly dangerous one for the worker or his company, is certainly not a progressive one. But wartime is abnormal and thus makes increased demands on the alertness, imagination, and energy of us all.

Some of you have perhaps found it difficult to realize there really is a war going on, that thousands are daily being killed or maimed, and that in most instances the hairline of difference between life and death for our boys depends on the war materials we get to them. And so, perhaps lacking the vision this emergency requires, it is possible some of our employees have looked at our Ryan trainers and commented to themselves something like: "Yes, a nice little ship . . . but, just look at that bomber up there. That's a real warplane!"

If that's been your feeling, then, the report from John Russell which begins on the opposite page should be especially enlightening. According to Russell, who is a pilot recently back from the Dutch East Indies, our Ryan trainers were "primary, basic, advanced and blind flying trainers all wrapped up in one." The Dutch pilots went directly from our Ryan STMs to multi-engined equipment; and, they were unanimous in their acclaim of the STMs' aerobatic abilities.

When the Netherlands East Indies government bowed before the overwhelming onslaught of Japanese superiority in numbers of men and equipment, many of our planes were reported to have flown to safer areas where they resumed their invaluable work. From an Australian aviation magazine "Air-Log," I have just this week learned in confirmation of these reports that "quite a fair sprinkling of them eventually made their way to Australia and continue in useful service in places where they are now quartered."

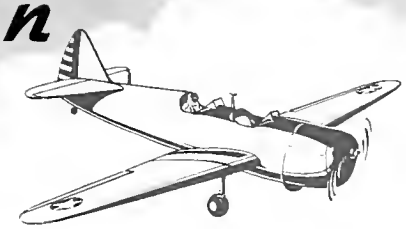
In other words . . . there can no longer be any doubt; your Ryan trainer is playing a vital part in winning this war and is seeing action at home and in far flung corners of the world and . . . on the word of informed experts . . . it is a tough, scrappy, and thoroughly appreciated warplane!

Once we, here at Ryan, recognize how greatly valued by the forces of Freedom our products are, we will settle down in grim determination to turn out in ever increasing quantity and qualtity all the weapons our warriors must have in this battle to save for us all the life we've known and cherished.

T. Claude Ryan

THIS FIRM BELIEVES IN AMERICA

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

FIRST DIRECT REPORT OF OPERATION OF RYAN TRAINERS IN DUTCH INDIES

"The Ryan trainers operated in the Netherlands East Indies were doing every possible job os military ships except gunnery and bombing training. They were primary, basic, advonced and blind flying trainers all wropped up in one; and our students went directly from the Ryan STM land ond seaplane troiners to multi-engined equipment. And talk about acrobatic training! They're the sweetest acrobatic airplanes I've ever flown."

It took just those seventy words for John H. Russell, American pilot recently returned from the Dutch Indies, to tell company officials in the first direct word they have had from those who operated the ships in Java, that the Ryan trainers did an outstandingly efficient job in the South Pacific in the year preceding the Japanese invasion.

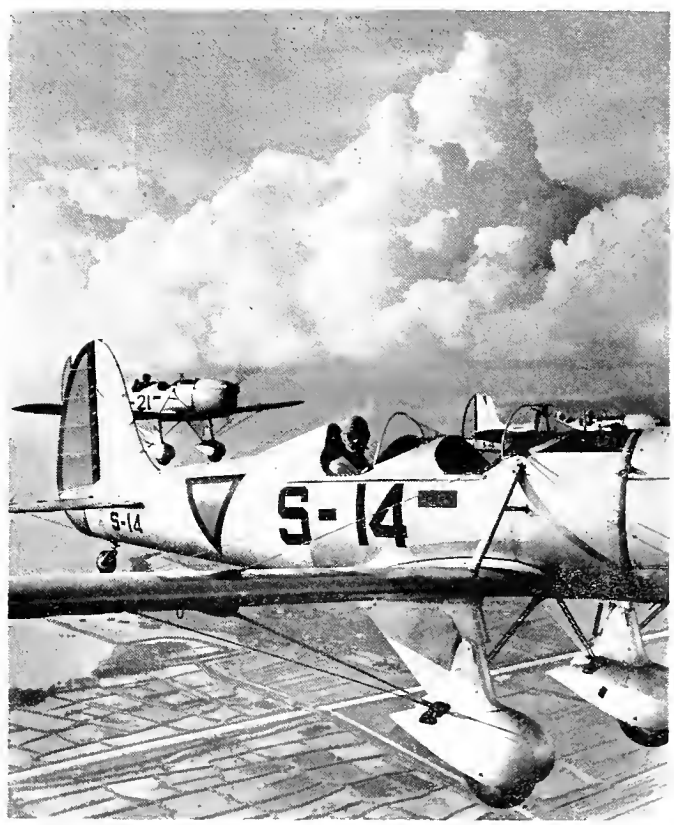
"The planes held up remarkably well under the operating and climatic conditions—tropical sun and what humidity! They took a terrible beating—as do all trainers—but they had an average of about 1000 hours each when we were forced to discontinue instruction and return to this country a month after war broke out."

"We don't know for sure, and I have not heard direct of late from the Dutch military personnel now running the Netherlands pilot school at Jackson, Mississippi, under whom we worked, but it seems very probable that some of the Ryan trainers got to Australia before the Japs attacked the Indies because the string of islands between Java and the north coast of Australia would allow the comparatively short hops to be made successfully."

From Russell, a 28-year-old test pilot, now with North American, the company learned for the first time that pilots troined on Ryans in the Netherlands Indies went to England and today are flying in Dutch squadrons of the R. A. F. Coastal Command, piloting Lockheed Hudsons, having gone direct to this twin-engined equipment from their training on Ryans—generally considered only "primary" troiners

A former Navy ensign flying PBY Catalina Flying Boats, Russell had gone to the Indies in January, 1941, under contract to the Dutch colonial government, after his release by the Navy, to train pilots in operation of the big Consolidated ships, but on arrival at the Morokrembangan Naval Air Base at Soerabaja, Java, he found that the PBYs had not arrived, and that the Ryan land and seaplane trainers shipped from the Ryan factory in the fall of 1940 were just being assembled.

Twelve American pilots were in the group under contract to the Dutch so all transferred to student training work, Russell being among the four pilots assigned to the landplane trainers operoted by the



"Marine Luchtvaart." The Ryan seaplanes operated from property adjoining the land plane school base.

"Our first class," recalls Russell, "was a group of Dutch pilots who had had some instruction time in Holland before the invasion. They had escaped to England, and months later turned up in Java for fur-

(Continued on poge 11)

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Thraugh the Public Relatians Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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Slim's Pickin's.....**Slim Coats**
Executive Interviews.....**Bob Close**
Sport News.....**Jock Billings**
Shop Interviews.....**Roy Morkowski**
Salvage.....**Jack Wilton**

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☆ ☆ ☆

The list af staff contributars is compiled from the names of all who have submitted original material far any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is August 19.

PLUMMER NAMED TRAINING HEAD

Plans for coordination of training services available to Ryan employees were revealed this week when Louis E. Plummer was nomed to the position of Industriol Training Coordinotor.

It will be omang Plummer's duties to determine after careful survey current needs for instruction to be given Ryanites for the purpose of equitable upgrading and ability to attain the highest production possible.

In his activities, Plummer will have the closest contact with programs now being carried out by the airplane industry in Southern California. He will work in cooperation with the Vocationol School and similar governmentally sponsored training schools.

According to the Personnel Department, some of the factors affecting the extent of the program will be: caliber of the labor market, percentage of women workers needed, Ryan's production schedule, materiol shortages, etc. This program, it was stressed, will be of a fluid nature, thus being applicable to emergency changes.

Employees to Give Show for U.S.O.

On Sundoy morning, August 23rd, (along about 2 a.m.) no Hollywood entourage of motion picture and radio stars will invade Pacific Square to entertain the huge throng of aircrafters assembled. The entertainment brigade, rather, will march across Pacific Highway from its headquorters, the Ryan Aeronautical Company nearby.

For on that day, all talent for the U.S.O. swing shift show will be furnished by workers in our plant. Initial response to the request for talent carried in the last issue of Flying Reporter has been gratifying. Thus far, over twenty persons have submitted their names as volunteers for the program.

Becouse many of these budding thespians are working on the second and third shifts, some difficulty has been encountered in orrangement of a convenient meeting time to discuss plans and rehearsals. This obstacle has been overcome with the news that a series of meetings will be held, thus avoiding interference in ony way with production.

Among those who have stepped forward to help make this U.S.O. show another Ryan achievement are: J. K. Derr, Geneva Gray, O. A. Rosen, Slim Coats, J. Lancaster, G. Rodgers, A. W. Kilmer, J. Wright, D. Bailey, J. C. Brath, Ray Berner, Charles Anderson, John Merrill, Del Runquist, Jack Westler, Carl Umansky, R. F. Turner, E. Carvajal, E. T. Terry, S. Long, J. Kraus, and D. Miller.

All others who may be interested in luring the limelight should contact Jack Billings in Personnel.

Ryan To Supply Bus Service As Tire Situation Tightens

With the two-fold purpose of providing a needed service to employees and at the same time materially aiding in the conservation of rubber through increased use of public transportation, the company will soon institute regular bus service at no charge to Ryan workers between the plant and the barricade at Pacific Highway.

Two new 50-passenger busses have been obtained for the new highway-to-plant service which will be operated on schedules to coincide with starting and quitting times of the regular factory and office shifts. All you need for "fare" is your Ryan badge. One bus will be placed in service very shortly with the second one being held in reserve to take care of "peak" periods and to later be used full time as the use of public transportation becomes greater.

It is anticipated that the new free bus service will make it practical for many workers now bringing their cars to the factory to leave them home and instead make use of public transportation, thus relieving the extremely critical rubber shortage situation and contributing to public safety by taking many automobiles off the streets.

Every reasonable effort should be made to take full advantage of this new service to employees which is planned to help YOU . . . and to help the WAR EFFORT by conserving rubber.

The old man with the goatee and the red and white-striped pants says he must have at least twenty-million privately owned passenger cars available for the transportation of war workers for the duration of this fracas. He will do his part by seeing to it that those of us who do ours will have the rubber, gasoline and repair parts necessary to keep our fully loaded cars rolling back and forth to work each day.

Since May 21, a check count has been made one day each week of the number of passengers per car coming past our barricade. The average has increased steadily, but in spite of that steady increase, our percentage is only 2.1 passengers per car. Put down in black and white, it doesn't look so good, does it? Most of us feel we are cooperating in our attempt for relief from the "tire headache." However, our curative steps to date must be compared to the man who takes one aspirin tablet for a headache that requires a full box.

It is a national necessity that we make our available tires serve the war effort to the absolute maximum. In filling our cars with riders, we have one more way of showing our patriotism. One more way in which we, too, can serve. This should be reason enough, but perhaps there are a few among us to whom an appeal to patriotism is not enough. To these few—and we are sure that there are very few—we have something else to which we can appeal—their own self-interest!

Our transportation department has been advised that a new regulation is now in existence, requiring every applicant for retreads or recaps to sign an affidavit certifying he does not drive his car over 40 miles per hour.

(Continued on page 12)

Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

A war industry factory ordered all of its feminine employees to wear slacks in the interests of safety. The plumper girls protested vigorously. Spokeswoman for the ladies who were not slender, weighed 250 pounds. "You can imagine how I would look in slacks," said she. We do not blame these oversize ladies for not wanting to wear slacks, but on the other hand working in a factory is not a beauty contest. Consider the woy the average man looks in overalls.

A fashion expert says wearing slacks is strictly between a woman's conscience and her mirror. Now can you tie that? When a woman looks in a mirror she sees something very dishy. She's thoroughly satisfied with the slacks or she wouldn't be looking in the mirror. I don't think that ladies should wear slacks in town. Wear them only on the form. Preferably in the wheat field. And then only after the wheat is over three feet high.

They don't look exactly right on a plump lady on Main Street during the shopping rush. You cannot streamline a sack of potatoes. If you are sweet sixteen, tall, slender and willowy, you can wear slacks and get away with it, like stealing apples on an abandoned ranch. But if you are sweeter sixty, short, stout, and wheezing, and have more longitude than altitude wearing slacks makes you look sillier than a beached whale.

Wars are always changing fashions and the girls are dressing for their favorite branches of the Armed Services. I saw one lady wearing the epaulets of an admiral, and one who wore the wings of aviation. Another lady bulged out in the back like she was packing a parachute.

The most amazing twist on fashions is that the girls have caught up to their ears again. Every ten years or so, ears disappear like dimes in a Bingo game. Then they bob up again and the effect is startling to men who had begun to think that moles, seals and girls were all earless. Having married a girl without ears, you are certainly startled when you look across the breakfast table and see a jug with two large handles smiling at you.

Other girls look like a one volume library, with two large, determined pink book-ends. The war is doing that. The girls go in for air-wardening, and you cannot listen with your satchel handles covered with wool. When the war is over the ladies will cover up their ears again and will look very sleek and stylish. Only the men will have ears, and they will exceed their quota. I don't say that men should hide their ears under their hair or their hats, but I do say they should have them trimmed a little closer.

(Continued on poge 14)

MEET Joe Rust

BY BOB CLOSE

Don't let the last name of C. Joe Rust fool you. He couldn't have collected any if he'd wanted to, the way he's been zooming about since he first entered aviation ten years ago. And Joe's important activities as Chief Test Pilot for Ryan certainly don't permit him time these days to collect much more than pipes . . . which, in view of his seventy odd items, may be considered his hobby.

From observing the reactions of a xylophone under the stress of mallets to observing the reactions of a Ryan plane under the stress of spins is, you'll agree, a mighty long jump. But Joe has made that span successfully. As recently as 1932, our chief test pilot was making his living by daily administering a beating to a helpless little xylophone; he'd been doing this, off and on, since he'd left his home town of Gratis, Ohio. Note: he is not amused by puns on the town's name.

During his music career, Joe made many professional appearances throughout Ohio and Indiana, being heard frequently over the radio from Richmond, Indiana. Following this, he spent ten years playing percussion instruments with leading bands of that area.

In 1932, Joe enlisted for a four-year trick in the Navy and was stationed on the U.S.S. Oklahoma at San Pedro, California. He proceeded to amaze shipmates with his musical ability as a member of the ship's band until, as he says, he learned they planned placing a bounty on xylophone players. This caused Joe to consider another vocation and, his public appearances having taught him the value of speed (especially for escape), he decided to take up flying.

At that time, enlisted men were not given flight training by the Navy, so Joe purchased flying time at Leonard's Air Service in Long Beach and set about becoming a pilot.

The year Joe left the Navy a girl left Richmond, Indiana, for the Pacific Coast. In 1936 Joe got married to that girl, a former schoolmate, and they are living happily ever after.

His marriage so inspired Joe, he promptly began his upward climb by moving to Santa Ana where he was employed as a civilian pilot instructor at Eddie Martin's airport. Later he joined the Wilmington-Catalina Airline and co-piloted countless twenty-minute trans-Pacific flights to and from Catalina Island.

In 1940, Joe became Chief Test Pilot for Ryan and, in this capacity, has put through their experimental paces such Ryan craft as: the STM-2 Dutch Indies trainer series . . . both land and seaplanes; the PT-16 and PT-20, conversions from Menasco to Kinner power plants; the ST-3, now PT-21 and PT-22s; and on the docket soon will be the apple of engineering and experimental's eye. Of the latter, Joe would only say: "I expect it to carry on the traditional superiority of Ryan planes."

Flying Ryan planes was not a new experience for Joe when he came to the company in 1940, for on a visit to Seattle five years earlier, he had rented and flown the second S-T ever built, and the first of the low-wing Ryans to be sold. Every pilot in the country, Joe recalled, was talking about the ship's performance and trying to get a chance to fly it. Their admiration was deserved, he assured, because the S-T's design was far ahead of the other commercial planes of that day.

"When I look back on those times," said Joe, "I can realize what a great advantage today's aviation cadets and C.P.T.P. students have over those of us who had to pay for flying time. Now they're able to get, without cost, the best instructors and training planes in the world. Yes sir, those who are eligible for such training are really very fortunate."

As for the future, Joe sees a post-war world where airplanes will to considerable extent supplant automobiles, especially for

aggressive business executives. Thousands of fliers will return from this war, he feels, unwilling to give up the new-found thrill of flying. In their demand for sport and pleasure planes, Ryan will have an excellent market because, from the training and private operator's standpoint, Ryan has long been at the head of the field. This lead, said Joe, has been established ever since the S-T design made its appearance. In the future, he stated, high schools will possibly furnish flight courses, probably with glider training as a preliminary to powered flight. And it is not beyond reason that ground school training may begin in the elementary grades.

And on this Joe Rust was emphatic: never again will our air force be neglected as it was prior to our involvement! We have learned an expensive lesson, and we know now that, because the distances demand it, the post-war world will be policed by air power. It is his belief that one of the greatest destroyers in war—the airplane—will also be the greatest single protector of world peace.

By Jack Wilton

A high War Production Board official has stated that the difference between victory and defeat may yet be measured by the size of America's scrap pile. And to even the most casual observer dawns the realization that there has come about an amazing change in the social and financial status of the former lowly "junk-man." Today he is looked upon as one of the most valuable assets to our effort because of his familiarity with the alchemy of turning waste materials into useful productive materials.

This business of conservation or salvage is not new, either to the American industrialist or worker; it has been in practice for many years, particularly in the larger automobile industries such as the Ford Motor Company, General Motors and Chrysler. When the saturation point had been reached in this giant of industries, all three of these were compelled to do everything possible to decrease their costs in order to meet the keenest of competition. Conservation of time and materials was the chief factor in bringing about the stabilization of these industries thus making a low priced automobile possible to the great majority of American workers.

The Ryan Aeronautical Company was one of the pioneers in the airplane industry and, with a conservative start in this field, it has always retained a very high regard relative to conservation of materials and time. Claude Ryan has always been conservative in anything he has undertaken; consequently, our program of conservation and salvage has been the natural attitude of the Ryan Aeronautical Company.

Conservation of materials at this plant begins at the very outset of a contract to build airplanes or exhaust manifolds. Advance Bills of Materials are prepared by the Engineering Division with the greatest of care. These are then passed on to the Methods Engineering division and also the Material Planning division. Through careful checking, this method has avoided many errors or omissions that might have proved serious in the consequent ordering of materials.

Purchase requisitions are prepared by the Material Planning division and delivered to the Purchasing department who places the orders with the different vendors for the supplying of materials. After the materials have been received and inspected and checked in to the Stores division, and subsequently released to production work in process by authorized requisitions issued by the Production Planning division, it is at this point where the conservation and salvage division begins its activities.

The planning of cutting and blanking operations has been carefully worked out by the Methods Engineering division, in many cases on flat stock; templates are made and the nesting of these templates has saved considerable excess materials.

All cutoffs or small pieces of any usable sizes are taken into consideration for the producing of small parts required for current production. If after a careful survey of these cutoffs, we find no current requirements, the surplus is then reported to the Salvage division which, in turn, places this material on surplus material reports . . . copies of which are sent to the Scheduling Unit of the War Production Board at Dayton, Ohio.

The individual surplus reports are then consolidated by this bureau into surplus material bulletins and distributed to industries throughout the nation. This action by the W.P.B. has accomplished wonderful results; it has been the means of solving many bottle-

(Continued on Page 12)

Ryanites Adopt Three Fledglings

Any casual onlooker of the Ryan plant scene last week would have done what, in show business, is known as a "double-take," and been firmly convinced he was afflicted with "spots before the eyes." This impression would have arisen from the hundreds and hundreds of circular tags worn by Ryanites as evidence of their contributions to the "Adopt A Pilot" program sponsored by the joint management-labor Production Drive Committee.

So great was their response that the original supply of 500 "I'm Giving Wings" buttons (marking sufficient donations for the medical rehabilitation of one rejected Army or Navy pilot applicant) was exhausted an hour after the campaign got under way. To accommodate the deluge of donors, an auxiliary supply of red discs was rushed to the Ryan plant guards who, under Al Gee's and Chief Peter's guidance, were doing sterling work in the important matter of fund collections.

Any similarity between the oval red tabs and the so-called rising sun of Japan is extremely coincidental . . . for the Japanazis will undoubtedly have cause to rue the patriotic generosity of the Ryan workers in giving war wings to three American pilots who might otherwise never have left the ground to attack our enemy.

Yes, THREE . . . not one . . . THREE American youths, eager to become pilots but robbed of their chance by minor physical defects which for a mere hundred dollars can be corrected, will soon clamber into cockpits (possibly those of Ryan PT-22s) and learn sky warfare through the help of Ryan employees.

Acknowledgement of, and thanks for their cooperation came from Bert Wilson, spokesman for the American Flying Services Foundation which makes this humanitarian work possible, when in a recent letter he wrote: "I want to thank you . . . for the part you are playing in this war effort, which can truly be called a DOUBLE effort since you are building the planes in which to train our potential eagles and also aiding in the rehabilitation of those wanting to fly."

WAR BOND CAMPAIGN IN HIGH GEAR

The War Bond-Wagon is moving fast and those departments which have been lagging behind in Ryan's fight to attain 100% representation of employees in payroll allotment participation are catching up—and fast. Could it be that the departmental scoreboard displayed on the new bulletin board has shamed a few of us into signing up for regular payroll deductions?

Leading the campaign on an entirely voluntary basis are the foremen and supervisors who, with the men in their departments are displaying a fine spirit of friendly competition in seeking that 100% goal.

As Flying Reporter goes to press we are still awaiting an accurate accounting from the payroll department so that the bond scoreboard can be brought up to date, but a preliminary survey made by the personnel department shows that Sheet Metal, Drop-Hammer, Wing Assembly, Fuselage Assembly, Final Assembly, Dispatching, Inspection, Laboratory, Methods Engineering, and the Plant Police are all crowding or have attained the 100% mark.

Champion salesman of the past two weeks appears to have been George Dew, Assistant Chief Inspector, who brought the Inspection Department up from 20% enrollment to approximately 90%. Chief Peter and

his men weren't far behind, while Bud Beery and the Wing Department; Ernie Fields and Tooling and the Woodshop are sailing right along too.

The cellar seems to be occupied by Machine Shop, Stainless Steel Welding, Manifold, Maintenance, and of all people—the Accounting Department, but then they can perhaps be excused since they're so busy keeping track of everyone else's payroll allotments. Now, how about moving out and let someone else take over the cellar?

Additions to Ryan Honor Roll

The names of ten more Ryan employees now appear on the Ryan Honor Roll. Those who have left our company to enter the United States armed forces are:

W. C. Collingwood
Raymond W. Egbert
Howard A. Simmons
Lindsey F. Chapman
Edward Ruiz
M. Bilben
Jack Pollack
Phil Levin
Floyd Johnsan
R. B. Cormany

NEWS 'N VIEWS

By Dick Gillam

A pair of wild and woolly cowboys were sitting in a Wyoming cafe. One of them picked up a broken pencil off the floor, looked at it, and started to write on the table cloth. Eventually he raised his head and remarked to his companion: "Lookie here, Ned . . . I've done it." Ned glanced over questioningly, "You've done what?" "Wal, lookie . . . I've done larned to write!" He pointed to the scribbling on the cloth before him. Ned could hardly believe his eyes. He looked at it from first one angle and then another . . . but try as he might, he just couldn't make it out. Finally he said, "Wal, what do it say?" "Shucks," said the literary one, "how should I know; I ain't larned to read yet."

It's not only satisfying, but great to know that instead of one pilot Ryan employees will be able to adopt three. Just think, this means that there will be three boys who will get their chance to fly instead of sitting on the side-lines like an all-star football player with an ingrown toe-nail . . . thanks to the generosity of Ryan employees. And let me say that both shifts of the Drop Hammer shop were 100 per cent.

Slim Coats had better watch out. That little story about O. Key O'Brian has aroused the Irish in our all-star degreaser of the second shift.

Milo does his part, so he says. Not so very long ago he bought a soldier a beer. What this country needs is more people like Milo who aren't scared to spend a dime.

Win Alderson visits in the print filing crib a lot lately; and I don't blame him. There's sure a swell fan there for these hot days.

Wes Burroughs spent most of his vacation at home mowing the lawn and sleeping. The lawn got mowed once, and the rest of the time he slept. Flint went to San Berdoo and he says it was so hot up there that if you ordered a glass of water . . . before it got to you it would be evaporated. But then that's just half the story; he says he brought one of the glasses back with him.

Mr. and Mrs. "Little Joe" Skains and family took a quick trip to Texas where the mosquitos are so big you have to hit 'em with a baseball bat to stun 'em. Joe's feet looked like a porcupine scored a near miss.

Jack Hale went to his little shack in the hills for his week off and only saw three people all the time he was there. God, it's no wonder: you have to drive to the end of the road, then crawl through the brush 'til ya get so far back that even the rattlesnakes are friendly.

Well, guys and gals, that's all the malarkey for now, so I'll see ya later. And don't forget to buy that bond today . . . not tomorrow . . . but TODAY!

FOREMEN DINE AND DANCE

Over two hundred friends of Ryan, foremen and their guests, gathered Saturday evening, July 25th, at the San Diego Club to while away a few happy hours at the Foremen's Dinner Dance. Trapped by the ever-present camera was this group of bon-vivants as they sat one out.

HARLEY RUBISH

Drophammer

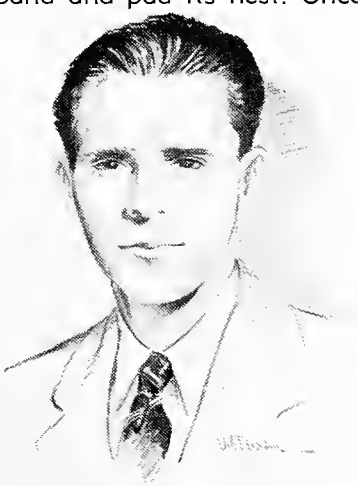
Godfather to the very interesting production family whose members are a hydropress, rows of booming drop-hammers, and two large shifts of busy men . . . is young, slight Harley Rubish.

Accumulation of this imposing group of men and materials, now doing such splendid work for the United States war effort through the Ryan Aeronautical Company, was not a one-step nor hasty process for Harley. He came up the hard way.

Born twenty-seven years ago in Tacoma, Washington, Harley later settled with his family in Crescent City, California, just south of the Oregon border in the midst of the timber country. He graduated from Del Norte High School there and, for a while, occupied himself with logging. This, assuredly, was colorful and interesting enough . . . yet his heart wasn't in it; Harley's eyes looked above the timber tops to the skies where man-made birds soared and wheeled . . . that was it, he knew!

In 1934, a visit from his uncle brought Harley the opportunity he had long awaited. Jim Barber, city auditor for San Diego, looked at the model planes Harley and his brother, Gene, had built, listened to their enthusiasm, and made a decision.

With alacrity, Harley and Gene accepted their uncle's invitation to return with him to San Diego where the youthful aircraft industry was already beginning to expand and pad its nest. Once here, the



brothers cast about for an aeronautical school that could best satisfy their hunger for learning. Mr. Barber, having seen the birth and growth of the Ryan School of Aeronautics . . . and knowing of the high esteem held for it by airmen all over the country . . . settled their problem by enrolling Harley and Gene at the Ryan School in November, 1935.

There the boys were as inseparable as they had always been; they took the same classes, graduated from the Master Mechanic's course simultaneously, were employed by the Ryan Aeronautical Company at the same time, on the same shift, and even earned their private pilot licenses together. In this latter lies a story of admirable enterprise and determination. To gain their wings, Harley and Gene worked eight hours a day in the plant, ate a hurried supper, and then returned to put in six more hours each night on maintenance of the school's ships. Seven months of this earned Harley a Ryan flying course and a pilot's license, now lapsed because of complete occupation with the engrossing job he has made for himself. "Right now," Horley said, "I can do a better job helping to turn a plane out than by flying it. After we win this fight there'll be plenty of time for pleasure flying."

At the time of Harley's graduation from the school, there were no drop-hammers in the Ryan plant which, itself, occupied but half the present school hangars and employed twenty or thirty men who were then working on the fifth Ryan ST. The present drop-hammer department he supervises, Harley mused, is as large as the entire Ryan plant was in 1936.

When the first drop-hammer made its appearance shortly after that, Harley was put in charge of it, and brother Gene . . . still following suit . . . entered the same department where he later was to become assistant foreman before leaving Ryan to join Goodyear Rubber company as foreman of the drop-hammer department in one of their western plants.

Harley finds relaxation by gardening around a new home in Pacific Beach he recently purchased for the wife . . . also a comparatively recent addition as of January, 1941. Mrs. Rubish, formerly Margaret Wintergerst of San Diego, six months ago presented Harley with a stamping of his own pleased image.

The new heir's name? Harley GENE Rubish, jr. What did you think?

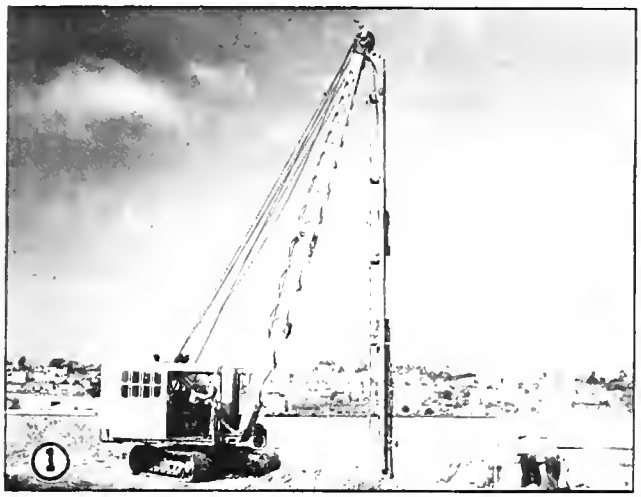
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!

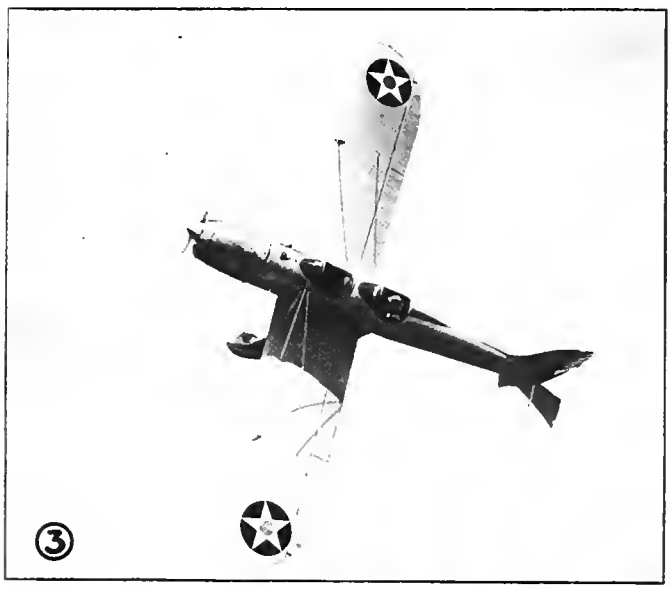
The old emery wheel throws its dust very hard,
And seems to have little respect for the guard.
Especially when it's pushed out of the way,
I'm telling you goggles have come here to stay.

I know very little 'bout an emery wheel,
Enough to wear goggles though; Here's how I feel:
If there's any way you can keep emery out,
DO IT—by all means, and I wish I could SHOUT!

"Doc" Mullins.

1939 TWO DECADES OF



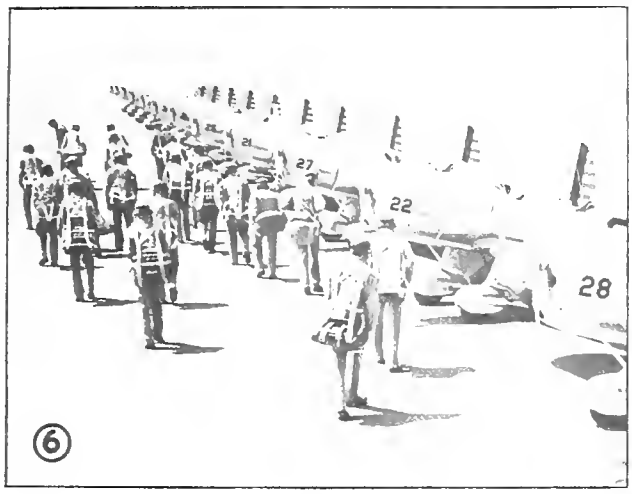


New Factory Occupied . . . Awareness of the need for greater production of military aircraft brought a major expansion of the Ryan Aeronautical Company's manufacturing facilities in 1939 when on April 19th construction work began **(1)** on the first unit of the present factory buildings. The steel structure for the new plant rose quickly **(2)** and within record time the new facilities were equipped with latest machinery and Ryan trainers put into greatly increased production.

First Ryan plane to bear the insignia of the United States Army was the XPT-16 **(3),** a military development of the basic S-T model which had been in production for several years and had enjoyed wide use in training and sport flying activities. The award of an Air Corps contract for Ryan trainers was the result of a flight competition held at Wright Field between a large number of primary training planes then in regular commercial production. Ryan was one of three models selected for production.

Correlated with the Army's new aircraft procurement program was an expanded plan for training military pilots in the primary phases of flying at carefully selected commercial flying schools. One of the first nine schools so chosen was the Ryan School of Aeronautics, training subsidiary of the Ryan Aeronautical Company. July 1, 1939, training under this program began under the direction, left to right **(4),** of Paul Wilcox, chief instructor; Claude Ryan, president; Lieut. (now Lt. Col.) John C. Horton; Lieut. (now Lt. Col.) Lloyd P. Hopwood; Earl D. Prudden, vice-president; and Walter K. Balch, technical director. First students received their flight instruction in biplanes **(5).**

RYAN ACHIEVEMENT 1940



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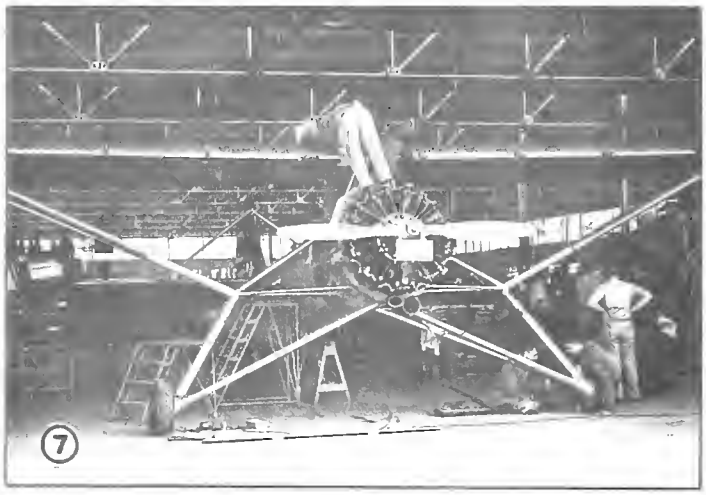
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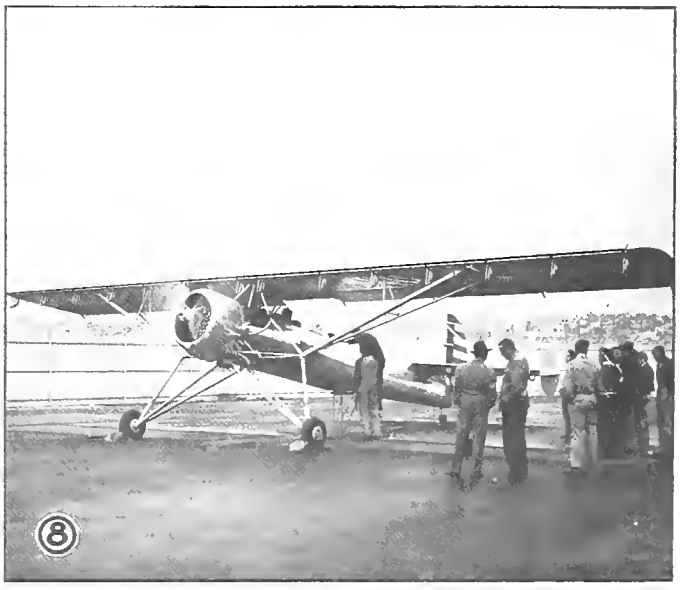
Dragonfly Makes Its Debut . . . As the Army pilot training program at the Ryan School got into full swing, so did production of Ryan PT-16 trainers, and soon many were in service **(6),** marking the Army's first departure from biplanes to low-wing monoplanes for the initial instruction of Army aviation cadets. Again Ryan had pioneered and been responsible for a revolutionary change.

One of the most interesting assignments ever given the Ryan organization was the result of an Air Corps design competition for a short range liaison observation plane of unusual flight performance characteristics never before accomplished.

Production was rushed on the first plane **(7)** by Ryan's experimental department and the engineering staff and by late January, 1940, the first YO-51 "Dragonfly" observation plane was wheeled out of the hangar into the factory yard for an engine run-in and final inspection **(8).** Then on the last day of the month Bob Kerlinger, company test pilot, who now is Director of Flying at Ryan's new Army school in Tucson, took the "YO" up for its first test flight.

Because of its spectacular flying ability the "Dragonfly" attracted wide attention and during its early test period was frequently the subject for newsreel cameras **(9).**

The "Dragonfly's" ability to make unbelievably quick take-offs, climb steeply over obstacles, land at an approach angle that appears to be nearly vertical and with an extremely short roll after landing won it wide attention. As one pilot remarked who saw it making a steep take-off **(10)**—"It's a lie."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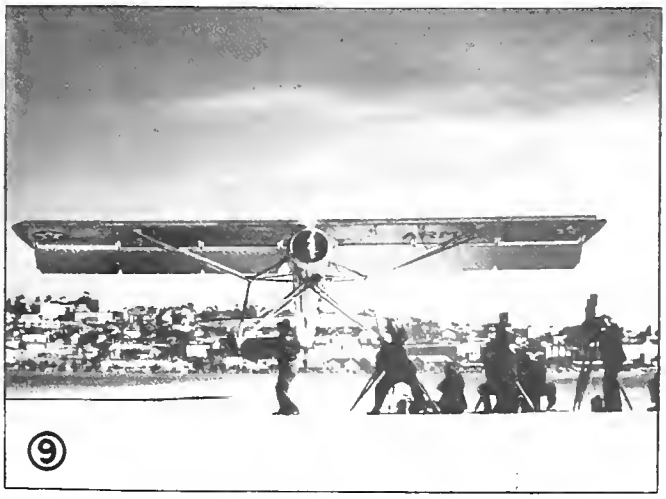
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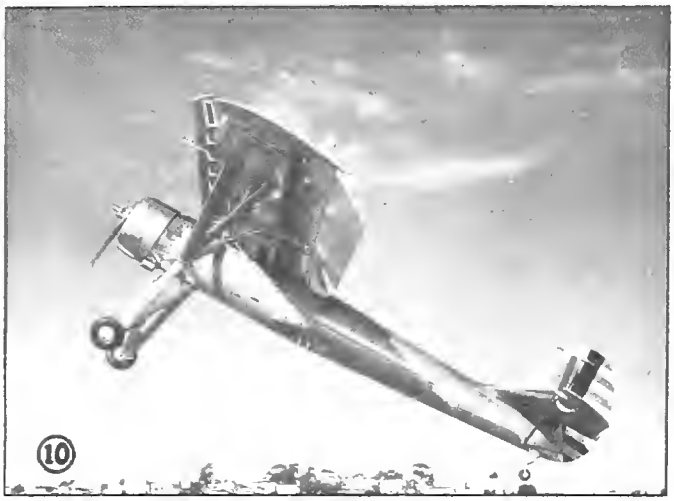
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SPORTS

BY *Jack Billings*

Scores were high, and lost balls were many! However, Bernard Bills was consistent enough to walk off with the honors again in the monthly Golf Tournament, held July 19th. The spacious La Jolla Country Club was the scene of the battle, and the course offered many a hazard as some of the scores will attest.

If at any time in your lifetime you have missed anything, I might suggest you show up at one of these Ryan golf tournaments. The crowning scene was a ten-some that decided to play out the last two holes. There were so many balls on the 18th green at one time that everyone picked up so as not to start a battle royal over a little thing called stymie!

Will someone please tell "Jerky" Hilles to play his own ball, not the one that is always closest to the pin? Frank Finn has splendid control of his temper. The only

GOLF

injury suffered in his foursome was a ten-inch scalp wound suffered by M. Clancy when Frank missed a 30 foot putt for a birdie by an inch. Frank promptly kicked a large hole in his bag, and started throwing his clubs in all directions. (Clancy stopped the 5-iron.) George Woodard, upon seeing Frank miss the putt, dove into the nearest bunker, thereby saving himself. Gary Adams had better get himself a "Snake Bite Kit" because he is certainly due. Every time we would look up, Gary would be in the deep grass looking for his ball. A good time was had by all. Following are the prize winners.

Low Gross: Bernard Bills—Trophy.
Low Net: Jack Billings—Trophy.
2nd Low: G. C. Smith—3 Golf Balls.
2nd Low: N. Darwin Whetstine, 3 Golf Balls.
Most Pars: Harry Oakland—Trophy.
Most Birds: Frank Finn—2 Golf Balls.
Blind Bogeys: Larry Gibson—2 Golf Balls.
Bill Cameron—2 Golf Balls.
Charles Carson — 2 Golf Balls.
Ray Rieder—2 Golf Balls.
Stanley Wilkenson—2 Golf Balls.
Clinton Hilles—Sport Shirt.
Ralph Callow—Sport Shirt.
Myrt Fuller—Sport Shirt.

BASEBALL:

Baseball! The Ryan "Scouts" made an impressive debut in the Summer League when they handed the Camp Callan Medicos a 3 to 2 set-back at the Horace Mann Playgrounds. Ollie Mathis scattered 7 hits and did not allow the Medicos to score until two outs were made in the ninth inning. Summary of the game:

		R.	H.	E.
Ryan "Scouts" . .	**100 101 000**	**3**	**9**	**0**
Camp Callan	**000 000 002**	**2**	**7**	**2**

Batteries: Mathis and Spahr; Grissom and Farr, McCarthy.

This team will be playing Sunday afternoons at one of the local playgrounds. Watch your bulletin boards for schedules.

BOWLING

The "Stockroom Bowling Team" is definitely the champ of the Ryan Aeronautical Company Bowling Leagues, by virtue of their recent victory over the Manifold Jitters. Both teams were victors in recently completed "A" and "B" leagues which have been bowling weekly at the Tower Bowling Alleys. In winning the championship, the team will receive a trophy from the Tower which they in turn will display in our new Trophy case.

Members of the Championship teoms that participated in the play-off:

"A" League	"B" League
Stockroom	**Monifold Jitters**
C. L. Light	**Herb Simmer**
J. L. Halley	**Erwin Smith**
Dick Dewey	**L. Shaffer**
J. Chastain	**H. Q. Weber**
W. S. Bilben	**A. J. Clork**

The "Ryan Air" team in the 825 league is still battling for first place. They now have 30 wins and 10 losses to give them a tie for first place.

SOFTBALL

The "Ryan Air" softball team is still holding its own in the "AA" league. They have won 3 and lost 3 for a .500 average. The club drifted off the beam for awhile and dropped 3 straight games. Last week, however, they climbed back on the bandwagon with a 4 to 0 win over the ABG 11 Club. Gib Bristow pitched 6-hit ball and was in command all the way. He was aided by home runs by Billings and Mathie. Two newcomers to the team are catcher Spahr and outfielder Bob Stevenson. These boys are baseball players of note, and to date they are proving themselves quite capable softball players. Summary of the recent game with ABG 11:

		R.	H.	E.
ABG 11	**000 000 000**	**0**	**6**	**2**
Ryan's	**000 100 03x**	**4**	**8**	**2**

Batteries: Wulfeyner and Jenkins; Bristow and Spahr.

Due to the absence from the line-up of their two starting pitchers, the Ryan ST3 Club has suffered several successive setbacks. They are resting deep in the cellar of the "B" league with 1 win and 4 losses. Manager Joe Love assures us thot the club will climb with a steady pace upon the return of his two pitchers.

WIND TUNNEL!

By Victor Odin

Successor to G. W. T. W. is "Dave" Davidson's kodachrome epic of Coba Vandermeer's wedding; the film is being whipped into shape for release by 1945.

Milk-addict Joe Thein, (the poor man's Rembrandt) is expecting a blessed event. The record-changer that Leonard Wolslager is piecing together, molecule by molecule. What's Tommy Hearne got that we haven't got? Ask the gals who eat lunch in his automobile . . . talk about overcrowding!

The Great 3 p.m. Ice Cream Lottery in the Secret Chamber gives the laws of chance an awful beating: Bob Johnson olmost always wins the toss-up, the lucky so-and-so. Tip to Haver for a new manifold design: toke a pair of buck antlers, cut off the points and join the works at the base.

Mac Cattrell's favorite era in history: egYPT—25th dynasty. High point in plain and ornamental invective: Bill Bunsen's comments on the county assessor who sent him his current personal property tax bill. Welcome to Mrs. Lester, newest recruit in illustration.

Much needed inventions: a noiseless calc'lation machine; a C. G. that stays put; an orticulated celluloid pilot that doesn't look like a dummy; a robot to open That Door for the right people (and thus put Roy Pyle back to work); an inexhaustible Coca-Cola dispenser; drawing paper that has the same area in the morning; drawing tables with hydraulic lifts; soundproofing for the Navy room; a slide-rule that bites you if you call it a "slip-stick;" a straight-edge that's always just a little longer than it is; a pocket-sized "A" "N" book with thumb-index, lie-flat binding and Goudy type-faces. Incidentally, Bill Otey, why not a plexiglass lunch-box so that Plant Protection can see your smorgasbord right off the bat?

Thumbnail sketch: Millard Boyd trying to pay for ice cream and being told by the boys . . . in no uncertain terms . . . that his money is not legal tender when they're around. Watch for Ben Salmon's forthcoming article on "Trends in Aircraft Design" in "Flying and Popular Aviation" soon. (You should see what the censors in Washington did to it—it's no longer recognizable.—Editor)

More next issue if you supply it: slip the dirt to anyone in Engineering and we'll bet our Social Security Card against your Ration Book it winds up here.

Role of Ryan Trainers in East Indies Drama Told

(Continued from page 1)

ther training. After we had completed their instructions they returned to Englond to join Dutch squadrons operoting with the R. A. F. Coastal Command. In all we troined about 75 Hallanders."

"Later classes were composed of Dutch colonials from Java, Sumatra and Barneo; then we began training the half-castes (of Dutch-Javanese parentage) and the Chinese, and finally, native Jovanese. Their abilities as pilats were in that descending arder."

Russell and the ather American instructors, who warked with an equal number of Dutch instructors, were hondicapped by the language difference ond consequently learned enaugh Malayan ta get alang. Many of the Hallanders and Dutch colonials spake English, so they presented less of a problem.

Instructian was an an individual rather than a class basis and as a result all students were carried along until they solaed, na matter haw lang it might take to train a student belaw normal pilating ability. Because of the longuage difficulty the instructars warked out a sign language far flight instructian, supplemented by technical discussions in "pidgeon English" and improvised "Malayan" on the graund between flights.

"When the war actually began, every student who was sufficiently far alang in training was assigned ta military operatians, and many af the bays graduated inta combat flying fram elementary training sa fast it would make your head swim. I know that two of our students raided the Jap bose at Davao in the Philippines and accounted for a Nip destroyer.

"The landplane Ryans at the Saerabaja Naval Base were flown inland abaut 50 miles to Malang when hostilities began Our training course didn't include cross-cauntry flying, and many of the students who ferried the ships had as little as three haurs salo time, so it was quite an expedition. Several days later the same students and some of the regular Dutch pilot personnel flew the planes several hundred miles to the west end of the island to the flying base near Bandoeng where the Netherlands Indies Army was operating their large fleet of Ryan trainers.

"It was no wonder that a number of the students ran aut af gas because af poor navigation and made forced landings in sawahs (rice paddies), but the ships held up so well that in spite of several turn-avers nane af the pilots were injured.

"My work was entirely with the Navy at Soerabaja, and unfortunately I did not have an opportunity to get ta Bandaeng and visit the Army schaal which also operated Ryans."

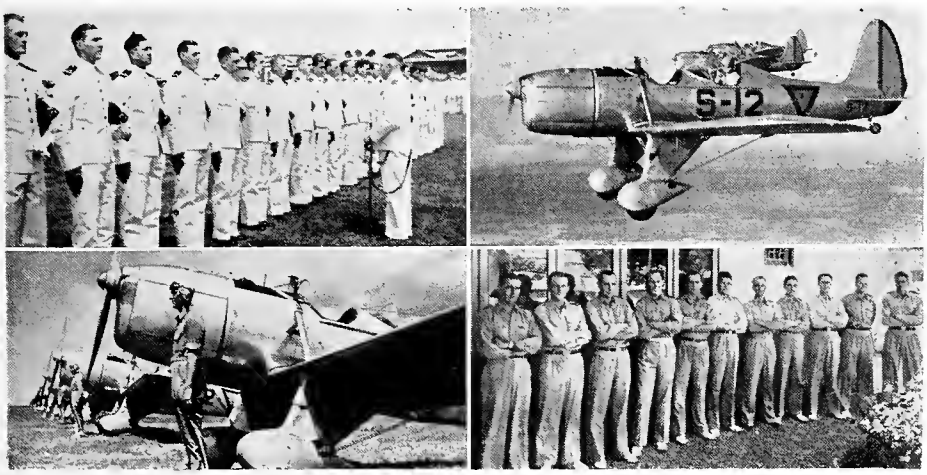
Russell revealed that the Dutch were prejudiced at first against the snappy low-wing Ryans for primary work, but that the airplanes praved themselves aut in actual training operations, and were extremely helpful in advanced flight wark which made it possible to transfer the students direct ta the twin-engined Fokker and three-engined Dornier flying baats which camprised the majar part af the Naval Air Force.

High tribute was poid by Russell ta the native Javanese mechanics' helpers wha worked under direction of Dutch crew chiefs. "Thase bays really knew their stuff and could build anything. When they taak an new native mechanics they were required to farge their awn taals in the shap before going ta wark. That helped give them an appreciation af the necessity far depending an their own skills as they went alang. You wouldn't believe it, but those native Jovanese themselves made extremely satisfactory replacement propellers."

"Comparatively few airplanes were last in training wark, and all which were last were with salo students; never instructors. In fact we American instructors taok such a liking to the Ryans that three af us farmed a stunt team ta put an air shows for the Dutch to stimulate interest in their military pilot training program. The Dutch Navy never used parachutes. As a result, the Ryans put an some beautiful exhibition wark at law altitudes."

That the Dutch were pretty well aware of the neorness of war in the Pacific is attested by an experience of Russell's wha arrived in Manila an December 4th, three days before Pearl Harbar, ta await delivery of a PBY. No saaner had he arrived than the Dutch government wired him to return immediately by plone without waiting for the new PBY to came in from Honalulu. And, on stapping at Tarikan, Borneo, en route back to Java, he learned that all Dutch military and naval personnel had been recalled from leave.

Russell thoroughly enjoyed his year instructing on the Ryan STM in Soerabaja—and his frequent week-end trips with his wife to the island af Bali—which had all the charms, he says, for which it is famous.



First class troined on Ryons were Novol officers evacuated from Holland (upper left); **Dutch Indies students in formation flight proctice** (upper right); **Line-up of Ryan STMs and cadets** (lower left); **Americon instructors, with John Russell seventh from the left** (lower right).

Final Assembly

By Claude Nadeau

I have been threatened upon numeraus occasians by the boys, since the birth af the new Reporter, ta get their names in this journal at all casts or else. I didn't like their attitude but was helpless with large cresent wrenches havering aver my ane brain cell. Na camment about that one brain cell.

Dean Hoffmann dug a few beans aut af his jeans and gave them to his family dactar wha in turn was to improve his singing vaice, but the best the saw-banes could da was ta remave Dean's tonsils. He's back at wark again, and beginning ta saund more like a meadowlark every day.

Maurice Hutchinsan just returned from a vacatian in the old hame tawn, way up in Oregon. Seems as if the women up there got the advance info an the arrival of the Great Hutch and suddenly hit for the "Oregan Trail."

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Young spent a very enjayable vacation at Lake Arrawhead and Big Bear. Bert seemed rather enthused about the beautiful scenery. So far, no report fram Mrs. Young.

Congratulatians ta Burke Christian, farmerly af Final Assembly, naw af Manifald, wha was married ta Miss Peggy Parsans an June 28. Burke still can't figure why he waited sa lang. Here's wishing Peggy ond Burke many happy married years.

Production Planning

By Maynard Lovell

The new cars are nice with their wide, overhanging fenders—but when yau get dawn under and take a look ta see how that smaoth tire is getting alang—and find the tube loaking aut at you through the thin spots in the casing . . . Boy, isn't it an awful feeling!

This all started with Mac buying a $9 pup to keep his wife company while Mac warked nights. The pup was playful and to put in his spare time, chewed up the rug, a leg off the stove and a piece aut af the daor. To keep the pup company, Mac then baught a cat which he thaught would help keep the pup fram chewing up the furniture and an him. To keep the cat in gaad sairits he then baught a bird. He thought that the bird's singing would alsa quiet the sound af the pup and the cat fighting.

This warked well until the cat watching the bird warked up such an appetite that he gat designs on the bird; so not to be autdone, Mac baught a fish. I had to leave just then and didn't get the rest of the stary but I understand that the best way ta find out about it is to go to Mac's house and see his menagerie.

USE SAFETY SHOES

Jack didn't "punch in" today. Foreman Rusty said he was lifting a heavy die yesterday and it slipped and fell on his toe. Jack will be laid up for about 10 days with a mashed toe. Jack had planned to be married next week and now he will have to put it off a couple of weeks.

Now if Jack had been wearing safety shoes this wouldn't have happened and he could have been married just like he planned.

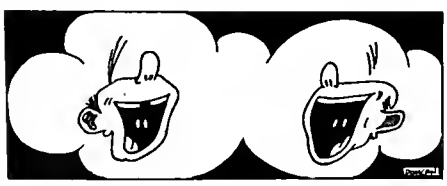
Safety shoes look just like ordinary shoes but they have steel reinforcing in the toe to protect your toes from falling objects. Ask to see a pair at the employees' tool store. They cost no more thon ordinary shoes.

NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

By Noremac

In a frontier town the marshal was oroused by a noise in a gambling house and came rushing in to investigate. He found five men dead around o table and was puzzled until the bortender explained: "I was just playing a joke on the boys. I stuck my head in the door and yelled 'Fire!' They all did . . ."

It was at a dinner party. "Will you pass the nuts, professor?" asked a guest. "I suppose so," the college teacher answered absent-mindedly. "But I should really flunk the whole lot of them!"



"I guess I am only a little pebble in your life," sighed the youth. "Maybe you wouldn't be," she retorted, "if you were only a little boulder."

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed the young mother as her husband trundled up with o baby in a perambulotor, "you've got the wrong baby." "What of it?" demanded hubby, "this carriage is five times as good as ours."

He: "You're not the type of girl I take out."

She: "That's the nicest thing you could say."

MORE ABOUT

Tire Situation

(Continued from page 3)

There are also indications that the State Administrator's Office moy soon make drastic changes in the qualifications of tires and recaps to the extent thot those cars which have been transporting the greatest number of workers over the longest period of time will be the cars to which the first considerotion will be given.

The same would apply to gasoline ration books, if and when we are faced with the rationing of gasoline. So—to those few to whom a patriotic appeal is ineffective; to those few who insist on riding in solitude; the afore-mentioned "old man" may soon say, "You can have your solitude . . . but you won't be riding!"

SALVAGE--Continued

(Continued from poge 5)

necks and also is a definite means of material conservation.

The monetary value of this surplus material in excess of scrap value is oftentimes a thousond per cent greoter. The greatest value of all is that it helps "Keep 'Em Rolling and Flying."

The following progrom of solvaging materials has been in practice for many months at our plant: From production rejects there is much valuable material salvaged, including ball beorings, fittings, and many other items which are placed on the surplus list for current production or further distribution.

Another item of importance is brush or wash thinner; this material is reclaimed at about 25 per cent of its original cost—approximating a saving of $30 per drum, or a yearly saving of over $3,000.

Consider the savings in boxing and crating lumber: many thousands of board feet are salvaged from crates and boxes which are delivered to this plant from different vendors. Credit, of course, is given to the carpenter foreman in our plant. The monetary value has not yet been estimated, but it will reach several hundred dollars per year.

Used engine oil which is taken from airplanes after testing was originally sold for six cents a gallon; it is now replacing a lubricating oil for plant equipment, thus effecting a saving of 26 cents per gallon or a yearly saving of about $400.

Within the last few months, many obsolete or used parts have been sold, thus depleting inactive stocks and inventories which could be classed as "idle dollars," turning them into useful income. And so a liability was turned into a compony asset.

During the next few months, a reprocessing plant will be erected by a Los Angeles firm, specializing in the reclamation of many solvents now being used in our plant. Our company will benefit by this new installation in San Diego. This firm will be able to recloim used engine or motor oil and transform this into a high grade cutting oil. This is only one of the many items they are able to recloim.

Another item of salvaging is certoinly worthy of mention. Coming from our tool crib, small tools of many descriptions are sent out for rework; the savings resulting from this procedure is undoubtedly a substantial one. Rubber products such as gloves and aprons are repaired and put into further use until they are no longer fit for further reclamation

Segregation of all kinds of scrop materials is one of the most important functions at our plant. Provision has been mode for the accumulation by the installation of steel drums with proper markings identifying the scrap metals such as stainless steel, 24S aluminum and many others. There are drums to occumulate paper and other trash; care is thus exercised by employees that no trash is thrown into scrap containers and further segregation is avoided at the scrap bins.

This procedure of segregation at the plant is almost mandatory through directives from the War Production Board and is the means of saving much time enabling the dealers to ship more promptly to the smelters or mills.

The average monthly output of scrap at this plant delivered to dealers is almost 100,000 pounds ond the values of these moterials per ton range from $2 to $400. A fair estimate judging from the past few months' activity will approximate an annual return of $40,000 to $50,000.

The following items of scrap are accumulated and sold to dealers:

Aluminum: segregated and unsegregoted, castings, shavings and borings.

Stainless steel: cuttings, shavings, nibblings.

Iron: heavy melting, sheet and cost.

Steel: chrome moly, high speed.

Inconel, lead dross, manila rope, copper, brass, rags, paint cans and kits, rubber, and others to come.

The drive for all kinds of rubber at our plant was a great success, many employees donating their comfortable rubber cushions to the cause. During this drive we delivered to the dealers over 2100 pounds of this valuable material.

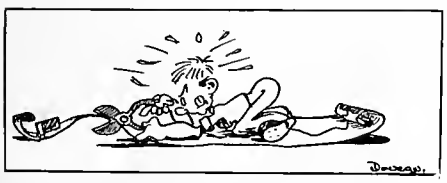
So, GET YOUR SCRAP INTO THE SCRAP TO SCRAP THE AXIS!

SHEET METAL SECOND SHIFT

By E. M. Magdick

Vacations seem to be the topic of conversation nowadays. All the gang are coming and going. Walter Thorpe is back from 'Frisco where he had a swell time, outside of three blowouts. Walt had to purchase three tires which cost him in the vicinity of $50. That should be a hint to the rest of you fellows who plan on using your car an your vacation.

Byron Geer took his vacation, and he wanted to use his car, but he claimed it was in for repairs but I'll bet it's in hock. Incidentally Byron had a birthday the other day and Nickki Golden presented him with a birthday gift and card (pretty nice, eh



what?) Including that poddling he got from a bunch of the boys. That will teach you to keep your birthday a secret. Joe Waggner took care of his rabbits during his vacation; which he is raising as a hobby. As you heard, Kennedy and Mattson are back from their vacations. Where they went and what they did seems to be a mystery, but it will leak out eventually.

All the fellows got together and got R. Rudolph a swell gift. Rudy left for the Army recently, so on behalf of the fellows, good luck, Rudy.

Mr. and Mrs. Woody Thompson were blessed with a 10-pound baby boy, and is Woody proud! Congratulations to you both and thanks for the cigars.

Geneva Gray, sweetheart of tabulation, laid her purse down on her desk, and due to some unforeseen circumstances it disappeared and just for a gag someone hid it. I wonder who it could have been. Could you tell us who it was, Mr. Lovell? Tsk, Tsk!

We witnessed a great event the other day when Bob Miller shaved off his little goatee which he had been carrying around for quite a while. Why, we don't know. We believe it's because he took a hint from the fellas that if he didn't, they would, with a very dull straight-edge. What you need now, Bob, is a hair-cut.

Yup! Clarence Keen established a new record for himself. It's been almost a month since he's been in the dog-house. What did you do, Clarence, sell the dog and dog-house?

Fred Hill has given up bowling for Abalone hunting, and if you want to see something you never thought existed, you ought to see Fred in his swimming trunks, those things they call "flippers" on his feet and a diving mask on his face. He sure gets around under water, just like a fish in a fishbowl. He did meet on eel under water one day and had the nerve to tease it; whereupon the eel politely but firmly sunk his three sets of teeth in one of Fred's fingers. According to Fred, it had three sets of teeth. To you guys and gals who don't know what an abalone is, it's composed of a round shell from four to six or eight inches in diameter, the inside of which contains a mass of muscle. They are usually found stuck fast to a rock or ledge under water. A piece of iron shaped like a tire tool is used to break them loose. It's a great sport and they are awful good eating. Next time you see Fred, ask him about the abalone he saw as big as a base drum, and that he couldn't get loose.

In behalf of the fellows of the Second Shift, Sheet Metal, congratulations to the members of the staff of the Reporter for the swell new issue of the Ryan Reporter. It's really a swell magazine and let's all do our best to keep it that way. So until the next issue, "keep 'em flying."

May I take this means of expressing to all my friends sincerest appreciation for their messages of sympothy and acts of kindness.

Ernie Moore.

TAPPINS' FROM TOOLIN

By Chas. Anderson

Confucious say "Man with large mouth and small foot usually end up with latter in former . . . "

I was only kidding you fellows and my former co-workers in the wing department with my remark regarding the battle of production. No slight was meant. I just tried to get over the idea that Tooling was a pretty important place just now while we're converting over, and had no expectation that my remark would be taken seriously.

"Pappy" Williams says, "Due to the war, I don't think I'll take my usual summer cruise. Instead I'm going to stay here on the job." All the girls here at Ryan's will be thrilled to hear the good news.

Jerry, our gal friend on the grinder, was sort of slighted when we forgot to mention her boy friend is a Ryan guard. We knew all 'bout that, Jerry, but we thought that Art wouldn't like to think there was any competition.

Plans are being made for a combined machine shop and tooling picnic. It will be at Lakeside on Sunday, August 9th, starting at 10:00 A.M. and lasting until "?" so try and make it.

I would like to sit down to a pie of "four and twenty blackbirds." Seems the little dears ate up all of Galloway's apricots.

Experim-ettes

By Jonnie Johnson

Time out for only a bit of chatter now, as we are very busy. In fact everything around Plant No. 2 is flying. In fact any minute we expect to see a silver streak go soaring above the field. It must be waiting for Dan Burnett to give it the official send-off.

What a time everyone had at the dinner-dance Saturday night. In fact Clark and Steve helped the menu some by serving Bill Immenschuh a delicious salad garnished with a shoe—causing some excitement. But when the Experimental gang gets together there is bound to be more or less a little confusion. If prizes had been given, our department would certainly have carried top honors. Of course, it being the first evening the boys were not working, they all turned out for an evening of fun. The most famous words being, "Who's buying?" All joking aside, though, it was a lovely dinner-dance and I met some very charming people, such as Tom and Gerry, who write the interesting column "Ryanettes," also Mrs. Paul Weeland. Girls, you haven't a chance!

By the way, folks, Dan Burnett has promised us a party when our prize beauty flies. Who's holding up the fun, boys?

You know, I think I'm gonna have to use Dan Burnett's by-line and start throwing a few orchids. There is a rumor going around of some frame-up work. Honest, kids, I didn't mean all that foolishness about the bicycling and goings-on. And if there are any additions to this article, I can tell you right now they aren't the truth.

Oh yes, I was over in the fabric department the other day and whom did I see? Practically nobody. Now don't get me wrong, girls, I only meant there were so few I knew compared to several months ago. Wouldn't it be fun to all get together and have a regular "hen party?" Anyway, here's a hearty hello to each and every one of you.

Speaking of orchids; here's one to Marian Green for being such a good sport. Anyone who can take the ribbing she does, certainly deserves a big hand. How about it, fellows, don't you think she has passed the test? Let's all show her what a "regular guy" we think she is.

You know, I've tried for a long time to get someone to throw me an orchid (or even a petunia), but all I have gotten so far is a glue pot, and most of the time with the glue in it. I want to thank Wally, the Inspector, for helping me out on that deal, otherwise I'm afraid I would be **"stuck"** with my job by now. Oh, yes, I would like to have some of you ask Jim Scurlock haw we weigh our glue, sometime. Not that I think he doesn't know or has forgotten. It's very interesting.

Well, I'll be seeing you sometime. Until then, keep your snoods on, girls, and your toes hidden.

Slim, the Rootin' Tooting Cowboy Drawls On...

(Cantinued fram page 3)

Just received a card fram Dapper Dan Burnett. He's at Dayton, Ohia, and you know haw that guy scribbles. I can't tell whether he says it's the weather or the girls that's hat back there. If Dan means the weather, that's nathing. It's been sa hot here the last few days thot at one time I saw a dog chasing a rabbit, and they were both walking.

DOC MULLINS has a new sign in the office. It's "Wanna buy a Duck?" He'll include a dazen gald fish. You'll find them enclased—in the ducks. E. J. ANDERSON, PAUL BOWMAN, G. W. ENGEL and Corparal HARRY GREASON af the Marines estimate that their lost fishing trip cast them about $66 far a pound af fish. After they bought the boat the awner wauldn't let them take it with them. A better bet wauld be ta buy a can af sardines and take a ride in BOB PLUMMER'S matar lounch. At least yau dan't have ta raw the daggane thing.

Well, that's the way it goes. With the W.P.B. limiting or curbing the tried and true farms af amusement, there is anly ane thing that can be indulged in with na interference. On Saturday night ane can always have a hilarious session af scratching ane's Athlete's Faat an the Mahair rug.

KENNY WOOD smashed up his new caupe an the way ta wark the ather doy. HUGH JONES, just aut of the hospital, laaned one af his crutches ta the ather passenger, HAROLD POWLEY, and they both habbled ta wark. S. W. STEMMONS hos an eye ta matrimony, at the same time expecting ta ga inta the army saan. A man wha gets married an army pay has mare nerve than a corparal bowling aut Jae Lauis.

SAM BOOTH with all af his teeth out, invited ERNIE SIMONSON ta dinner, and Ernie had ta eat mush. Next week Ernie is buying Sam a box af peanut brittle. Officer ROPER claims ta hove driven a swarm af bees across the plains in the dead af winter and never last a bee, and he'll shaw you how its done. During the last golf tournament, JACK WILLIAMS af Shipping had a paralytic strake, and RAY MORKOWSKI made him caunt it.

BILL CAMERON: "Haw's the steak taday, young lady?"

AUDREY BAY: "Well, sir, it's tender as a waman's heart."

BILL CAMERON: "Oh well, just give me same pickled pigs-feet."

We think that Officer HATFIELD really deserves a lat af credit for his effart in selling "Adapt a Pilat" buttons. He did a very fine jab far a very warthy cause. If he ever needs any help, we shauld like ta recammend FRANK "CYCLONE" RICHARDSON of the Insaectian Department as an assistant super salesman.

A tauching scene is the tria, WAYNE HARGRAVE, BOB McFALL, and FLOYD BRENNAN. Flayd can't leave them, awing ta his great admiratian; Bab can't leove, awing ta his lave and respect; and Wayne can't leave awing—

BILL FUNK af the Inspection Department, after drinking his coffee always finds that his cup is full af nuts, washers, balts and paper clips. The ather day his coffee didn't taste right, and an closer inspection he found that nathing had been added, sa he dropped in a handful of poper clips ta sweeten it.

Prabably you know by this time that the welders were 100 per cent in donating much af their Fourth of July pay ta the Army and Navy Relief Funds. Nice going, eh? Which reminds me that ta date, "HAP" MILLER is the company's champion War Stamp buyer. Hap says, "We are nat giving up 166 years af liberty far a bathing cap and an extra lump af sugar."

We shauld like ta thank the many persans for their nice letters and comments an our Indian story in the last issue af the Reporter. One lady asks, "Why, if the Indian was sa tired, didn't he wire for a hotel raam?" Sarry lady, the Indian already had a Reservatian.

We see by the papers thot President Roosevelt still wants falks ta give him a name far this war. That shaws the real American spirit. We'll start a quiz an anything. Mr. Raasevelt favars "War af Survival." But it seems ta me that makes it taa impartant. After all, with a fighting nation like we are, a war is just anather time at bat.

FRED HILL af Sheet Metal, Secand Shift, always brings a hard-bailed egg for lunch and always cracks it an his farehead. Last week, the bays faaled him and replaced it with a fresh egg. Then they made side bets among themselves whether it wauld break on the first ar second wallop.

Fred, not knawing the scare, gave it an extra hard wallap, in arder ta break it the first time . . . it did!

RECEIVING INSPECTION

By Irene Travis

Christy is away on his vacation. Have a good time, Christy and we hope the catch in the stream is better thon the one in your hip.

Well, it's a poor wind that doesn't blow someone same good. The wind that blew into our crib Wednesday morning and taak our leadman WARREN MARCOUX back ta Texas ta wark was a good one far him, but he surely will be missed by everyone who knew him, especially the ones in this crib.

Well anywoy, even if it was a short natice af anly a few haurs before his leaving a few af his fellow-workers got tagether and gave him a fine Sheaffer pen for a parting gift. He promised a letter back ta the gang—the first ta fall from the new pen—and we are laaking farward to receiving it.

Edith Day cauldn't stay away fram them thar hills of Tennessee any langer so away she went. Had a letter from her. She says it's hat there and she'll be back saan. We surely da miss her and sa does Pappy Day over in Final Assembly. Anyway we think he does 'cause he has found an apartment far her ta came back to and that's some job to have accomplished in just one short week. Hatcher says he just rested on his vacatian and we believe it 'cause he is back working hard.

Bab Carnett reported a nice vacatian and that he gat his front lawn all seeded with new grass.

The devoted young fiance had ardered twa dazen rases ta be sent ta his laved one an her twenty-fourth birthday. "A rose for every precious year of your life," his card read. Filling the order later, the florist threw in an extra dozen because the young fellow was one af his best customers. And the wedding hasn't taken place yet.

Plant Police to Work With Army

In a war-time mave taken simultaneously by all aircraft plants an the Pacific Coast, and an orders fram the War Department, the plant police farce at Ryan Aeranautical Company was recently organized as a civilian auxiliary ta military police, subject ta military law and direction, according to Al Gee, Chief af Plant Protection.

The plant guards will be organized with an afficer af the Army in advisary cammand, will be drilled and instructed with the view ta supplementing the Army in resisting attack an war material, war praductian premises and war utilities which the campany farce is assigned ta guard.

Each member af the plant police, in ceremanies taking place last week, gave a pledge af loyalty to the United States and formally acknawledged that the Articles of War had been read ta and understood by him, and agreed ta abide by military law as lang as he remains a member of the guard farce.

According to Brigadier General Charles E. Branshaw, Western District Supervisor far the Army Air Farces, and commanding afficer far all such civilian guard units, the organization af these farces will be extended as rapidly as conditians permit ta the smaller plants an the Pacific Coast.

A Bear Escape

By Donald Dudley

The beautiful paradise that is called "Sequoia" was first discovered by Hale Tharp in 1858. It was rediscovered this month by Bill Henry who went there for his vacation, and on his return to Ryan recently Bill "beared" a story of his adventures there that equals anything in the "pulps."

"On the evening of one unforgettable night," relates Bill, "I was dead tired and went to bed early. But sometime during the wee sma' hours of the night, I awoke very rudely; a terrible commotion was in progress and, as my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I made out the dark form of a monstrous bear!

"Cautiously I raised my head to better observe the midnight marauder and discovered she was a mama bear with three little cubs. The family wandered around, snooping here and there, evidently in search of something good to eat."

The old gal walked around slowly and then noticed the table. Inspecting its legs, one by one, she remained alert lest some treachery take place, and the cubs stayed close upon her heels. Tilting her head, the mama bear placed her nose close to the table's edge, then rose on her haunches. Her ears wiggled as she hungrily eyed the dishes and the remains of Bill's last meal.

Suddenly she arched her back and sprang upon the table. When she alighted her ponderous bulk threatened to capsize the table . . . it creaked and groaned like a thing alive. Inch by inch her long tongue lapped every portion of the boards until she observed the three-burner gasoline stove nearby. One of her hind feet got tangled with a tin plate and she kicked it off the table

onto the head of a very surprised cub who gave a frightened cry of distress.

At that moment, the mother bear's nose had come in contact with the burner of the stove. Perhaps it was still slightly warm. At any rate, between the cub's wail of fear and her own resentment at the stove, she became angry.

With one powerful swoop of her fareleg she sent the stove flying through the air. At this the cubs commenced squealing in earnest. Pots and pans followed in the wake of the stove, adding more noise and confusion to the scene as complete disorder took over.

When the bear's fury had somewhat abated, she made the mistake of stepping too close to the edge of the table and it became overbalanced. With one breath-taking thud, the bewildered creature landed full upon the ground. Grunting in surprise, she rolled over, regained her feet ond, for a brief moment, looked as if she was ready to give battle. She gave some vent to her fury by knocking the pots and pans around upon the ground.

This was far too much for Bill's nerves and in a moment he saw his chance for escape. With a bound he flew out of bed, but in his excitement he flung the covers astride the bear family. Blacked-out, the bears were completely confused, but this was no longer a healthy place for Bill, and so . . . with shirt tail flying far to the rear, he sought the security of his car. From this vantage point, he decided the height of valor lay in caution and prepared to remain there for the duration, if necessary.

After the bear family snooted around a little more, just about wrecking everything within the camp, they left. As time wore on, Bill's position in the car became very annoying, so . . . slowly, gingerly, he opened the car door. One bare foot found the running board. Inching his way out, he tiptoed over to his disheveled camping cot and lay down again. All was quiet and peaceful. What a relief, he reflected, as he closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep.

When daylight came, Bill awakened and, to his utter amazement, the first thing he espied were the bears. The four of them were peacefully slumbering on a big branch directly over Bill's cot! For a moment disbelief flashed across his mind. He'd thought he had seen the last of the varmints. But, no, there they were just over his head.

With a leap, he was out of bed. For a brief instant he stood there, wondering what to do next. Then, remembering the sad experience of the night before, he moved farther away. But the slight noise he made awakened the bear family.

One by one, they lifted their heads and sniffed the balmy air. Bill is quite certain they yawned contentedly. Slowly they shook themselves and stood upright. After this, they dug their claws playfully into the rough bark, and then, satisfying herself that everything was all right, Mama Bear descended to the ground.

After her ponderous bulk alighted on terra firma, she leaned close to the tree trunk. One by one, the little cubs ventured downward. Whenever one got sufficiently near, it would turn half way around and jump. Each one landed upon the broad back of its mother. When she made sure that the last one had found a footing, she turned and lumbered off up the winding trail. Apparently quite content and used to this sort of thing, the cubs rode along until they were lost from the sight of a very amazed Bill Henry.

WING TIPS

By Chuck and Mel

"Good afternoon, Ryan aircrafters! This is station W.I.N.G., bringing you the latest gossip through our announcers Chuck Kellogg and Mel Minar . . . "

"Howdy, guys and gals, and hello to you, Chuck. What's new? What's different? What's cooking in the gossip line today?"

"Well, Mel, whether or not the absence of this column from Flying Reporter has gone by unnoticed, I can't say. Since the loss of our literary member to the Tooling Department, we have been at a standstill in slinging the Bull."

"Yes, Chuck, we've had many changes here, and our department has grown more strangely different every day. Although there are a lot of people who don't believe it, those overtowering jigs will soon be used to build airplanes!"

"That's right, Mel, and it's quite a change from the old work to this new occupation of ours. Some members of our little group have been affected by it. Bud has lost more hair in the last month than a grizzly does in a whole season. Carpenter has lost so much weight that he has to carry a piece of lead in his pocket every day before lunch because he's afraid someone might leave a sky-light open and he would float out and get tangled with the barrage balloon cables."

"Say, Chuck, we have had a very interesting addition to our group in the form of a new timekeeper. She is blond and very . . . well, anyway, her name is Alice. The boys have never before been so prompt in turning in their time cards."

"Golly, you hit the nail right on the head, Mel. But remember, we've lost three of our men to the government. Rockie Fiehler who is now a Navy inspector; also Kinty and Shields, who are working as privates."

"Right you are, Chuck, and we do wish them the best of luck. Say, wasn't that Foremen's Dinner Dance a wow of a party? Those of you who didn't attend really missed a whale of a grand time, and we wish to thank those responsible. The music was perfect, the girls were sweet, the food was excellent, but the after-effects . . . well!"

"You know, Chuck, I was mighty happy to see those candy machines in the plant. Maybe now Carpenter, Hersey and a few other termites will leave my lunch box alone."

"I doubt that, Mel."

"Yes, I do too, Chuck, but I can at least hope."

"Say, fellows, I was told by someone who heard from a guy who knows that my co-announcer here, Chuck Kellogg, is planning a dive into the sea of matrimony in the very near future. Is that right, Chuck?"

"I'm not talking, Mel. Anyway, our time is up . . . so until the next broadcast, this is Chuck and Mel reminding all of you that **buying a little war stamp will put a great big cramp in a lot of little yellow tramps!"**

By Way of Apology . . .

We haven't yet found a machine which will squeeze type together or expand the size and number of printed pages so if your contribution isn't in this issue we're sincerely sorry! An unprecedented flood of material came in for this issue and we've had to bluepencil copy here and there. We just wanted you to know.

—The Editors.

BACK COVER AD . . .

Flying Reporter's back cover this issue is the first of a series of new advertisements about your company which will appear in leading aviation magazines, where they will be printed in color, bringing extra attention to our activities. For the first time, too, Ryan advertising will appear in a general magazine. Watch for the first appearance in TIME magazine of August 10th.

Machine Shop

By
Win Alderson

It is about time someone mentioned a word about the Tooling Department, second shift. This shift is divided into two classes; the westerners and the easterners. The westerners have been residents of California for over two months. The easterners are from Georgia. The westerners are divided into four groups—: Photographers, Teachers, Inspectors, and Chris Mueller.

The photographers spend most of their time inventing and purchasing new equipment but they do take pictures occasionally. This group consists of Dingle Beory, Harry Van Zandt, Don Coates, Herb Geyer and Fred Stewart.

The Teachers, spending a vacation which marks for them a splendid example of patriotism, are Jay Hershey, teacher of Industrial Arts at Woodrow Wilson Jr. High; Ted Marshall, teacher of Wood Shop at Roosevelt Jr. High; Russell Alkire, principal of Ocean View Grammar School, and Weidler Musselman, sheet metal instructor at Woodrow Wilson Jr. High. It is a treat to work with these men.

Of the Inspectors I can say very little. The errors they have so diligently sought in the past, they are now trying as diligently to avoid. They are easily spotted by the expression in the corners of their mouths.

Chris Mueller is placed in a class by himself only because that is where his position places him. You don't have to know him very well to find out that he is just one of the boys.

Tooling conversations are as diversified as any in America at the present time. Here is one that was picked up near the Do-All Saw: Art Wilson, "Do ah understand that ah is to cut on this heah line?" Jay Hershey, "To execute the task decorously, the discernible line which you perceive on this elementary substance must succumb to the oblivity of space produced by the saw blade. Do I make myself clear?"

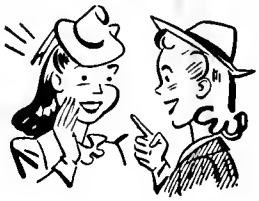
From the Tooling Department comes a card of congratulation to Ralph Hall. Patricia Anne Hall has just given him the distinction of being her Daddy.

Also a welcome to Willetta (Billie) O'Dell. Not only does she tend the files, keep the prints straight and account for the tools, but she can operate most of the machines as well. It is a pleasure to work with a girl on the same basis as a fellowman.

Honorable mention this issue goes to the Manifold Welfare committee, headed by Carl Thomas, Bill Brice and Buddy Amos. This group makes it their business to help their fellow employees when the going gets tough. The spirit with which this group works can best be understood by following the trail of good behind them. They ask neither publicity nor repayment. Let's give them a hand.

The Machine Shop, first shift, has invited the Machine Shop, second shift, to a picnic at El Monte Park on August 9th. If the baseball game proves as interesting as last year's game, you had better come prepared for a hearty laugh. The possibilities are such that grandstand seats should be provided for an audience. Chief entertainers will be Fred Stewart, Clarence Hunt, Eggie Leach (he enjoys himself so much that you can't help laughing with him), Conrad Adams and I. Pinky Also. Steve Fouquette and Rippo Reed may have something to add. Be there, Machinists.

George Tiedaman and Donald Dudley, formerly machine shop inspectors, are now jig builders. Chris Christopher, welding inspector, and Danyluk, manifold inspector, are now helping with the manifold jigs. Bill Henry, first article inspector, and Claire Fraiser, final assembly, are now checking tooling jigs. Bud Brogdon, machine shop floor inspector, has taken over the big mill in Tooling.



Paragraphs From Purchasing

BY
EDITH SLACK

Since I started reading the Flying Reporter there has been no column from our division. True, there has been comment from Plant No. 2 but that does not include us, or so I have found from searching through the columns. I will make a start at this business of "newshounding," but if I give up after the first try it will be because I have found that I just wasn't cut out for this sort of thing.

Ladies first, sez I, so here goes! Our group of the Ryanettes (we haven't decided on a name yet) had our regular birthday luncheon on Friday, July 24, and it was a great success. Red Sails accommodated our large group of twenty girls in fine style. Our guests of honor were Jo Marsden and Dorothy Merrin, and of course, there were flowers for them.

Vacations started off with a bang about the 4th day of July with Russ Nordlund starting off for Tacoma, Washington. Bill Putnam occupied Russ' desk while he was gone and did so well that he is certainly missed now. Upon his return, Russ said "Maybe there were three days of sunshine during the two-week trip." And a little note on the side—Bill and his gal friend announced their engagement while he was working with us.

Ernie Wood took seconds on the vacation business and spent a week at Pasadena. He came back a bit sunburned, but I'll bet he didn't get the well-known rest a vacation should give.

Maxine Miller left July 18 for a three-week trip to Canada to visit her mother. We're missing her smiling face, too, but expect she will be returning soon.

Flora Dick must have wanted to get to Los Angeles in a hurry last week-end, because she flew up! She wasn't in a hurry to get there, she just wanted to have more time to do things, and what she did! . . . Two broadcasts at Radio City, show at Grauman's, visit to the Dells and oh, so many interesting things.

Our boss, Fred Ford has gone on an extensive business trip to Columbus, Milwaukee, New York and ?, and I can't figure out just when he will be back, but we all hope that he is finding time to enjoy himself while he's away.

That's all for this time. More later!

Pat Kelly's MAINTENANCE

Cornelius, back from a vacation in the Lone Star State, is brim full of those famous tall tales. His former stampin' ground is Texarkana, one of the border-line cities, one half of which is in the United States while the other half lies in Texas.

Others who have been on vacations, and have returned to rest up, are Cundiff, Rodgers, Starkweather and "El Toro" Johnson. Tom Ford won a bout with the "flu" and is back on the job.

That brings to mind the amazing exhibition recently staged by "Gunboat" Gordon and "Bull" Atkinson which ended in a draw. So sorry we were late with the pre-bout announcement. The match has gone for to create interest in wrestling, however, and future thrillers may be expected.

"Jock" Millikan is now in Chicago attending the C. I. O. convention. His election as a delegate was a well earned reward. Since Chicago is his home, his vacation plans dove-tailed beautifully. The last time the writer was in that great city was in the good old days when the University of Chicago presented its graduates, not with sheep skins, but with sub-machine guns.

Starkweather began his vocation in a glowing mood according to our report. It seems that a very special pipe fitting job was to be executed, the contractor furnishing the tools, fittings and "schnapps." The gang of Sloss and Moyes arrived early in the evening and set to with a will which, after several pauses for refreshment, gradually diminished as the "schnapps" increased in potency. Suffice it to say that Starkweather become "Starkovitch" and Sloss became "Slouse." Whether or not the contract was fulfilled is unknown.

Gottschalk, second shift epicure, has very definite ideas as to what constitutes his evening repast. He emphatically bars flies, and proved it to the satisfaction of witnesses. A few nights ago an extremely insolent fly became enmeshed in Gottscholk's dessert, but it was not discovered until too late to—ah—shoo the intruder away. We might add that Gottscholk was more hungry than usual on his arrival home.

Gillons believes in advertising. On his forge is this sign: "General Blacksmithing—Expert Watch Repairing."

Several important changes have been made on the second shift. Leadman White has become a welder, and Smith, from Ol' Alabam,' has assumed the duties of leadman. This reorganization was made necessary by welder Elmer Russel's enlistment in the Navy and placing himself under orders to report to Norfolk, Virginia, for duty. So Russel's name will appear on the honor roll.

Mo Loft Sez

By Tom Hunt

Notice our new extravaganza spread across the top of the column? Well, the artist is Dick Koske, and quite an artist he. He has several authentic original drawings of Al Capp's characters such as Joe Btsflk (you pronounce it), Hairless Joe, and many others. Please don't misconstrue either of the above characters as Loft personnel. Dick says any similarity is purely coincidental.

The Foremen's Club Dance at the San Diego Club is still the topic of conversation, with many people, including yours truly, wondering what happened to Fred Henry. He offered his ticket to the highest bidder, then cut the price from three dollars to two and finally to one. It seems as though he planned to go on a hayride and then finally decided to go to the dance stag. But, here's the payoff, he didn't show up and claims he got in the wrong place. Sometimes we wonder about him.

Where did Pat Carter get that cut on his chin? We wonder if it was Charlotte. The Irishman sure looks pale these days. Guess he hasn't completely gotten his health back from that Columbus trip. Wonder if he still hears from the Release Widows. And from his friend, Neil.

How does it happen that Spanky McFarlane went to Columbus without Jerry?

Two new members have been added to the Loft roster since our last deadline—Morgan Thompson, a youngster from right here in San Diego. He's one of those rare specimens—a native Californian. The other addition is Bob Smith from Western Texas.

Has anyone ever spent a complete lunch period with Bob Hites, without his bringing up Kansas City? Bob claims that all Texas steaks come from K. C. to which someone replied, "Yeah, I came through Kansas some time ago and all I saw were two cows and a man."

Who in the Loft the other day said he thought homicide meant killed in the home?

There seemed to be quite a controversy one day between Adams, Sully, and Noble over who was the fifth President of the United States. Sully and Adams thought it was J. Q. Adams, and Noble said it was James Monroe. Who do you think was right, if anyone?

Burgie sure looked pale one Monday morning upon arrival at work. What we wonder is why he had to pay the hotel in L. A. ten dollars extra.

Why is Inglish making plans for a hurried exit from town? Could it be that the gal friend from back Arizona way is coming out soon. Anyway she still has two years of high school, so he won't have to keep that promise yet.

There is a perpetual race going on between Duke Sarver and the remainder of the Loft to see who can wear the loudest shirts to work. At present honors go to Duke.

Have you seen Ed Berlin's new car? It's a '29 Ford Coupe and one of the sportier models of its day. Why did so many people have trouble getting under tables and benches last Friday during the air raid drill? Well, this about winds up another "Jerk's Journal" for this time, so having nothing more to say I'll say it.

Let's run that "Bonds for Bombs" chart on the bulletin board way up.

TIME STUDY

By C. W. Brown

Here it is deadline time and me without a column. First, I guess, I had better finish with the final department sketch that was not printed in the last issue. First off there comes the supervisor of job evaluation, Ed Morrow. Many of you boys down in the plant know Ed pretty well, as he spent a good deal of time there—as for that, he still does. Helping Ed on this job is Jack Wormington, which I think is as far as membership goes under this heading.

Next comes monifold project, which is ably run by Ray Reider and Larry Elliott, and last but not least, the able chief clerk of methods, Mark Cassaretto—'nough said. I hope this gives all of you an insight into our different departments up here and hope I have not missed anyone.

Now for the prattle that space will allow. I was very pleased to meet a young man in whom I believe you would all be interested. His brother, Drexel Chapman in our department, introduced me to Jerome B. Chapman, Chief Petty Officer of the submarine that went into Tokyo Harbor and sank those Jap boats that we all read about some time back. As you all know, the stories are censored so that it was impossible for me to get a story from Mr. Chapman. The calm and cool answer was, "I am sorry but we are not able to give out any information."

There is a good lesson in those words of Mr. Chapman's that I think we would all do well to take to ourselves. Keep your lips sealed about anything in this plant or anywhere else that might be information to the enemy. The story of the exploits of this submarine may be found in this month's Reoders Digest.

The plant bonus plan has been a howling success for the first six months of 1942. During this period, our records show that ALL departments on the bonus received an Averoge of 15.91% in bonus checks . . . and that ain't hay!

A very important contributing factar that made this possible has been the fine cooperation given our Time Study men by the workmen, leadmen and foremen in establishing the unit standard times. The extra effort put forth by the men in the plant not only gives them a nice bonus, but it also increases production . . . and that's the thing for which we all are striving.

RYANETTES

By Tom and Gerry

Tom arrived back from San Francisco looking worse than when she went. What did you do up there anyway?

Lots of news seems to develop from somewhere. Betty Wilson is back from a siege of "Mumps," of all things. Thought children had things like that Betty.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Flanders are expecting that long-billed bird sometime in the near future. Harry Kister is glowing all over the place with pictures in hand of "Cookie." She sure is cute, but the spittin' image of papo. Ain't it awful?

Alice and Warren Marcoux are back after a two weeks trip to Texas. (They both look better than Tom did.)

Uncle Sam's boys aren't letting any grass grow under their feet. A Navy flyer is taking one cute little girl right out from under our noses. Miss Lucille Pearson will be leaving soon to marry Ens. G. E. Simmons. Congratulations and lots of happiness.

Janet Rose left Airplane Planning last week for Santa Ana and from there to Pensacola, Florida, where if the Navy ever sends him home, she'll marry D. J. Di Flippo (Flip for short). Lots of luck from us all Janey. Marjorie Brown is back from a week of illness. Nice to have you back Marge.

Well, Jimmie Orr and his wife con start housekeeping in style. A bunch of us gals got together and gave Evelyn a kitchen shower. The pride and joy of the evening was a frying pan. Seems they have been having difficulty with a poor excuse

for one. Couldn't turn the egg over once they got it in the pan. She received some other very lovely things and a gay time was had on Root Beer.

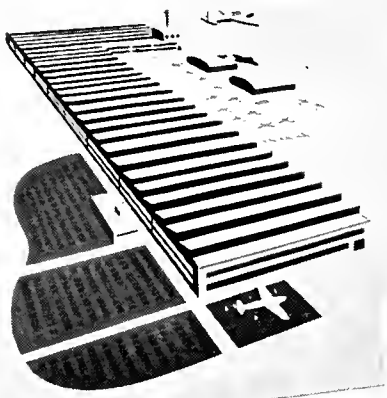
Time to call a halt to this prittle prattle and start Production rolling. Bye for now and see you later.

Welderettes Risk Glamor on Skates

Seven attractive Ryan welderettes gamboled (also spelled "gambled") on skates recently when they held a skating party, attended by Knola Grow, Mabel Alvarez, Elena Alvarez, Kay Olney, Tillie Dalgion, Olive Aldahl, and Nell Tate. Only man to crack this select feminine circle was (wouldn't you know it?) photographer Frank Martin, Tommy Hixson's new assistant, who appropriately commemorated the evening's festivity by exposing several plates.

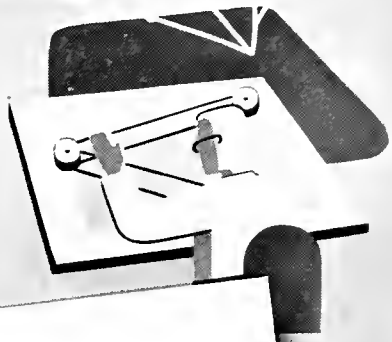
Plates, of the dinner variety, were also exposed later as the girls repaired to a Chinese cafe to partake of a many-coursed oriental gastronomic adventure. "Good enough to repeat," they chorused of the evening.

Ryan's most modern aircraft factory is complete with facilities for producing advanced military airplanes of all types.



Built to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea, new Ryan-built airplanes will soon join the U. S. Navy in quantity.

A modern engineering department with personnel seasoned in aircraft development and production problems.



RELY ON Ryan

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

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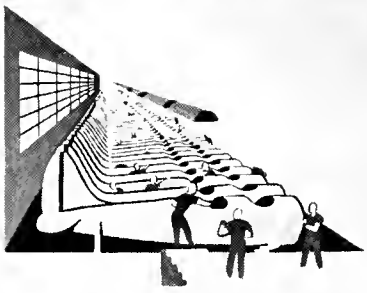

Ryan production lines are speeded by many advanced techniques that have been developed by Ryan engineers.

Thousands of military pilots are winning their wings in Ryan trainers at U. S. Army and Navy air force schools and those of friendly foreign nations.

The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division is producing manifolds in volume for all types of military aircraft.

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942

Ryan Flying Reporter

Vol. 4 No. 3

AUGUST 28TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

It was a real thrill for all of us when Test Pilot Joe Rust took the first YPT-25 (affectionately known by engineering and experimental personnel as the "Yipitee"), our plastic-bonded plywood military primary trainer for the U. S. Army, up for its first flight two weeks ago. Of course we all **knew** it was a good ship, but the initial flight of any new model always gives us that certain feeling of anticipation; anticipation which turns into real satisfaction once the plane has left the ground and comes in for its first landing.

As you read the article on the opposite page, "Wood Goes to War," you can also read a story between the lines. It is the story of how Ryan engineers and workmen, many of them veterans in our organization, have again turned the trick of designing and building a new type of airplane by focusing their years of accumulated experience and precious "know-how" onto the job of getting a new plane off the drawing board, through the experimental department and into the air.

And because our technicians have never lost contact with progress in wood construction methods, even while devoting much of their attention to advanced metal aircraft designs and production processes, we have been able to introduce a new military primary trainer type using non-strategic materials—full details and pictures of which will be found in the next issue of Flying Reporter.

To the scores of engineers and workmen, and their leaders, whose knowledge, skill, ingenuity and tireless energy made this accomplishment a successful reality goes the credit for doing an excellent job in record time. That kind of performance on the job is typical of what Ryan men and women can and will continue to do as their contribution to the war effort.

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER

WOOD GOES TO WAR

by Millard C. Boyd and Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.

Under stress of a war emergency, the aircraft industry is beginning to re-discover wood, the material that attended aviation's birth and was relied on during long years of development until metal largely supplanted it a decade ago.

It's a magic new kind of wood, water-proof and fire-resistant, not subject to fungus growth, with strength-weight ratio greater than many high grade steels, and a slick-skin smoothness that present metal construction does not approach.

Synthetic resin glues, made from urea or phenol in combination with formaldehyde, have provided the marvelous qualities that today enable those who never had lost their faith in wood to submit it as a highly serviceable non-strategic material for use in aircraft.

As a result, mass production of plywood trainers is no longer a remote possibility, and large-scale substitution of wood parts for metal is already under way.

Plywood is as old as Egypt. In the time of the Pharaohs, it was discovered that by bonding several thin sheets of wood together with grains crossing at right angles, a uniform all-around tensile strength would be obtained. Although the long fibers in wood, bonded together with nature's adhesive (Lignin), give it an almost unsurpassed tensile strength with the grain, the material is admittedly weak across the grain, and is subject to splitting, warping, shrinking, and swelling.

Cross-grain gluing of several sheets resulted in wooden pieces that not only had tensile strength both ways, but also prevented shape distortion and failures caused by flaws in any one lamination. A break in one of the sheets had little or no effect on the whole structure.

The original wooden airplane fuselage was simply a combination of spruce or ash longerons with metal fittings so devised that the compression members fitted into sockets, and the whole frame was held together by wire truss bracings tightened by turnbuckles. To overcome parasite drag, to protect the pilot from wind and cold, and to lend beauty to the plane, fabric coverings came into use.

Aircraft builders then began adapting plywood to various minor parts of the plane, such as floorboards, instrument panels and seats. As its notable characteristics became more fully appreciated, plywood was employed more and more. Use of solid plywood in wing construction eliminated wire drag bracing on the inside, and the wings themselves became partly skin-stressed.

No fabric covering was deemed necessary at first, but plane builders soon learned that the casein glues they were using had a tendency to encourage fungus growth in humid climate, and yarns of mushrooms actually growing inside plywood wings began circulating to the discredit of wood as a material.

Fabric then was sealed to the plywood to keep out the weather, but problems arising from weather conditions persisted. In itself, plywood was shown as far superior to work with than plain wood. It was more flexible, and lent itself to molding spherical, streamlined fuselages. The square fuselage, with its terrible drag, was pushed out of the aviation picture by plywood.

But metal came into its own in the early 1930's. Plywood was plaguing builders with complex problems that the plastic industry later was to overcome, and lightweight aluminum alloys were demonstrating their applicability to production. The airlines sold the public the idea that their all metal multi-motored planes were safer than the wooden type, and the Army and Navy were completely sold on metal.

As a matter of fact, the Army was attracted to the Ryan model S-T trainer partly because it was a metal fuselaged craft, and adopted it as the first low-wing monoplane ever used for primary training of its aviation cadets.

Wood became the orphan of aviation. Few were willing to continue dabbling with it. The nation apparently had completely shut its mind to wood for airplanes. However, faced early in the present conflict by shortage of such essential materials as aluminum, the War Production Board began groping for substitutes. Trainers, it decreed, must henceforth be manufactured of non-strategic commodities.

Fortunately, such airplane manufacturing pioneers as the Ryan Aeronautical Company had not lost touch entirely with developments in wood. Many of our key men had learned their trade on wooden planes of the '20's and were eager to answer wood's critics.

In the ten years or so that we had virtually abandoned work with wood, the research department had not been idle. The new glues, containing no animal matter, when applied under pressure almost became an integral part of the plywood. This plastic-bonded plywood (the so-called plastic plane actually is one made of plastic-bonded plywood) exhibited almost complete resistance to bacterial growth, withstood moisture and heat.

In experimental construction we have attempted to take advantage of all the new technique without sacrificing too much of the proven, conventional methods of wood construction. As a result, unexpected economy in production has resulted, and wooden planes have been shown capable of fabrication without such expensive tooling as is characteristic of metal manufacturing.

We have experienced little or no difficulty with the cold-setting urea formaldehyde glues, effective use of which, by various methods of clamping, is somewhat dependent on temperatures. Climatic conditions in Southern California are ideal for the cold-setting process, with maintenance of optimum room temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit and humidity of about 50 percent simplified by the year-'round mild temperatures outside. No high-priced air-

(Continued on Page 12)

August 28
1942

Vol. 4
No. 3

Ryan FLYING REPORTER

Published every third Friday
for Employees and Friends of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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Slim's Pickin's .....**Slim Coots**
Executive Interviews .....**Bob Close**
Sport News.....**Jack Billings**
"Wood Goes To War".....**Millard C. Boyd**
Daniel B. Burnett
Shop Interviews .....**Ray Markowski**

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Final Assembly.....Claude Nadeau
Foreman Portraits.....Vic Johnson
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Monifold.....G. ''Bob'' Horris
George Duncan
Finishing .....Vi and Lil

☆ ☆ ☆

The list of staff contributors is compiled from the names of all who have submitted originol material for any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is Sept. 9

RYANITES PROVE SHOW-STOPPERS!

At 3:45 last Sunday morning, a time when most people are comfortably asleep at home, nine Ryanite. were taking bows in the spotlight at Pacific Square and basking in the warm applause of over a thousand swingshifters who had come to dance away the wee sma' hours at a U. S. O. sponsored party.

Produced by **F. P. Tarry,** Time Study, executed by **Doc Brath,** First Aid, and m.c.'d by **Shorty Durr** of Manifold, the show was opened by **J. D. Krause,** Manifold, who gained immediate attention with his rendition of a classical selection on the accordion and then, to prove his versatility, offered as an encore the ever-popular "St. Louis Blues." **Ray Bermer,** Sheet Metal, followed with a well-received vocal number, "Alone." Humor was provided by mimic **Carl Umansky,** Manifold, in whose fast and amusing dialogues were heard voices and catch-lines of well known motion picture stars.

Gerry Wright, secretary to Mr. Barton, did an acrobatic routine that showed the touch of familiarity with entertaining the public . . . and in so many words, she "wowed 'em." The smooth tenor of **Del Runquist,** Methods Engineering, was heard in "One Rose" to excellent advantage. **John Merrill,** of Methods Engineering, proved a violinist of extraordinary ability and his talent, exhibited in "Intermezzo," impressed the audience.

Winding up the nine-star show were **Mr. and Mrs. Cavajal,** Manifold, who demonstrated the talents by which they have justifiably won so many jitterbug contests.

Company To Reward Employees For Best Shop Suggestions

In realization of the extra effort and thought given by many employees in presenting practical shop suggestions for consideration, and in appreciation for their use when proven practical in speeding production, the Ryan Aeronautical Company management is initiating a policy of rewarding the original suggestor in War Bonds or War Stamps, according to an announcement posted today.

It will be the company's policy to make rewards solely at its own discretion and, in general, such rewards will be in proportion to the practical use of the production idea submitted. Decision of the management in regard to War Bond and War Stamp awards for suggestions will be final.

The awards to be made by the Ryan management will supplement, but in no way take the place of, the Certificates of Merit and Production Drive Award medals authorized and made by the joint management-labor Production Drive Committee.

Presentation of War Bonds and Stamps will be made as frequently as suggestions of sufficient practical value to deserve recognition are received through the plant suggestion system.

Handicapped Workers Have Role in Ryan Production

A sextette of pneumatic air hammers whine their discordant obligato while not-too-distant drop-hammers lend a rhythmic bass accompaniment in the symphony of aircraft production heard daily in the Ryan Aeronautical Company's factory.

To the poet of war, this is music of inspiration . . . for it sings a paen to new-born planes that soon will wing along embattled skyways to freedom's victory. To the more unimaginative, perhaps, the metal-smoothing hammers in the Ryan factory's Planishing Department are merely a noisesome burden to be tolerated.

Yet, here in this scene of furies, two men are living and working in a world of utter silence!

Roland Mueller and Roy Grimse, deaf-mutes, are today working in the Planishing Department at Ryan because not long ago Ernie Moore, Production Superintendent, was foreman of the layout department which then adjoined the rows of booming drop-hammers.

Ernie frequently had cause, in the midst of concentration on his work, to wish his own hearing were not so acute. This personal annoyance at the sounds emanating from the planishing room gradually led him to greater consideration of men directly in the department, and to plan for the day when the work might be done by men who would be less affected by the noises of production machinery. It was, then, a logical step to reflect that possibly someone lacking the normal sense of hearing . . . someone who was deaf . . . could find a place here.

In response to Moore's questioning, the personnel department was able to locate two workers with these peculiarly profitable handicaps. Taken on in an experimental capacity, Roy Grimse and Roland Mueller had never done work of this nature before; yet both came up to Ryan's expectations, were soon turning out work equal to—and in many instances—better than—that of their fellow workers.

Mueller, younger of the two, is a San Diego boy who has been deaf since he was four years of age. In spite of handicaps enough to discourage men of lesser caliber and courage, he succeeded in winning high marks through school, eventually receiving a degree in Chemistry from San Diego State College.

Roy Grimse, born 59 years ago in Chicago, has been deaf since he was two years old. Preparation for overcoming his handicap was gained at the State School for Deaf in Delavan, Wisconsin. Most of his leisure hours are spent in reading.

A hurdle soon overcame on the new job at Ryan was the problem of explaining operations and of transmitting orders. At first, instructions were written, but in a short time their leadman, Earl Atkinson, had picked up sufficient knowledge of their manual language to converse with them.

It is possible that, in time, an entire department of the deaf may be employed . . . and, even with

(Continued on Poge 12)

School Teachers Spend Vacations in Tooling

The United States war effort and the San Diego City School System are both gaining by the efforts of seven city school teachers who have sacrificed their usual summer vacation periods away from the classrooms to do specialized technical work at the Ryan Aeronautical Company factory.

The men instructors, now putting their combined 21 months' erstwhile rest period into turning out planes destined to help blast the Axis, are all employed in Ryan's Tooling Department.

Walter Busch, drafting instructor at Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, is an expediter who translates blueprinted information into a more understandable form for the toolmakers. From the same school, metal

(Continued on page 14)

THRU DARKEST WASHINGTON BY RAIL AND TRAVAIL

(Also Jack Wiseman)

(This is the sad song of woe contained in a recent letter from the Capitol scene; the vocalist is Ryan's Washington representative, Jack Wiseman.)

"Buying tickets out of Washington is a very sore subject with me; I have been bounced around plenty by these ticket offices. For your information, it takes forty-five minutes of waiting on the telephone to get a reservation a week in advance to get out of this town.

"They then give you five hours to pick up same at the ticket office where you wait just exactly two and one-half hours in line to get the damn tickets and usually, as was the case the last trip, the dumb lug who makes your ticket out gets it wrong and you have to argue with the Conductor all the way to Baltimore to get your reservation straightened out so you can lie down and try to sleep.

"Then you return and step out of a greatly over-air conditioned train into the diabolical heat of the Union Station in Washington with the horror of flies that rise in clouds from offal heaps and zoom upon the newcomers with the triumph of vampires, deserting the old dry husks of their former victims for living flesh.

"New color, new sound, new smell vanish in a buzzing, a stinging, a sheer torture of irritation that makes one tear at face, neck and hands; irridescent brutes, the size of horseflies, fasten to one's nose and shoot their needle points of poison through the woven tissues, leave bloodsplotches like freckles when beaten off . . . or remain to gorge themselves until they drop with repletion." (Ed. note: Ah, found at last—the true "Flie-ing Reporter.")

ADOPTED PILOTS' NAMES GIVEN

Ryanites this week were the proud and happy foster-parents of three husky American pilots-to-be who but for the employees' generosity would have sat this war out on the sidelines of inactivity because of minor, yet correctible, physical deficiencies.

In a letter of appreciation to Ryanites for their gift of $300, Bert Wilson, spokesman for the American Flying Services Foundation, revealed the identities of the Ryan-sponsored eaglets. "We have purposely given you two Army cadets in the hope they'll be flying Ryan planes," wrote Wilson, "and the one Navy cadet

For the joint management-labor War Production Drive Committee and Ryan employees, G. W. Bowman, right, presents check for $300 to Bert Wilson, left, of American Flying Services Foundation. Present was Chief Peter under whose guidance plant police did excellent duty in collecting the fund.

for comparison value. We'll add that they are all fine chaps, with a determination to succeed, and will make officers you can be proud to have as Ryan representatives on the flying fronts."

The pilots adopted are: Kenneth C. Hart, 21 years old, of Los Angeles. Ken failed his requirements because of a physical disability which was corrected by surgery this past week. He will be ready for a re-check at the Flight Board next week.

John S. Calhoun, 26 years of age, and also from Los Angeles. Like Hart, John is an Army Cadet applicant. He has started his ocular rehabilitation which will be completed in another week.

Richard Trier, 18 years old, of Altadena. Dick is a native of Chicago, but has applied on the coast for enlistment in the Naval Air Service. He has been accepted as a cadet subject to correcting numerous dental defects. He is, according to Wilson, "at present in our dentist's chair receiving these repairs."

The adoptees have been notified of their sponsorship by Ryan employees, and will soon establish a closer contact with their benefactors, it is believed. Wilson is arranging to forward snapshots of the trio and in all probability they will appear in the next issue of Flying Reporter.

Training for the Job

by L. E. Plummer

It is easy to see the need for a training program in any active factory. It is not only easy to see this need in today's factory, working on national defense orders—it is imperative that it be put into operation if the factory is to produce at its maximum. Men and women, new to the business, are constantly being brought in to augment the factory force for increased production.

Ryan's growth will be rapid during the months to come. Employees will have to be secured from ranks already drained dry of well-trained men and women. To meet this lack of training, the factory will have to place an increasingly heavy burden of instruction upon its leadmen.

But leadmen and foremen do not always feel at home in the role of instructors. They know their work, as their selection as leadmen testifies, but not all of them have had to think of the most effective methods of instructing others.

Foreseeing that this problem would develop with increased factory demands, the Federal government

Members of an orientation group, first such class offered by the company, these ten girls are adding to the knowledge previously acquired in a University of California extension course on aeronautical drafting by learning Ryan methods and procedure preparatory to entering the Engineering Department by whom they were hired as draftswomen. Instructor for the two weeks' course is Lew Dunfee.

set up a program called "Training Within Industry" (TWI). Its operation is best shown by what is taking place in the Ryan factory at the present time.

An "Institute" or series of training lessons is now being given to a small group of foremen and leadmen selected at random. This program should result in a training (through discussion of common problems in group meetings) for every foreman and leadman in the factory. Leadmen, in turn, will continue the line of instruction when inducting newcomers into the work, by applying as much of their previous experience and classwork as seems to them valuable in their particular departments.

(Continued on Page 12)

REX SEATON

Manifold Assembly

Rex means "King," and undisputed ruler he is of all he surveys around Manifold Assembly. By now, of course, you know the last name is Seaton.

How Rex Seaton came to head this important stronghold of manifold production is a tale whose elements are a jovial nature, constant striving for improvement, and a background rich in living.

Packed away in his not-so-many years are experiences as a power-shovel operator, bridge worker, pile-driving helper, cement finisher, miner, railroad fireman, maintenance machinist, welder . . . and apple picker. The latter he explains as a vocational vacation; occasionally Rex would grow tired of machine work and set out on something entirely disassociated from it.

Once this led him to what he terms "the most man-killing job I've ever seen." The Rio Grande Railroad transports many carloads of vegetables and fruit which must constantly be kept refrigerated to prevent the cargoes' spoiling. To accomplish this purpose, an artificial lake was cut out at Tennessee Pass, highest point on the railway's line. Ice which formed here was cut out in blocks and hauled to storage points along the tracks, whence it was deposited by six ton lots into "bunkers," or containers, built in each end of the cars.

Rex's ice-handling job lost its hold for him one day when he, too, lost his hold. Climbing atop a reefer —refrigerator car, to the uninitiated—he suddenly slipped and fell to the platform below with only a pair of ice-tongs for company on his descent. The scar on his forehead bears mute testimony to his explanation, "Forgot to let go of 'em!"

He was born into a mechanical minded family at Colorado Springs, Colorado, had just begun grade school there when his parents decided to see what San Diego was like. Here he finished elementary school and entered the "Old Grey Castle," San Diego High School, in 1911 . . . the year of its opening.

Again he joined his parents' pilgrimage, this time to Pueblo, Colorado, where he stayed long enough to graduate. Selecting a career of heating and ventilation, he studied steam engineering in preparation. But when he was 21 years old, his Dad inducted Rex into the mysteries of welding and the lad became so proficient he soon became a valuable partner for his father who then had his own plumbing company.

World War I swept Rex overseas to France with the 127th Field Artillery and, after the armistice, deposited him at the doorstep of the Great Western Sugar Company of Nebraska who employed him as a maintenance machinist and welder for the following 9 years.

A bid from an Alhambra, California, firm lured him from the Nebraskan wilds to the coast. On the way, Rex and his wife dropped in at San Diego to visit with her relatives; their enthusiasm for the city overwhelmed him and he toyed with the idea of remaining a while. The die was cast when his relatives helped direct his way an offer from Consolidated, but

in the meantime Rex had already made overtures to Ryan which ended in his taking the job they offered him.

This was six years ago when the Ryan Aeronautical Company consisted of quantities of talent and aspirations . . . but only a single hangar for a factory. All work was done in that hangar, Rex recalls, and it was a daily ritual to move the ships out in the morning so the men could go to work.

The chart of Rex's rise reads something like this —started at sanding and polishing dies in the drop-hammer department; transferred to Contract Sheet Metal, under Ernie Moore, where he helped build PBY pilot seats and wings for the first Ryan S-C; in 1938, he went to Manifold, where he did layout work, personally constructed the early manifold jigs, and . . . with a single helper . . . turned out all the manifolds on the first two contracts for Douglas and Northrop.

"Ask the man who builds one," could well apply in this case, and Rex is enthusiastic about the Ryan exhaust systems. "I believe," he stated, "that our manifold is superior to any other current make, and that under our present and anticipated set-up, we should become the nation's number-one manifold builder!"

And the way Rex Seaton says it, anyone can see that argument is futile . . .

Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

In protesting a suggested allowance of one pack of cigarettes weekly to soldiers a Government official styled cigarettes as a "luxury." To most soldiers tobacco is not a luxury but a necessity, and most certainly should be included in the rations allowance. In any event nobody is really qualified to deliver an opinion on what a soldier needs in this respect except a man who has been a soldier himself.

Charles Lamb once wrote "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die." Bulwer-Lytton said: "The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a samaritan." And Abraham Lincoln, on August 17, 1864, sent the following telegram to General Grant, at the front: "Hold on with a bull-dog grip, chew and smoke as much as possible."

Most men would prefer to smoke cigars but are influenced by their wives to smoke pipes. Women try to convince a man that a pipe is more "becoming" and that it makes him look more intellectual. Take a look at the average woman smoking, and see how intellectual she looks. Any girl reading this should remember that she is above the average.

Spent the week-end with the doting parents of a recently arrived baby. I'm sure I don't understand all I know about babies. The kid had the colic, and they gave him baking soda. Now I don't know what it will do at one end, but at the other end it is making him smart.

Was watching the proud papa applying a pair of those three cornered pants. If the kid grows up bow-legged, it will be from saggy pants. Are they supposed to wait 'til the pants are on before they use them? Well, if this rationing thing keeps up, we'll all be wearing diapers.

Now I know why Gandhi is always photographed sitting down. The shape he's in wouldn't guarantee safety even with safety pins. Maybe the Hindus keep them up with will power. If Gandhi ever stands up for India, it'll shock the world. But then, all Hindus carry a spare on their heads.
experts on the subject.

Did you see the picture of the chicken with four legs, grown by a local man? Wouldn't that be a God-send to all of us boys who used to eat at the second table and got only wings and necks? And the news photo on the bulletin board of the man who made himself a set of false teeth of stainless steel. He gives you a pleasant smile like looking into a wolf trap. When he eats peanut brittle it probably sounds like an infantry skirmish, or an Army tank on a rocky hillside.

"TEX" SMITH, formerly of Time Study and now in the Air Corps dropped in on us last week, and said

(Continued on page 14)

Tire-d of the Hole Thing?

Take a Rubber at This!

Many escapist-minded Ryanites who have, perhaps, been doing some wishful thinking on the rubber situation, and who insist on believing some magician will appear to bring new tires "out of a hat" for them . . . are in for a sad shock.

Whatever roseate glow they may have been feeling on reading confused reports that there is no bad tire problem, or solemn predictions that synthetic rubber is here, must be dispelled with the news that the new tire quota for the city of San Diego . . . with all its thousands of aircraft workers . . . for this week was **only SIX tires!**

Well over 90 per cent of our workers, according to a survey that has been made, depend on automobiles for transportation to ond from work. A study of wear remaining in their tires shows thot within a year oll but 20 per cent will be worn out.

Despite this unpleosont fact, the cars coming post the company borricade average but 2.14 riders per car . . . whereas, five riders per car will eventuolly be necessory. The answer? That's not hard to figure out. Public transportotion is one means of helping olleviote the situotion, ond, with the odvent of the two new buses to be used in shuttle service between the plant ond Pocific Highwoy, its use should be seriously considered. The buses hove been ordered ond ore now owoiting releose from priority outhorities in Washington. There must be more swop riding, ond there should be more "fringe porking" in which severol workers drive to o centrol point ond then let one cor corry o number of workers the rest of the woy. Either pool today—or be out of the swim tomorrow!

Employees Benefit From New Lunch Service

A new and improved lunch service which offers employees far better, more varied and wholesome food than previously available has been put into operation under the direction of F. B. Franklin, formerly caterer with the famous Pig and Whistle restaurants.

Ryan executive personnel, who have been concerned about the inadequate food previously available, have made arrangements for the new service to be handled by the Ryan School of Aeronautics on a strictly non-profit basis as a special service to factory employees. Food is prepared in the Ryan School kitchen which previously was used in feeding aviation cadets in training here; now transferred to Tucson.

Instead of the four kinds of sandwiches formerly available, Mr. Franklin is offering 10 varieties each day including roast meats prepared in his own kitchens. In addition there is a good selection of pies, with flaky pastry; excellent coffee; milk and chocolate milk; fresh fruits and a daily salad—shrimp, chicken, potato or fruit.

MEET Ernie Moore

By BOB CLOSE

The inclusion of Ernie Moore in the top side of the Production Department staff is one of the important events in Ryan policies for his experience in dealing with production problems dates back into his childhood, and has been carried along in an interesting and varied path since joining the Ryan organization seven years ago.

Ernie's official position is Production Superintendent. In effect, he is concerned with shaping the broad issues of production. He speaks for the department in explaining the policies he is now helping to form.

His popularity rests on proved integrity and stubborn adherence to the principles of improvement. Throughout his life he has gathered education the hard way—through the channels of experience plus the conventional university background.

His compulsion to say what he thinks has kept him on his toes—and sometimes other peoples—yet his associates have always regarded him with a mixture of vexation and admiration.

Ernie inherited from his father the old tradition that hard work carries with it improved results. His father owned a sheet metal manufacturing business in Canada and he made great efforts to teach his ideals and policies to his children. In fact, Ernie responded to those teachings and learned to weld when he was 12 years old. His father believed in Ernie's learning the business during his free hours after school (to keep him out of mischief).

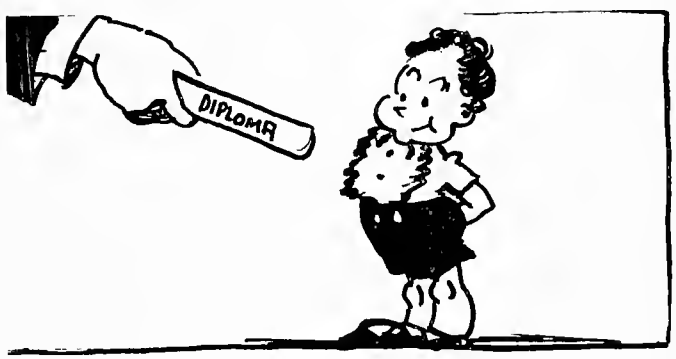
Although he was born in Minnesota, Ernie received his high school education in Canada and graduated when he was 15 years old. The reason—quote—"My father's business necessitated moving about and every time we moved I managed to skip a grade"—unquote. The business in Canada began to dwindle so the Moores returned to the United States and set up their business in Minneapolis.

He attended the Dunwood Industrial School for two years, learning the theory of what had been common to the practical knowledge gained in his father's shops. After graduating he accepted a job at the Mohawk Aircraft Company as their first sheet metal worker. Advancements were in order on the basis of his background and he became a foreman at the ripe old age of 19. His crew numbered 15 men.

The president of the company was impressed and decided to see that Ernie didn't stray away from his talents. His influence guided Ernie to the University of Minnesota where he enrolled in the aeronautical engineering course.

Finances for the first year were forthcoming from a part time job with a hotel as a bell hop. The second year Ernie was assistant manager of the hotel and this position provided him with a desk which made it easier to study at night for the next day's classes. Of course, the pay wasn't quite enough for a man of Ernie's new position, so he conceived the idea of a style show at the hotel. Following this through, he contacted the sorority girls to wear the clothes, the local stores to furnish them, the hotel furnished the music, received the publicity and Ernie got the money. It was a success!

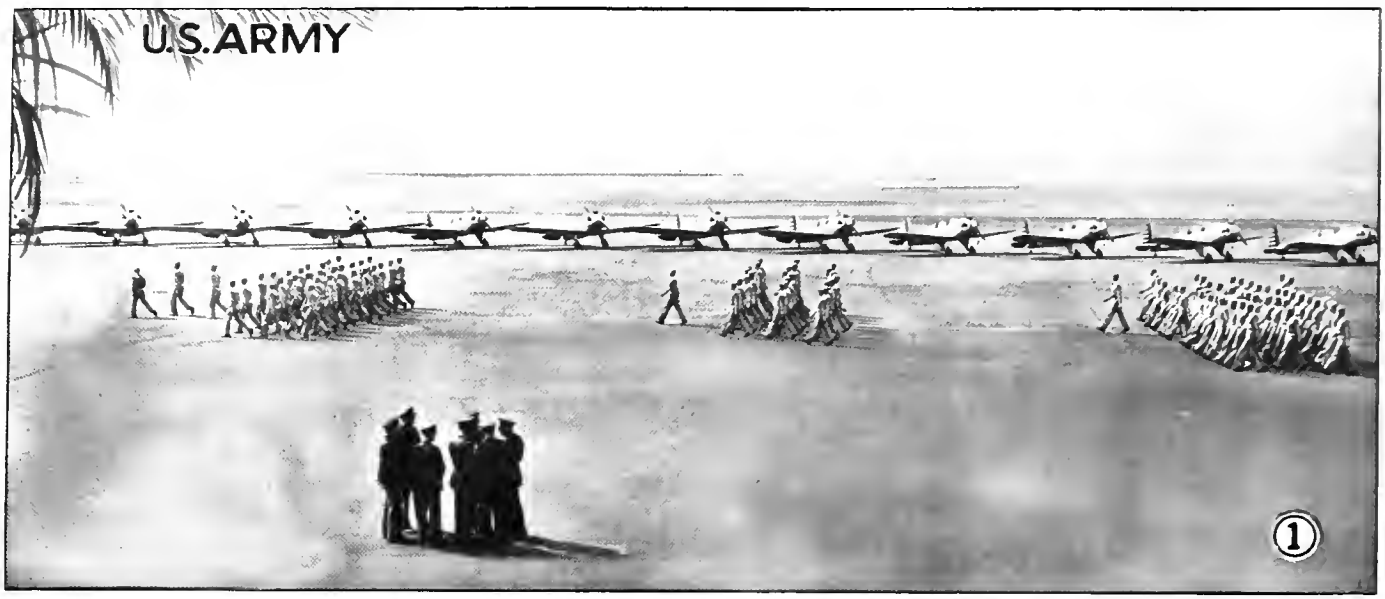
As in most cases the depression altered his future actions. Rather than sell bonds as most college graduates were doing in those days, Ernie quit college (after three years), took his wife, pulled up stakes and went to California. After one year in the experimental department at Douglas he was laid off for lack of work. The next job was in moving pictures and he believes that one must be on the looney side to survive the turmoil of existing and being happy in



that profession. As compared to aircraft they are just a shade different, but it is more fun building planes that are real.

He arrived at Ryan in 1935 when this company had only approximately 18 men in its aircraft production department. While here he has done everything from welding to instruction at the Ryan School. At one time he was foreman of Sheet Metal and Loft, so he has a very good idea of the production problems that do arise in the shop.

His observation and contact with the activities going on in our plant was the basis for this statement: "The Ryan Company accomplishes more with less men and generally does it better than any of the larger companies." And when this statement comes from a man who has come up through the ranks from bench hand to Production Superintendent you know he speaks from experience.



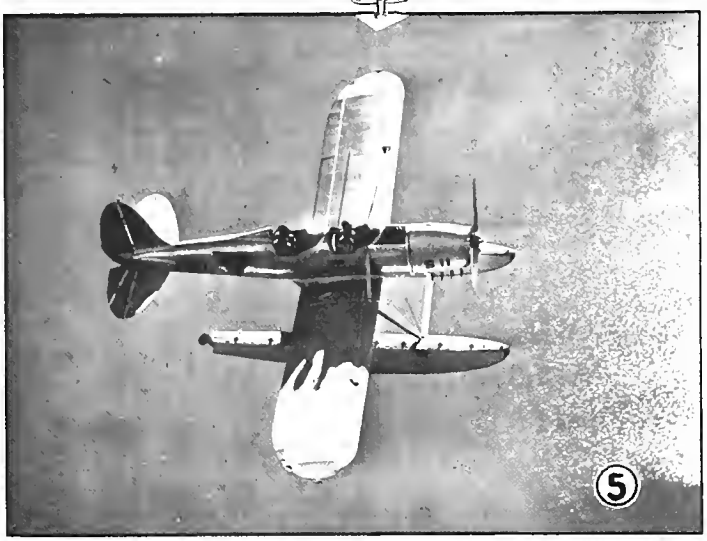
Training America's Pilots... When Uncle Sam called for a speedy quickening of pilot training three years ago to offset Hilter's aggressive moves in Europe, the Ryan organization was ready with its proven low-wing S-T trainer and a distinguished training school with a long history of successful operation. Since that time Ryan low-wing trainers in a continually improved series of models—PT-16, PT-20, PT-20A, PT-21, PT-22—and in an ever increased number, have been delivered not only to many training bases of the U. S. Army Air Forces, but also to the U. S. Navy and to foreign countries fighting on the side of the United Nations.

Picture **(1)** above is typical of the scenes enacted at many Air Force primary training schools and is symbolic of the great number of aviation cadets regularly receiving their initial instruction on Ryan equipment. The photo also describes the important work being done by the Ryan School of Aeronautics at its bases at Hemet, California and Tucson, Arizona, although the picture above was taken here at San Diego.

In addition to their extensive use by the Netherlands East Indies **(2)**, Ryan trainers in the Orient have also been widely used for military training in China, but because of transportation difficulties pictures of their operation have not been received.

The U. S. Navy training program **(3)** includes the use of Ryans, similar to the Army's PT-21s, but designated NR-1.

RYAN ACHIEVEMENT 1942



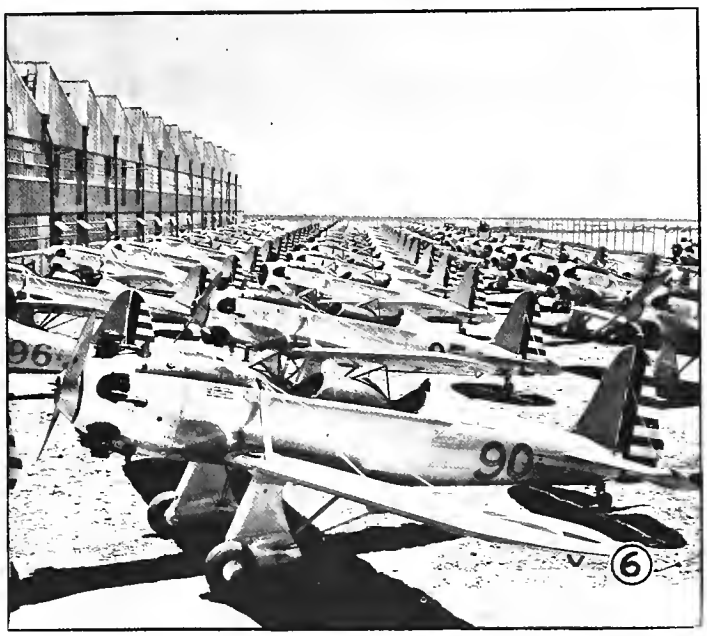
Ryan Production Progress . . . Just after the Army placed its first large volume orders for Ryan trainers, William S. Knudsen, then OPM Director, accompanied Lieut. Gen. H. H. Arnold on a tour of production facilities throughout the country which brought them to the Ryan plant. Left to right **(4)** are Knudsen, Claude Ryan, Gen. Arnold and Major McReynolds.

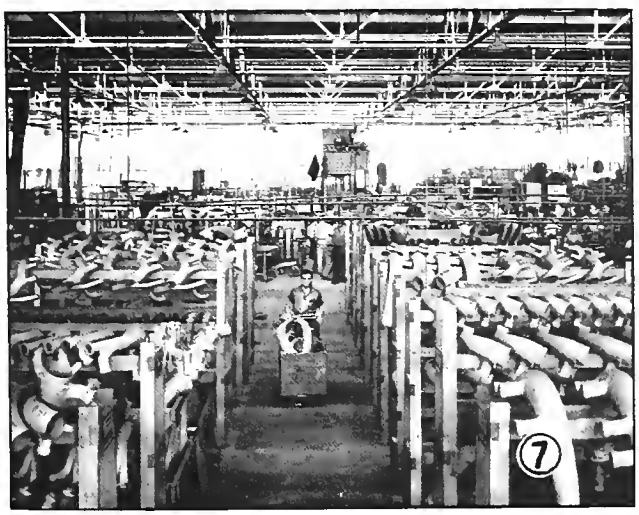
An event significant of Ryan's increased warplane activity was the interesting fact that in late 1940 two new Ryan trainer types were test flown in a single afternoon. After successfully testing the first PT-21 Army trainer, Joe Rust left for the seaplane ramp to accept the first STM-S2 seaplane from the experimental crew and take the Netherlands East Indies navy trainer up for its initial flight **(5).**

Production of Army and Navy trainers stepped into high gear in 1941 as is attested by the striking picture **(6)** of a large group of PT-21 and NR-1 ships lined up outside the factory awaiting delivery.

Unique among prime aircraft manufacturers, Ryan also has a complete Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division **(7)** where collector rings and manifold assemblies are built for installation on leading military and commercial aircraft.

And to finish off this pictorial history of the Ryan organization we offer this picture **(8)** of one of the large mass delivery flights of Ryan trainers.





NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

by NOREMAC

Mister Newlywed: "I sure got it hot and heavy from my wife this morning!"

Neighbor: "How's that?"

Mister Newlywed: "She made her first hot biscuits for me."

Bachelor: "I often wish for the peace and comfort of married life."

Married man: "I always do."

Housewife (starting to close the door): "I don't need none!"

Agent: "How do you know? I might be selling grammars."

Ticket Taker: "Here . . . you two boys can't get in on one ticket!"

Youngster: "I'd like to know why not . . . we're half-brothers."

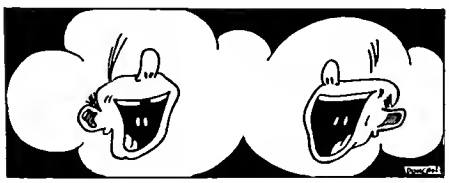
"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the Professor, as he completely erased the board.

Scot (just introduced): "An' to what country dae ye belong?"

American: "To the greatest country in the world!"

Scot: "So dae I, but ye dinna talk like a Scot. . . ."

Sign in a barber shop: "If your hair is not becoming to you—it should be coming to us."



A pretty young nurse selling poppies was accosted by a smart salesman. "I'll give you a five dollar bill for a poppy . . . if you promise to nurse me next time I'm sick." She promptly agreed. "And which is your hospital?" asked the man. "The Metropolitan Maternity Hospital," she replied sweetly as she pocketed the fiver.

"What is your last request?" asked the guard of a prisoner about to be hanged.

"I'd like to be hanged to music," the prisoner answered.

"Very well," said the guard . . . so he went out and hired a swing band.

A candidate for office was glad-handing a citizen, but the voter was cold to the appeal.

"Mister," said the citizen, "I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

"Mister," said the candidate heatedly, "if I were St. Peter—you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district!"

Johnny had just spelled the word "Hypocrite" correctly. "Now can you give us an example of what 'hypocrite' means?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Johnny. "A boy who goes to school with a smile on his face is a hypocrite."

The doctor was calling on a very sick patient. "I feel I should tell you the truth," the medico said. "You are very ill . . . and I doubt whether you will live very long. Is there anyone you would like to see?"

"Yes," whispered the patient.

"Tell me and I will call him," the medico said.

"Another doctor," said the sick man faintly.

"What are ancestors," asked a boy of his father.

"I'm one of yours," Dad replied. "Your grandfather is another."

The child thought a moment. "Then why do people brag about them?" he asked.

MAINTENANCE

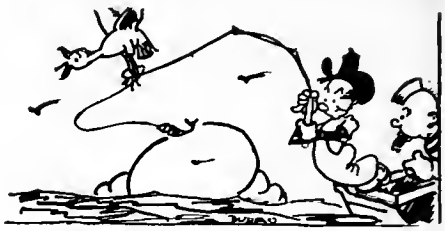
by Pat Kelly

As we humbly take pen in hand to begin our tri-weekly memory wracking inquisition, a lovely melody of Victor Herbert's haunts us, and we are sorely tempted to consign all this to the waste basket. Do we hear voices of approval? However, the show must go on, and we find this startling headline confronting us—"DuShoune Puts On Shirt." That bears close examination. Y'know, the entire police force was unable to get more than an artistically draped scarf on Vic's superstructure, but even the mighty must submit to the conventions as dictated by responsibility, and the "Duke" wore the mantle of authority with discretion.

"Swede" Winquist has been immersed in the de-greaser for several days beautifying that piece of equipment of Napoleonic vintage with a new interior of stainless steel. The "Swede" is really an artist, and can do more with a piece of sheet metal than Einstein can with his theory of relativity.

That rip-roarin', son-of-a-gun from Texarkana, Cornelius, again breaks into print. And as usual, foxy Starkweather, assisted by Larry Eulberg, had a hand in it. It all began with an innocent fishing trip based at Ensenada, the sleepy little Mexican town 70 odd miles south of the border. Our hero, with the eyes of Texas upon him, arrived at the dock in high heel boots, big hat, saddle slung on shoulder, and rope. The report mentions no spurs, with or without a jingle-jangle. The party embarked and set a course for the fishing grounds. All went well until the engine burped gently and became silent. While repairs were made, Cornelius entertained the party with rope tricks, climaxed with a dexterous twist of the wrist which sent a half hitch twirling down 90 yards of fishing line and neatly catching a sea gull about the ankles. After such an exhibition fishing seemed dull so the boat was headed for shore. With solid ground under his feet and a spot of schnapps beneath his belt, Cornelius surprised even himself. The grand finale was reached when he snatched a serape from a bystander and whirled into an amazing tango. Well, hush mah mouth.

Stewart, that tall, blonde, and by no means silent lad from the Southwest, took over the bull gang composed of Eulberg, Hoff, "Kid" Reece, and Hillberg. They moved a lot of pig iron with only one casualty, Hoff,



who caught a big sill on his foot. A. L. Booth, "Hercules," left us on the 18th of this month to report for duty in the Air Corps. Another name to be added to the honor roll. We all wish you the best of luck, "Herk."

Two transfers of importance must be noted. "Smilin'" Cole from third to first shift. Mrs. Marie Madrigal from first to second. The latter encountered a bit of trouble with the innumerable gadgets in the stock room but at examination time came through with flying colors.

Charlie Alexander, from Tishomingo in the Bow and Arrow Country, and sparring partner de luxe, is another proud owner of an automobile. Charlie is a boy who can give better than he takes. The writer knows.

SLOGAN CONTEST ANNOUNCED

"Bonds or Bondage!"

"Shall we concentrate on stamps or concentrate in camps?"

"Loose lips—lose ships."

"We'll win if you kick in."

"If you can't go over, come across!"

Have you, too, seen such slogans as these publicized about the country, read them in newspapers and magazines, heard them over the radio, seen them on billboards? Well, now you can do something you've probably wanted to for some time—go them one better.

Ryanites are invited to enter their original slogans in a contest set to close next week on Friday, September 4th. The slogan-bout is sponsored by the joint management-labor War Production Drive Committee of the company and all entries will be judged by the committee members.

The slogans submitted should deal with some aspect of our nation's war effort such as aircraft production, bond sales, final defeat of our enemy, etc. There is no limit on the number of entries you may place, and winners will be announced in the next issue of the Flying Reporter.

From past experience, we know that Ryan abounds in talent and ingenuity. Help us prove it by submitting top-notch slogans. Perhaps if yours is good enough it will be permanently adopted for display and general company use.

Write your slogan down along with your name, department and shift and either drop it in the Flying Reporter box just underneath the suggestion box inside the plant entrance . . . or hand it in at the Personnel Office. We'll do the rest!

SPORTS

BY *Jack Billings*

BASEBALL! RYAN "SCOUTS" HANG 6 TO 4 DEFEAT ON SOLAR AIR. The scouts plastered a decisive 6 to 4 defeat on the Salar Air Nine at University Heights Playground. This victary gave the Ryan Team sale possessian of first place in the Summer Baseball League, with a recard of 4 wins and no losses.

Luther French, giant right hander, set the Salar men dawn with twa hits and two runs far the 7 innings thot he pitched. He struck out 9 batters and displayed a nifty assartment af curves, mixed in with a blazing fast ball. Ollie Mathis wha pitched the lost 2 innings gave up 3 hits and 2 more runs, Ollie struck out 5 hitters ta bring the days tatal ta 14 Salar batsmen wha walked quietly back ta the bench.

Hitting hanars went ta Claude White and Louie Camacho wha both pounded out terrific home runs in the first inning. White hit ane aver the center-field fence with Billings an base, and Lauie's drive cleared the left-field fence with Keaugh on the sacks.

The taugh Naval Training Statian Nine is next in line far the Scouts, and from all appearances the Sailors are in for a busy afternaan.

The bax scare of the Salar Game:

Ryan	AB	H	PO	A
E. Morlatt, ss	4	0	0	1
Billings, cf	4	1	1	0
White, 1b	5	1	8	0
J. Morlott, 2b	5	2	0	3
Keough, rf	3	1	1	1
Camocho, 3b	2	1	1	0
Ortiz, lf	4	1	2	0
Spahr, c	4	2	14	0
French, p	3	1	0	1
Mathis, p	2	0	0	0
(a) Haddock, rf	2	0	0	0
	38	10	27	6

Solar	AB	H	PO	A
Maupin, ss	4	2	2	2
Webster, cf	4	1	2	0
Martinez, 3b	5	1	0	0
Kellogg, 2b	3	0	2	3
Hawk, lf	4	0	3	1
Gonzales, rf	2	1	1	0
Fitz, 1b	4	0	8	0
Koeppon, c	3	0	9	0
Morshall, p	0	0	0	1
Krickmore, p	2	0	0	0
(b) Litten	0	1	0	0
	31	6	27	7

(a) Batted for Keough in 7th.

(b) Batted for Krickmore in 9th.

BOXING:

Anyane with any previaus baxing experience wha wishes ta develap further alang these lines, get in tauch with Jack Billings af the athletic department. We can offer yau tutaring under experienced hands without any abligatian ta yaurself.

GOLF

The "Ryan" monthly galf taurnament was held at the San Diego Cauntry Club August 2nd, and 45 "Niblick Haunds" turned aut far the event. Bernard "where's the trophy" Bills again walked off with the hanars with a low grass scare af 80. Honestly Bills has wan sa aften that he is naw playing golf with ane hand and reaching far the first prize with the ather. Sa came an yau duffers, let's knack the guy off his throne.

The phatagrapher far the "Flying Reparter" was on hand to take a group picture af all the galfers. After seeing the graup assembled he must have decided that the camera wauld never be able ta stand it, because the picture was never developed. When the photographer asked for valunteers ta stand in the frant he started a near riat. Na falks, Jae Bassa was nat cutting the lawn, Guy Arnald—will yau please stap "teeing" the ball up in the fairway. L. O. McGriff is going ta play in the next taurnament—yau can bet the scares in his foursome will be carrect. Na, Claude Nadeau, we are nat going ta lawer your handicap.

Winners in the taurnament were as follaws:

Low Gross—Bernard Bills, 3 golf balls.
Low Net—Bob Hutchinson, 3 golf balls.
2nd Low Gross—Larry Gibson, 3 golf balls.
2nd Low Net—Lee Yorborough, 3 golf balls.
Most Pars—Fronk Finn, 3 golf balls.
Most Birdies—Clyde Leeper, 3 golf balls.
Blind Bogey—Gary Adams, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—J. Brown, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—Mrs. Fronk Finn, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—D. Smith, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—Tom Usler, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—Geo. Wilkenson, Tee Shirt.
Blind Bogey—Vern Winmill, Tee Shirt.

SOFTBALL

The "Ryan Air" club is playing .500 ball in the "AA" league with 4 wins and 4 losses. Their last game will be with the Naval Training Statian Team. A win aver the sailars wauld give the bays a seasan record af 11 wins and 7 lasses. The team may enter the after-seasan taurnament depending upan the Dim-Out regulatians. Jae Lave's RYAN ST3 team is still lingering in the cellar. These bays have a season recard af 2 wins and 7 lasses. However, Joe informs us "even the Yankees dan't win 'em all!"

TENNIS. The annual Ryan Tennis Taurnament is getting under way this week. Twa handsame traphys will be awarded to the winner and runner-up. The taurnament is still toa yaung ta predict a winner; however, a bulletin baard scare card will keep all pasted as ta who is advancing in the match play.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET. The War Industrial Recreatian Cauncil is halding it's first city-wide Track and Field meet Sept. 13 in the City Stadium. Applicatians for entering this event will be an hand in the personnel affice from Jack Billings. So all yau farmer high schaal and college stars can start getting in shape far this event. Competition will be with all service and aircraft personnel in this area. Prizes will be awarded far all events, and a notice will appear an the bulletin baard as to events affered.

Half Way...

Half af the campany's departments have aver ninety-five per cent af their members riding the U. S. War Band-wagan through voluntary payroll deductions, according ta figures released last week.

As shown an the front cover af this issue, foremen af same of the leading departments last week were congratulated by Claude Ryan, president af the campany, and Eddie Mallay; it was also the accasian for presentation af minute-men banners to be praudly unfurled in their respective strangholds.

Mare of these banners are being reserved with the expectatian that the thus-far lagging departments will saan sign an the triple-datted line and dash ta jain the 95 percenters.

At present, the band-barameter shaws the fallawing reading:

Laborotory	Over 95%
Methods Engineering	Over 95%
Inspection	Over 95%
Sheet Metal	Over 95%
Drop-Hammer	Over 95%
Wing Assembly	Over 95%
Sub-Assembly	Over 95%
Finishing	Over 95%
Fuseloge	Over 95%
Finol Assembly	Over 95%
Elec. Maintenonce	Over 95%
Dispotching	Over 95%
Plont Police	Over 95%
Accounting	Over 95%
Personnel	Over 95%
Engineering	82%
Tooling	70%
Corpenter-Janitor	62%
Lofting	62%
Experimentol	61%
Mochine Shop	52%
Tool Design	50%
Stockroom	50%
Stainless Steel	49%
Monifold	48%
Modeling	46%
Sub & Ship Welding	45%
Office & Supervisory	45%
Maintenonce	22%

Wood Goes to War

(Continued from page 1)

conditioning systems are needed inside an aircraft factory in this region.

For internal protection, the old-fashioned spar varnishes remain unsurpassed, as long as liberal coatings are applied. And for external "armor" against the elements, the plywood is covered with a lightweight fabric doped on. Among advantages of this method is that the flexibility of the fabric allows for give and take as the structure itself flexes. This avoids cracking of the surface protection, which may occur with lacquer finishes, although the newest types are overcoming this unfavorable feature.

Metal is not eliminated entirely in today's plywood plane. We use welded steel fittings for connections, controls, etc., and aluminum alloy still is being relied on for the engine cowling. Generally, however, all critical metal materials have been abandoned.

Will wooden combat planes stand up under severe conditions? Wood apostles claim they will. They maintain that not only can plywood, with its lack of nails and rivets, and its smooth contours meet the high performance demands of battle craft, but they could actually withstand enemy fire.

A bullet plunging through a plywood part or assembly will form a clean hole, they insist. A bullet striking metal is likely to rip it to the closest spar or brace, causing great damage that may drastically affect the plane's efficiency, or make it completely useless for further combat.

In the old days, when casein glues furnished congenial surroundings for bacteria growth, the metal advocates could argue that maintenance of wooden planes presented insurmountable problems. Today, the wooden plane can be claimed to be more adaptable than metal to present operating conditions of Uncle Sam's aircraft in fields that may be extremely remote from either the factory or repair depots.

"Any former can patch up a wooden airplane, but a damaged metal ship, for lack of highly specialized equipment or material, may be grounded indefinitely," the argument runs.

The Army and Navy, of course, are developing highly trained and ingenious maintenance crews who have sworn to "keep 'em flying" wherever American air bases may be located, and the problem of keeping metal planes in good repair is being tackled with vigor and foresight.

Cost of production is one of the major advantages of wood over metal. A buzz-saw can perform the function for a wooden plane that a special machine tool costing tens of thousands of dollars performs for a metal plane. And low cost of production, though important in wartime, will be doubly vital in the peace to follow, when keen competition is expected to develop between aircraft manufacturers for the purchasing dollars of an air-minded world.

Changes in design need not require a virtually complete scrapping of machine tools in wooden plane production, as it does in metal aircraft manufacturing. In days when quality is not to be overlooked in the rush to turn out more planes than the enemy, lest you suddenly be confronted with a higher performance ship that renders your own precious designs obsolete overnight, this is a factor worthy of careful consideration.

Wooden planes lend themselves readily to sub-contracting, one of the major headaches of aircraft production today. Many executives of prime contracting concerns have complained that the sub-contractors simply were not keeping up in their supply of parts and sub-assemblies and were responsible for production bottlenecks.

Thousands of furniture factories, piano manufacturers, and wood shops are ready for instant and efficient conversion into sub-contracting facilities.

With increasing use of wooden planes, the American people may realize more vividly the need for conserving our forests and for an extensive reforestration program to replace areas wantonly wasted.

Whether plywood, with the phenomenal new inorganic glues that have made its return to the airplane scene possible, holds the answer to the post-war flivver plane, remains a debatable point. Certain it is that wooden planes, because of cheaper materials, and lower cost of production, both from the standpoint of less expensive tooling and fewer manhours per plane, will sell for less than metal planes. Will the new synthetic resins and the new techniques of production withstand the gruelling tests they have only just entered? The key to a great deal of our hoped-for peacetime mass production of planes lies in that question.

Extensive research and development along this line as well as in connection with all other new materials and methods are designed to keep the Ryan Aeronautical Company in the front line of the amazing parade of progress of aviation's advancement to undreamed-of accomplishments.

More About

Training For the Job

(Continued from page 4)

Examples of these job instruction training (JIT) courses are found in Eric Faulwetter's classes in Sheet Metal and E. E. Berry's class in Wing Assembly. Some of the other courses that have been or will be given at the Ryan Aeronautical Company factory, are as follows:

Mathematics with special application to tooling . . . . . Tooling Dept.
Blue Print Reading . . . . . Tooling Dept.
Production Management and Control . . . . . Production Dept.
Airplane Construction and Maintenance . . . A Ryan Institute Course in the Engineering Dept.
Accounting . . . . . Accounting Dept.
Plant Maintenance with particular reference to electrical installation . Maintenance Dept.

In addition to direct aid from the Federal government, under the Training Within Industry program, the University of California, Stanford University, the California Institute of Technology, and other such institutions are offering Federal support under an Engineering, Science, Management, War Training (ESMWT) program. This assistance is in the form of college grade instruction in subjects coming within the fields of Engineering, Science, and Factory Management as it applies to defense industries. Production Management and Control mentioned above, is of this type.

More About

Handicapped Workers

(Continued from page 3)

this, consideration of using other handicapped workers will not cease. There is no reason, for example, observed Ernie Moore, why those who have physical handicaps can not do work as welders.

The success of this endeavor, novel with Ryan, now is definitely established, and by putting such talent to work two ends are being served. The war effort is benefited

Important activity of the noisesome pneumatic air-hammers is not necessarily halted in the planishing room of the Ryan plant when Leadman Earl Atkinson (right) wishes to give instructions to Ray Grimse (left) and Raland Mueller (center), handicapped employees.

By learning to converse with them on his fingers, as above, their leadman has overcome seeming barrier of deafness.

by the natural powers of dexterity and concentration such employees have . . . . and an excellent means of earning is furnished them which they might otherwise not have.

Thus there is opened up an entirely new vista for those who heretofore have found barred to them the door of industry.

Ideas Win Medals, Merit Certificates

First award of Ryan Production Drive medals and Certificates of Merit for Shop Suggestions have been authorized by the joint management-labor War Production Drive Committee through which the suggestion plan is operated.

Bronze Production Drive Awards have been authorized to the following: Carl E. Hyatt of Inspection for three workable suggestions submitted; R. E. Bartley, also of Inspection for three suggestions concerning heat treat equipment; E. M. Ebbs of Stockroom for development of a master log book; and W. R. Hanson of Manifold for a suggestion dealing with reduction of material waste.

Certificates of Merit covering shop suggestions which demonstrate constructive thinking on production problems have been awarded to William R. O'Bryan of Drop-Hammer; O. P. Hatcher of Inspection; J. S. Humphrey of Machine Shop; F. W. Savage of Dispatching; H. F. Scheidle of Wing Assembly; Ethel M. Heath of Stockroom; Kenneth A. Rush of Dispatching; Earnest F. Mellinger of Tooling; C. M. Chastain of Stockroom; George R. Oster of Inspection; R. J. Harvey of Finishing, and C. B. Brown of Stockroom.

WIND TUNNEL!

By Victor Odin

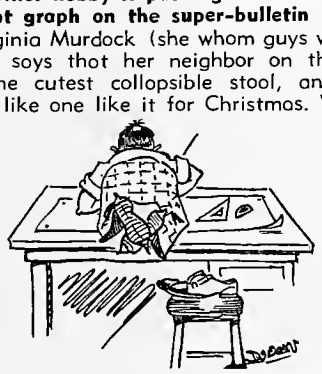
Two gala social events marked the seoson punctuated by this and the previous issue. First, the bollet's "Midsummer Festival" (as the program whimsically put it) at the Russ Auditorium. The number of balletomanes in Engineering is truly stoggering, to judge from the number of familiar faces at intermission.

Second, the Yipitty, hotly pursued by a stotion-wagon littered with photographers, took off like a helicopter with a hotfoot. She flies! Aftermoth (no pun intended): Roy Pyle resumes growing fingernails; Will Vandermeer goes on vacation to someplace where they've never heard of airplanes; Bill Bunsen sublimes his worries in a case of sunburn; Plywood stocks rise sharply; and everybody else heaves a sigh of relief. But then again, everybody knew it would be a darn nice airplane.

Welcome to thot fellow Fellowes, newcomer to the Secret Chamber. Do not fail to see his trousers defy gravitation in a breath-taking act of suspended animation! Welcome also to Bethke, who aspires to the dizzy heights of Illustration. He can fill an inside straight with that eight of clubs you are carrying behind your ear, or pull a robbit out of your hat if you are foolish enough to wear one.

Incidentolly, the team of Wentworth & Littlefield can pull a bond out of your poycheck if you will let them show you how; their other hobby is pushing a blue line out on thot graph on the super-bulletin boord.

Virginia Murdock (she whom guys whistle after) soys thot her neighbor on the job has the cutest collopsible stool, and she would like one like it for Christmas. Which



reminds us: bewore of thot man who tokes away your stool, saying he is going to upholster it. He grinds it up into sawdust and throws the sawdust into the boy, chuckling gleefully to himself. May Allah have mercy on his perfidious soul! It is believed thot he also directs repairs on Pacific Highway.

This is truly the department of superlatives. Jack Parks is building the most perfect darkroom in the world; Don Sonborn is working on an idea for the most ingenious oil-burner design ever conceived by the mind of man; Kay Larkin (not to mention it in the same breath with anything else) has the most wonderful daughter on earth; your correspondent has the finest collection of records. And so on. Thot's whot Californio does to people.

Sheer Physicol Impossibilities: Dove Dovidson possing up an orgument or discussion. "Bet you six bits—" Joe Thein explaining something without the aid of a pencil. "Looking down on it, here is the Universe—" Bill Immenshuh and Fred Rossacker shouting and singing at the top of their voices. Finding the right kind of transportation. "Well, we really don't live all the woy out there, and of course we start a half-hour earlier thon you, and besides, we don't go straight home every night . . ." Finding that just-so house. "$99—Frustroted misonthrope will share lovely hovel 30 miles out with poralytic couple, preferably deofmutes; night-workers preferred. No smokers, no drinkers, no children, no pets. Box AN-52."

Ah, well. Now thot we have a roof over our heads, we would like to run an ad of our own: "Retired goblin wishes large house in convenient location for Walpurgis-night revels. Must have utilities, built-in bar, convivial neighbors, large patio for pet monsters. Will pay up to $30. Frankenstein, Moreau's Island." So there!

"PROVE IT"

by M. Mullins

So you're a good American?
Well, well, now that's just fine.
But, let's see your credentiols,
Where's that 10% sign?

"The Saga of Sammy and John"

by C. McCafferty

They were soldiers, were Sammy and John,
Who died in the jungles of upper Botaan;
It's portly our fault that men so brave
Are lying todoy, in a for-off grave.
Why did they die . . . . a shortage of stuff?
While you and I were here shooting the guff.
They fought long after their bullets were gone,
Using cold steel, in their last dismol down.
When they were found, they were facing ahead,
With rifles white hot, and bayonets red.
No time for standing 'raund shooting the guff;
But out on the line, delivering the stuff.
Tho we're not as rugged as Sammy and John,
And we can't earn medals in upper Botaan,
We can spend less time in shooting the guff;
Put a little more time in, making the stuff.
It's the least we can do for Sammy and John . . . .
And the boys who will follow, to win back Botaan!

SHEET METAL SECOND SHIFT

by "Crash" Miller

Now for some news about Harpster's little Helpers, "Blue Badge" Hill and "Burr Head" Sochs. They went South of the Border last week-end fishing but it seems thot some incident intervened and threw a monkey wrench into the proceedings. By the time they got to Rosarita they said the waves were 47 feet high and running from the beach instead of to it. Funny, it was a beautiful day in San Diego. Better luck next time boys.

Quite a few of the boys are enjoying their vacations now and all report a swell time in spite of the transportation problems. Roy Conklin went to Phoenix and got in a lot of flying time. Gale De La Mater went to Seattle and said the trip was swell. Max Grimes spent his vacation at home and came back to work all tired out. Too bad grass grows so high, Max.

Byron "Hot Foot" Geer, the Casanova of the production planning department, seems to have a lot of trouble out La Jolla way these days. I wonder if she is a blond or vice versa. He refused to come to a swell party the other night because we only had one barrel of beer. Some crust. Woody "Proud Papa" Thompson is going home to Utah for his vacation, and to see the heir to the Thompson fortune. Hope it doesn't look too much like you, Woody. "House Boat" Stegner, the admiral of Mission Bay, was out with a girl the other night who would pass for a crew member on a yacht. Nauticol, isn't it?

Now for the news you have all been waiting to hear — the party the Magdick's gave for the fellows in the Sheet Metal Department. Owing to the size of the Magdick apartment, and the fact that the walls are so thin you can hear an Alka Seltzer fizz in the next apartment, it was held out at Mission Beach at the home of "Jitterbug" Pinney. Instead of the usual society report, "Refreshments were served," I can say, we had beer and plenty of it.

A nice set of parlor games were organized and the guests all enjoyed a hot game of penny ante and dominoes (galloping) — commonly known as African marbles. Terry "No dice" Kell was photographed for the society section in a playful attitude. Too bad you didn't make that eight, Kell. Paul Bowman and Joe Waggner were last seen heading for San Diego. Has anyone seen them yet? Walt "Shoot a dime" Thorpe and his playmate Tom "Fade a nickel" Usler were also present. Phil "Wavy" Stillman and Clarence "Suds" Keene were on the beam. Too bad the airport was seven miles away. Also present but not accounted for were Miss Ann Magdick, Mrs. Clarence Keene, Gene Mattson, Bob Nemic, and "Butch" Jones. It was a swell party, Mac, and all the Sheet Metal gang wish you and Dot the best of luck always.

MORE ABOUT

TEACHERS "VACATION" IN TOOLING

(Continued from page 3)

shop teacher Jay Hershey and sheet metal instructor Weidler Musselmon are both active building drill-jigs and milling fixtures.

Roosevelt Junior High is represented by Charles Greene, of their Wood, Metal and Electric Shops, now helping to build Ryan punches and dies . . . and Ted Marshall, Wood Work instructor, who operates a sharpening machine. San Diego High School contributed William Steinberg, radio and electricity instructor, now helping to build punches and dies, while Lawrence Head who teaches Physical Education at Grossmont High is building assembly fixtures.

Now working on his Master's degree from Oregon State College, Busch had chosen for his thesis to make a survey of certain war industries with a view to revising the industrial arts program of the city schools. A conversation with J. Graham Sullivan, Director of Vocational Education for San Diego, convinced him that he could best obtain this information by doing actual war work in a plant such as Ryan.

Summing up his observations after a month's activity here, Busch declared: "This summer's work has given me vastly increased technical information of value for my students, and far more practical experience for myself than all the seven summer schools I've attended!"

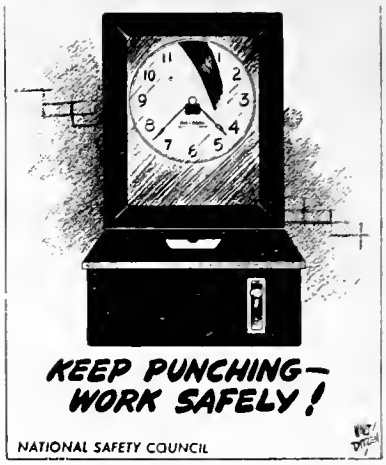
The opportunity to observe war-conditioned work, to be a part of it by working shoulder to shoulder with other craftsmen, he feels, will be especially advantageous in view of his forthcoming position as a student counselor for boys at Wilson next fall.

Charles Greene, too, was enthusiastic over his work in the Tooling Department at Ryan. "I'd never had a chance to know before just what was expected of youngsters who came into war plants after leaving my classes," he said. "Now I'll be able to help them much more than I could have if I hadn't come to spend my 'vacation' here."

Originally, Greene had planned on going north for summer sessions at Oregon State College where, like Busch, he is preparing for his Master's degree. His plans were changed by a decision that more pertinent instruction could be had by working in his chosen field at Ryan.

For Steinberg, as well as for the other teachers, this is the first experience in a factory. He expressed amazement at the exactness and precision required by, and exercised in aircraft production. On returning to his pupils, Steinberg said, it is his intention to lay particular stress on the value of accuracy in work, proficiency in blueprint reading, and teamwork in effort.

All stated their appreciation for what they have learned and declared their intention of repeating the instructive experience.



☆ ☆ ☆

IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED:

Slight Injuries and Serious Injuries

Foreman Rusty is always on the job to spot any of the boys who have small injuries, to make sure they go down to the plant first aid room promptly, for medical attention.

Lefty had been with us less than ten days when he slipped from the third rung of a ladder one morning. He only scraped his shin.

When Lefty came back from first aid, Rusty was waiting for him out in front near me and Rusty talked the accident over with him.

Rusty said, "You know, Lefty, you might have fractured your skull instead of scraping your shin. You were just lucky, that's all. I have known guys who had to be taken to a hospital and stay there a long time, as a result of falling only as far as you did."

Rusty went on, "I am just as interested in finding out why you fell off that ladder as I would be if you had fractured your skull. Once an unsafe act has been done, none of us can tell whether a slight or serous injury will result. That part of it is all luck.

"Let's go over and look at that ladder set-up you were using and see what we can find wrong with it." And off they went.

You can bet that Rusty found out why Lefty fell off that ladder. It may have been a bum ladder and shouldn't have been used at all; or maybe it was set up at the wrong angle; or maybe another man should have been holding the ladder; or maybe the ladder should have been lashed; or maybe Lefty was leaning over too far.

It's a cinch Lefty will know all about how to use ladders safely after this. That stuff about luck being the only difference between a slight injury and a serious one is pretty good dope.

A good way to figure it out is that EVERY INJURY MIGHT HAVE BEEN FATAL. Slight injuries are just as important as serious injuries. Both are bad news.

More About

Slim's Pickin's

(Continued from page 6)

some of the boys put in many late hours studying to pass the Wasserman Test. Don't they know what a Wasserman test is?

AUDREY BAY tells us she had a wonderful vacation at Sequoia National Forest, where the trees are so large that you can drive a car through one. BILL ELLIS and R. E. STEIN tried to drive through one at Lakeside, and spent several weeks in the hospital.

YOU OUGHTA SEE DEPARTMENT. You ought to see SALLY SPITALNICK'S new engagement ring! (this should be in Tom and Gerry's column. By the way, whatever happened to them? Have they left the plant?) Anyway, you ought to see NUSBAUM'S art collection. You ought to see Willetta O'Dell, the Deanna Durbin of the Drill Press, and Dorothy Wheeler, the Mary Martin of the Milling Machine. See TOM ALLISON or WALT STRINGER for free tickets to Catalina Island. And above all, you ought to see JOHNNY van der LINDE'S ears. They are marked up like a firesale. He claims he was showing the boys how to throw a boomerang, and it landed in the rose bushes. I'd like to talk to Mrs. Van, and get the real story.

HAROLD OWENS and WALLY STEVENS returned last night from a turkey dinner at one of the "Greasy Sleeves." They claim that if that turkey only knew how tough her son turned out to be, she'd turn over in her gravey.

Wonder what's happened to our poet McCafferty, the Edgar Guest of the Police Department? Since the installation of the candy machines W. R. MASNER is doing very well selling nickles for six cents. BILL CORNETT tried to buy a nickles worth of slugs. "TINY" GREEN is still looking for the yokel who filled his gloves with grease.

NIKKI GOLDEN has completed a very fine job of Defense Bond selling. But anyway, who could resist that smile and gorgeous new hair-do. I believe she could even sell me the battling rights to the Pacific Ocean. "HAP" MILLER recently bought a bond from Sally Rand when she was on personal appearance. I used to be one of Sally's biggest fans. Wouldn't you like to see the bond sales brought up to date on the bulletin board? — (Will do Slim, Editor.)

In Lana Turner's recent band-selling tour she offered to swap her kisses for purchases of $10,000 bonds—could it be said that the Treasury bank roll increased by lips and bands? . . .

As the termite said when he tasted varnish, "Well friends, we're nearing the finish." Aintcha' glad?

BILL CAMERON relates that British sailors drink gin, American sailors drink whiskey, but that Italian sailors stick to port.

I don't get it.

Mo Loft Sez

By Tom Hunt

As we go to press the thought comes to our minds of the bachelor porty that Jolly and yours truly hod the pleasure of throwing in honor of Bob Blakeney and Jim McForlone. Jim was married Sunday, August 16, and is now on his honeymoon. Bob to be in September sometime.

At writing we hove os yet received no complaints sove the one about breaking boxes in the sink. In reality it was ice, so they sent us up a pick. But we hope everyone had a good time, at least the first part of the evening. Especially Razzy, Perk, and Weed. Choppy Welsbacher enjoyed the quietness and comfort of the porch most of the evening and was only awakened with the startling revelation that he would either have to get up or spend the night there. Then there was Fred Henry who insisted on playing "Cardinal Puff-Puff." But most of the fellows were content to sit and talk about the weather and the Dodgers. (Who the heck writes this propagonda anyway?)

Carl Inglish insisted on piloting Jo Jo Duze up and down the automatic elevator for a number of trial runs before Joe got desperate and boiled out. We wonder why Jim Record failed to show? Anyway it's nice to have a get together with all the fellows in the department, and all agree that it should be done more often. That is, if our constitutions can stand it.

Is Pat Carter getting old? The other night while out at La Jolla he couldn't back Paduke IV out of a parking place, so Charlotte offered to. Manlike, Pat says, "O.K., I'd like to see ya do it." Which she proceeded to do. This didn't help the Irishman's humor too much, so she took him home in his own car. It seems as though he complained about the price of the evening's entertainment. Our guess is that he is about ready to settle into a quiet, reserved old age.

"Pack-Rat" Lee made off with a lot of dentist's paraphernalia the other day. He claims it's for building model planes, etc., but we believe he's going prospecting somewhere.

Choppy swears up and down that every straight edge he picks up is for Lines-work. And why did the red head threaten the author with malice aforethought if his name were mentioned scornfully in print? Here it is, Chop.

Several of the boys are sporting rather prominent sunburns, the result of recent vacationing.

How does Cusey like having his wife work in the stockroom next door to the Loft?

We're glad to welcome back into the Loft fold, one Herb Crouch. Guess he got homesick for sunny California, or was it the weather?

Bob (K. C.) Hites still wants to know who sabotaged his magnifying glass by painting Kansas City Flash on it. Don't you guys know he's sensitive about that neck of the woods?

Luck to Bob Smith, who recently joined the Army Air Corps. Happy Landings.

Front Views and Profiles

by R. J. Markowski

Thomas J. Allison, Sheet Metal second shift, was born in the mountains of Old Mexico in 1893. The day before his uncle rode eighty miles on horseback over a mountain trail to fetch the nearest doctor.

This it seems was a cue for his whole life for so far he has lived a rather rough and hazardous life but in spite of this, as a boy he knew as much about the old swimming hole as any other boy. He remembers once how the cop got after him for swimming in a lake that was too close into town. He had to put his clothes on while running through the streets with the cop right behind him and this wasn't any joke because somebody had tied his clothes in knots and then wet them. Anyway, the

cop didn't catch him and that was what counted most. He never went swimming in that lake again.

He worked his way through high school by working before and after school hours. This was in Los Angeles and vicinity. Since leaving high school there have been very few years that he could not be found studying or taking some course of training

In his late teens while working at cabinet making, his father gave him an eleventh interest in a gold mine that he had just discovered with the provision that Tom help him put the mine in production by working on the premises. He gained a good deal of experience here, ranging from supervision of men and keeping of books to actual mining, installation of machinery including reduction mills, pipe lines and water power and fighting forest fires. Much sheet metal is used around a place like that. They never get through packing sheet metal in.

When the Armistice was signed, he spent about four years with the Merchant Marine, running up to Alasko, and he's been in Dutch Harbor with a jammed anchor chain. He has also been in Pearl Harbor and in Cavite and Manila. He has spent three years on long range fishing vessels.

He also knows what it is like to be going along a rocky irregular coast in treacherous currents in a snowstorm with icebergs all around.

Once when off shore, Tom's mates noticed a yacht in the distance with the American flag upside down at the truck. On coming up to her, all aboard were found down with the flu. A doctor was put aboard her and she was taken in tow to the nearest port.

Once when on a trip to Cavite, P.I., with a load of fuel oil, Tom encountered two typhoons — one tropical storm right after the other. All lines aboard under six inches were working, holding the ship together. When they arrived at Cavite all was all right except that the midship house was sprung out of alignment and possibly the propeller blade had checks or cracks in it, for when they arrived back in San Francisco they only had one and a half blades out of four left on the propeller.

These are only a few of the things that Tom Allison has seen in his fifteen years at sea. Now the Navy has notified him that our Country urgently needs his sea experience, so it looks as though he will soon go back because, as Tom says: "In this crisis I want to be where I am needed most."

News 'N Views

by Dick Gillam

After two weeks on the day shift it gives me great pleasure to say that the day shift workers are one swell bunch of guys, and that the courtesy and cooperation they've extended will always be remembered.

True, they're at times a bit eccentric and must be humored; for example, "Little Joe" Skains runs around the shop saying "Do De Do." Then there was the time when Brooks broke a rope on his hammer and went after a saw with which to repair the rope; he came back and cut the wrong rope . . . and there's Earl Atkinson who runs around the shop pulling at the hair on his chest; the resemblance to the missing link is amazing. Then, too, Kinner is kept quite busy running his hammer and seven others.

The feminine welders on the day shift have really got the spirit. One young lady took really sick while on the job, and two manifold men had to help her out. She was back on duty the next day—if it's that kind of spirit that'll take to win this war . . . Boy, how can we miss?

Something new has been added! Mr. and Mrs. Bill Everly have a brand new baby boy . . . weight 10 pounds, born August 5, 1942. The little tike's name will be William Michael Everly . . . almost a jr., but Bill's middle name is "Battin" so they thought they would call the new one Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fields have something to be proud of, too, for they are the pleased parents of twins, born July 20th. There seems to be a little discussion as to what to name this duo—Jack wanted to call them Pete and Re Pete, but Mrs. Fields over-ruled with Jimmy and Jerry.

WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg

Hello folks. I am back again, and alone. My co-correspondent, Mel Minor, being on his vacation, leaves yours truly to fill this out and to give you the news as I see it from the Wing Department.

First I'll tell of the wonderful time had by all at the Wing Department's annual picnic. The ball game, horseshoe pitching, dancing . . . and especially the refreshments were tremendous successes. The ball game went off with a bang. The Curtiss Scouts defeating the Northrop Dive Bombers by the score of 20 to 3 . . . at least that was the score given me.

There was quite a contest among the horseshoe pitchers. The honors being won by Mrs. Quesheldorf among the women . . and Mr. Zook of the men. I couldn't quite understand this last part as Zook was managing the contest . . . but he explained it to me later. There was nothing to it—bet it was easy for him, as he had a chance to fix it from the very start.

The dance was very successful, with Charles Anderson of Tooling conducting his Ryan Ramblers orchestra. The sign and poster were furnished by Kellogg. Baily won the drawing of four dollars worth of defense stamps, even though he wasn't at the picnic.

Tommy Shows and Paul Carpenter took care of the beer drinking with Mr. North and Mr. Blount trying to keep their share intact.

By the way, the Japs took quite a blow that day, as there were nine dollars worth of defense stamps given away as prizes.

I am sure it was quite a blow to all the single fellows when our blonde venus, Alice, left us for the sheet metal department. Tommy who is just back from a vacation to New York swears it wasn't on a honeymoon. We have put him in charge of all traffic at the aisle intersections. These corners are worth watching out for now, with that new truck driving around the plant.

Our glamour boy and big time sport, Paul Carpenter, made the bookies cry at the track last Sunday. He won't let me tell the amount of his winnings because the revenooers might get him, but it was well over two dollars.

You really ought to know of the good work Bennett is doing with a cold chisel and sledge on those jigs, all the new cuss words Stepp is learning and using over on his side of the floor, and the lonesome mooning of Al Jueschle over the loss of his partner Smitty to manifold.

Well, I'll say goodby now—and hope that the next time we meet this department has gone 100 per cent for war bonds!

TIME STUDY

By C. W. Brown

We're glad to see Colvin back after his illness . . . hope you feel better. We realize how much your presence means when you're gone. As for Ken, he wishes to thank all the fellows and girls for their interest shown him while he was sick. "It was swell," he says, "and thanks a million."

Wou'd you like to get in on a little sight to see that has been going the round of the department? Well, stroll over to Drop-hammer some nice cool evening and watch Glen Majors going to bat. The pitcher, of course, is Harley Rubish . . . and the catcher is Roy Bolger. Yes, there are quite a few strike-outs. Why? Don't you know that Drop-hammer is Majors' pet? Well, anyhow just take this tip and it will be worth the effort.

We are glad to see M. M. Clancy back from his little sojourn to the golf course. If anyone would like some information on why not to ride a bus on his vacation . . . please contact F. P. Torry. It seems as though Torry and wife started out to enjoy a nice long ride to the northern part of the state. After riding so long and wondering where they were going to end up: "You're on the wrong bus, buddy;" "You'll have to wait eight hours for the next bus;" "You have gone by your destination;" "I'm sorry, but you will have to wait six hours for the next one;" "No, this is not your station." Suddenly up pops Torry: "Take me home. To heck with the vacation!" These are true to life experiences of a vacation trip on a bus . . . signed to and witnessed by F. P. "Bus Trip" Torry.

I think I've said enough for this time already . . . so if I don't see very well when a certain party reads this . . . . well—Oh say, by the way, would some kind person please answer a question? Is it very cold in Minnesota? From the reception I received after a certain little item a while back, I think it must be freezing there. OK, Tex, enough said about that little Texas land deal of yours. How do you do it? Will you let me in on the secret? Well . . . . **Remember to Buy Stamps and Lick the Tramps.**

LOST

Diamond Ring in yellow gold mounting. Finder please return to Pat Kregness, Inspection.

Paragraphs From Purchasing

BY EDITH SLACK

It seems in my first contribution I forgot to mention that there were three of us, including the writer, who are not in Purchasing but in the Statistical Department. Correction please! Felix Rossoll and Russell Nordlund constituted the department until help was needed and that was where I come in.

Guess the hoping we did that Bill Putnam could or would come back to work with us again did some good because Bill joined us this week. May he enjoy many happy hours while he's working with us.

Felix Rossoll took a short vacation starting August 2nd—went to Laguna and came back with a sore leg, caused by a rock hitting him while he was swimming. Although he worked a couple of days, he finally had to go to the doctor and the "doc" instructed him to stay home and rest the leg—we have been without a boss for the greater part of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Cox greeted into their family a daughter, Marilyn Joyce, the 29th of July. Speaking from a non-smoker's point of view, the cigars were swell, at least the aroma was good. We hope Mama and daughter are doing fine—we know "Dad" is!

We considered ourselves very lucky to be able to watch the test flight of the YPT without hardly stirring from our chairs. It was a thrill to me because I had never been fortunate enough to see a test of an experimental plane before.

Lillian Forrester went away on a week end as "Miss Forrester" and came back Mrs. Frank Csupak. They were married in Yuma on August 10th. The office gang started them off with some linens and many best wishes.

Greetings and salutations to Ellen Schroeder and Nancy Ruth Johnson who have joined the Purchasing Department staff since the last column to the Flying Reporter appeared.

Maxine Miller came back from her vacation looking fresh and rested. She reported her trip to be very enjoyable, but said she didn't ever want to have to make the same trip in as short a length of time again.

More Join the Ryan Honor Roll

W. Morgon
G. Crane
I. D. Hayes
T. L. Paris
R. H. Gillus
C. Cline
John P. Keough
J. F. Piasecki
A. L. Booth
R. Smith
Gordon Gershon

FINISHING

by Vi and Lil

We "unstreamlined sacks of potatoes" in the fabric department think that Slim Coats' article in the last issue of the Flying Reporter needs an answer of some sort. Since the one we have in mind would surely be bluepenciled, we will have to simmer it down to words that won't start a conflagration. Listen, Slim:

It takes a lot of corset steel
To keep the Navy on its keel;
It takes a lot of rubber girdles
To keep our forces jumping hurdles.
We will gladly bulge in slacks—
Tho we remind you of parachute packs.

We who haven't seen Slim are a bit anxious to do so. He must be a masterpiece of perfection. Naturally he would have to work on the night shift so he can attend his fashion shows and lectures in the daytime.

After all, Slim, the Ryan Aeronautical Company is not a fashion show. We are only interested in doing all we can to set the Japanazis on their Axis for all time. And the boys down under don't care what we look like in our garb. They're willing to give us credit for stepping out of our comfortable homes to do our bit in the only way we know how. (Editor's note: Don't be too hard on Slim, gals; he's got a heart as big as a barrel and is only trying to give us some laughs on the job. If you take him seriously, you're the first people who ever did.)

We have been trying to keep up with the comings and goings of our gang, but there have been so many vacations that it keeps us hopping. Dorothy S. had a month's leave and came back just long enough to break out with the measles . . . she laughed at her husband when he had them. Virginia Saunders went back to Missouri on her vocation but the thunder and lightning frightened her out again. Virginia Finnegan played nursemaid to her daughter during her week off . . . and I did the same for my small son. Lorena J. is back after a month's illness. We all hope she will be on the mend from now on.

Didn't we laugh at the joke that boomeranged on the clever boys in the dope shop?

Edith Day has sent us some mighty attractive folders from Tennessee. We hope she'll be back in the fold soon.

That "Hen Party" suggestion of Jonnie Johnson's was very good. Let's all think about a date.

We have quite a magician in our midst . . . who can put a penny in the peanut machine and get two pennies' worth of peanuts and the penny back. I'll bet some of the boys had indigestion trying to find the secret, but the hand is much quicker than the eye.

A SILVER PEACE LINING

. . . Behind Dark War Clouds

by IRENE TRAVIS

Have you ever noticed the way your young son's face shines and how his eyes light up as he looks up at the sky and sees the airplanes soaring through it? That boy is the future hope of our nation.

There's hardly a lad who can't tell you the make and performance of every plane he sees in the air, today. Their knowledge is astounding. Boys who are just a little older, and who just a few short years ago were building their own home-made models, are now the ones flying our big bombers and pursuit planes at the four corners of the earth. Today, they are the ones America is using to send her powerful answer to the forces of barbarism.

Because we went soft in hearts and heads after the last war, and so let the peace we'd won dribble through our fingers, millions of our finest manhood must do the entire job over. There will be many of our boys won won't come back . . . but they'd rather die free men than live as slaves as the peoples of France, Poland, Holland and other conquered nations are now living. **It's better to have something worth dying for than to have nothing worth living for.**

We not only have the men and women of industry, and the glory and honor of the men who fight to win, but we have also the greatest inventors of yesterday, today and tomorrow to aid in winning this war . . . and because of these great people, fewer men will have to die.

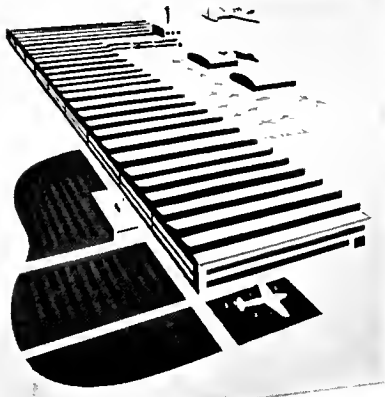
When the war is over, and the glad dawn of peace colors the horizon, we will grow an America greater than anything the world has ever known. With peace, we'll work as hard to keep it as we did to win, giving our children advantages we never dreamed of.

Planes, guns, transportation, food . . . we need them all. Right now we need all the material for Uncle Sam. But we are pressing forward in preparation for the better, happier living that Victory can bring us.

And after the war, youth has a new world to look forward to . . . the promise of the sky is a silver peace lining waiting behind those dark war clouds. We shall make our contribution the greatest that skill and energy can accomplish. We shall do our part to make the silver peace lining glow brighter . . . and the dark war cloud only a sad memory.

". . . And you're the man, Jones, who said car pooling wouldn't work."

Ryan's most modern aircraft factory is complete with facilities for producing advanced military airplanes of all types.



Built to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea, new Ryan-built airplanes will soon join the U. S. Navy in quantity.

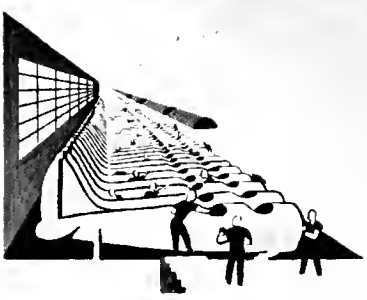
A modern engineering department with personnel seasoned in aircraft development and production problems.

RELY ON Ryan

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



Ryan production lines are speeded by many advanced techniques that have been developed by Ryan engineers.

Thousands of military pilots are winning their wings in Ryan trainers at U. S. Army and Navy air force schools and those of friendly foreign nations.

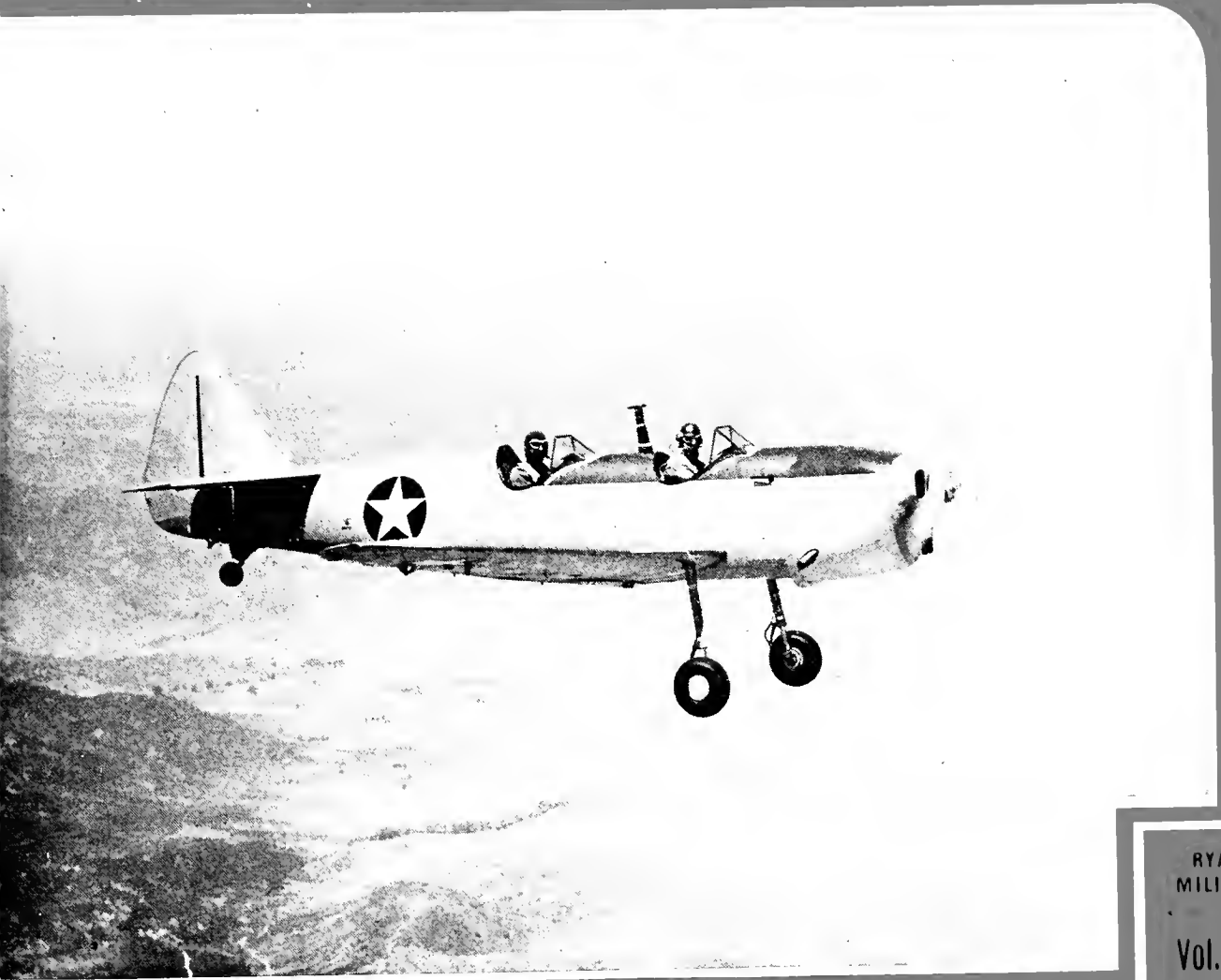
The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division is producing manifolds in volume for all types of military aircraft.

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942

Twentieth Anniversary Issue

1922 1942

Ryan Flying Reporter



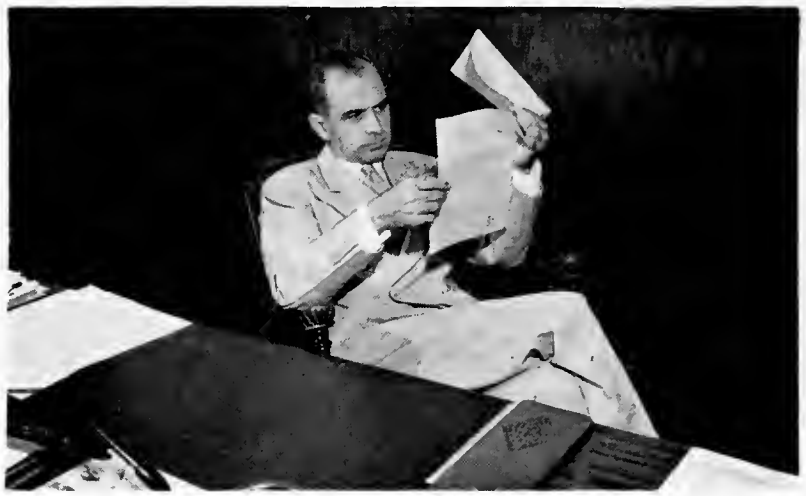
RYAN PLYWOOD MILITARY TRAINER

Vol. 4 No. 4

SEPTEMBER 18TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

An Open Letter to Claude Ryan



WE KNOW it takes thousands of men and women to make up an industrial organization like ours, charged with completing important military contracts. And we've learned, too, that every organization needs a "spark plug" to keep things "clicking."

FOR twenty years, Mr. Ryan, you've been the supercharger who has made possible the development of our present highly-regarded company from its small beginnings here in San Diego. Pioneers like you, in spite of many obstacles and countless days and months of discouragement, managed by perseverance and faith to hold together the basic framework of the aircraft industry which is making possible America's ever-increasing aerial supremacy.

SOME of us have for many years shared with you both accomplishments and disappointments; many more of us have been associated with you a shorter time, some for only a few weeks or months. But all of us, from the oldest employee to the newest, this month share with you and the whole Ryan organization the pride of having for twenty years contributed full measure to the growth of America's air progress.

WE hope we'll be able to share with you other notable anniversaries yet to come; but this is no time to rest on past laurels. The real job lies ahead and we want to do our part to get it done.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US.

Ryan Employees

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER

Plywood Trainer Takes the Air

At this, the Twentieth Anniversary of the Ryan organization, it is appropriate that a new type Ryan plane should be announced, not only because the PT-25 plywood trainer is in itself a major accomplishment but because the new project is the harbinger of other developments yet to come and concrete evidence that the company is going forward to yet greater success.

On contract for the U. S. Army, the Ryan Aeronautical Company, a pioneer of the low-wing training plane field, has completed a new plastic-bonded ply-

Giving the new PT-25 plywood trainer a close inspection the day of its first test flight are (left to right) T. Claude Ryon; Ben. T. Salmon, chief engineer; Col. Carl Brandt, Air Forces Representative; and T. W. Stickels, the Army's inspector at the Ryan plant.

wood military primary trainer of advanced design which is believed to be the nearest approach yet reached toward the almost complete elimination of strategic materials in military aircraft.

Aluminum alloys and all strategic materials have been eliminated in the new Ryan ST-4, with the exception of the engine cowling which represents less than two percent of the total weight of the airplane. No forgings, castings or extrusions are used, nor are critical steels used for any of the fittings or structural parts.

The two-place open cockpit Ryan ST-4, which bears Air Force designation PT-25, is an entirely new military airplane in design, construction and materials. It is powered with a 185 horsepower Lycoming 6-clyinder horizontal opposed air-cooled engine. Ryan technicians have drawn heavily upon their long experience in developing, manufacturing and operating training planes in order to incorporate in the new plywood plane the lessons learned in years of service with the U. S. Army and Navy, the Netherlands East Indies, China and Latin American military training organizations.

Flight characteristics of the new PT-25 approach the ideal sought for initial military instruction purposes, according to Joe Rust, company test pilot, who has been conducting the test work. In development of the new plane, Ryan engineers have particularly stressed and been able to incorporate in the design those flight and ground handling qualities which are most important from the point of view of pilot training.

In addition, many of the qualities required in a basic training airplane have been incorporated in the flight characteristics and performance of the new Ryan, even to the installation of equipment, including that for night flying, which has not heretofore been used in primary trainers.

Ryan's plywood trainer not only retains the "eye appeal" which has always characterized the long line of highly successful and popular Ryan S-T trainers but carries the design development to its most advanced stage with a beautifully finished, nicely proportioned full cantilever construction.

Modern wood construction as used by Ryan is waterproof and fire-resistant, not subject to fungus growth, with a weight-to-strength ratio greater than many high-grade steels, and a slick-skin smoothness that present metal fabrication does not approach. All exterior surfaces — fuselage, wings, control surfaces, etc. — are armored against the elements by covering them with a lightweight fabric, over the plywood skin, which is then suitably finished.

(Continued on page 14)

Construction features of the new PT-25 plastic-bonded plywood military trainer are revealed in considerable detail in the upper picture showing the basic structure before covering the airframe and installing the power plant. Below is a side view of the completed trainer ready for flight.

Sept. 18
1942

Vol. 4
No. 4

Ryan FLYING REPORTER

Published every third Friday
for Employees and Friends of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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☆ ☆ ☆

Special Features

Slim's Pickin's .....**Slim Coats**
Executive Interviews .....**Bob Close**
Sport News.....**Jack Billings**
Shop Interviews .....**Ray Morkowski**

Staff Contributors

Drop-Hammer .....Dick Gillam
Engineering .....Victor Odin
Final Assembly.....Claude Nadeau
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Margaret Fusan
First Aid.....''Doc'' Mullins
Monifold.....G. ''Bob'' Harris
Dick Ribley
Finishing .....Vi and Lil
Development .....Millard C. Boyd

☆ ☆ ☆

The list of staff contributors is compiled from the names of all who have submitted original material for any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is Sept. 30

Clean, Comfortable and Convenient Room and Board Now Available to Ryan Men

The housing and eating problem for scores of Ryan men is nearer solution today as the result of a special arrangement made by the Personnel Department with the Ryan School of Aeronautics to provide this additional employee service. The School has made available the well appointed rooms comprising the barracks at Sassafras and India streets, formerly tenanted by Army aviation cadets. A more convenient location, within walking distance of the plant, could hardly be found.

To be known henceforth as the "Airmen's Club," the buildings boast living units comparable to those obtainable in first class hotels with each unit having its own bathroom complete with shower and tub. The

rooms, unusually clean and modern, are furnished with attractive desks, lamps, chairs and beds. Linens are changed twice weekly at no added cost.

Also provided for use of tenants is a splendid recreation room equipped with lounges, radio, ping-pong table, magazines and everything else needed for pleasant leisure. Telephones are available and the matter of public transportation is easily solved by the bus-lines on India street or Kettner Boulevard.

But the best part is yet to come . . . and is found in the news that board is to be included in the unusually low price of $15 per week. Breakfast and supper will be provided by Mr. F. B. Franklin and his staff, with special attention to be paid to balanced and tasty meals. These will be served in the large dining room in plenty of time to permit tenants to get to work and to keep early evening engagements.

Limited to day workers because of the difficulty in getting the necessary help, the units will be under the direction of Mr. William Hermes, who assures that comfortable living will be encouraged but that home manners will prevail. To maintain the desired standards, references are required from former landlords, foremen, or other dependable sources. Applications should be made to Mr. Hermes on the premises at 3300 India street, at the corner of Sassafras and directly above the Consolidated plant. Room and board of $15 is payable weekly in advance on each Saturday. You'll find it well worth your time to investigate this unusual room and boarding arrangement.

Slim's Pickin's

by

Slim Coats

You've probably been reading about the terrible bombings in Europe. It's a dreadful thing that those cities and beautiful cathedrals must be flattened like a turtle's stomach. From now on no tourist will have to visit the cathedrals. You can stay right at home, and they will mail you samples.

In what other place in the world would people bury their gold under Fort Knox and then go on a treasure hunt for bent axles and busted sofa springs? Junk is about the most valuable stuff we have now, so all of our iron and steel goes into long range bombers with short tempers.

Congress knows that what happened to the Bismarck and the Redoubtable shouldn't happen to a sea-dog.

There seems to be a lot of agitation lately for beer for our armed forces. That's what we lost in 1917 when we fought for democracy. Every time we get on army together for any reason some mugg takes our beer away for no reason.

It was in 1931 during the convention in Detroit, that the American Legion interrupted a speech by President Hoover with yells of "We want beer." The President paid no attention to the yells of the Legion for beer as his specialty was feeding Belgians. However, he did walk out very dignified. It probably wasn't his turn to treat.

They got it a year later, which proves that the mills of the gods grind slowly and this time they ground malt. We think that beer is a food, but we don't think that you should make an entire meal of it.

Well, since 1931 a lot of water has flowed under bridges, but why change the subject. While you are in the army I will guarantee that I will not vote to take beer away from you. I may drink your share, but I will not deprive you of it.

We should like to offer our sincere congratulations to T. CLAUDE RYAN on this Twentieth Anniversary of the Ryan Aeronautical Company. Cato once said, " 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, we'll deserve it." And if anyone ever deserves success, Mr. Ryan does. It took more than ordinary courage, perserverance and faith to struggle through the tough years, and to convince the "long hairs" that aviation is a necessity. The Ryan Aeronautical Company is a monument to a man who refused to accept anything but victory. If you think its easy, try it yourself.

Mr. Ryan refuses to believe that he's a success, because he's never been asked to launch a battleship, butter a cornerstone, start a six-day bicycle race or throw out the first baseball of the season. There are a great many men in the plant who have refused good jobs elsewhere because they believe in Ryan achievement, and believe me, "Ryan's is still a good place ta work," So help me, yowsa.

Well, this is the day the boys in the Inspection Department take turns trimming each other's hair, and now that the summer season is over GEORGE DEW can have his fine Panama hat back. Thanks for the use of it, George.

This is also the day that "CHIEF" BRODERSON tries to get a loan from a blood bank to tide him over Saturday night. And the day that the three Musketeers McFALL, BRENNAN and HARGRAVE pack their lunches for another houseboat party. And "ACE" EDMONSTON welcomes back JOHNNY van der LINDE with a sigh of relief. Also the day that CHRIS MUELLER and ERNIE FIELDS display a great deal of interest in the Merlin job. It must be the manifold, it couldn't be the girls.

Well, we'll admit they do dress up the outfit. Now there is SYLVIA SAYRE, of Madison, Wisconsin. I think the word for it is waw. What poet was it who said, "Except I be by Sylvia in the night, there is no music in the nightingale."

DICK "LI'L ABNER" THOMPSON is with us again after a couple of years at Boeing. His sister, Jackie has joined the Emergency Corps and drives an ambulance every place. The last time she went shopping at the Five and Ten she brought out about eleven dollars worth on a stretcher.

Had you heard about RALPH GOTTSCHALK'S Grand Opening? He accidentally backed into the acid tank, and during the course of the evening the entire seat of his trousers disintegrated. You've probably wondered where BOB HARRIS gets the title "Bob's Bumps." You ought to see the bumps and bruises on his legs, caused by stumbling over parts, truck handles and paper napkins.

And the girls again. NIKKI GOLDEN and EVELYN LEWIS have made up their minds to take flying lessons, and would like to have more girls join them. KATHERINE COOPER doesn't mind grease on the outside of her gloves, but has a special vocabulary when she discovers it on the inside, ELEANOR ADAMS uses the same words, only oftener when she has grease on her ears.

Remember the article on the rubber shortage in the last issue of the Reporter? It stated that there were only 2.14 riders per car, and it tried to make us look like a bunch of heels (rubber). But take a look at it from our angle. When we were working regular shifts, it was no problem to find rides or riders. Then the

(Continued on page 18)

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO:

William Wagner, Editorial Director
Ryan Flying Reporter
Ryan Aeronautical Company
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Wagner:

I wish to acknowledge your August 7 issue of the "Ryan Flying Reporter" and congratulate you upon a very dignified and constructive publication.

I note with great interest your coverage of plant protection, safety-first, production planning, and car pooling and transportation.

I would be remiss in my appreciation of your valued contribution if I did not refer to your very timely and constructive editorial by T. Claude Ryan. He has helped us visualize the importance of service to others which is not always apparent from a standpoint of mere production. I have read Mr. Ryan's editorial with great interest.

Your joint Labor-Management Committee certainly should feel well fortified with such a splendid publication.

Thank you again for your cooperation.

Very truly yours,

Raymond W. Bellamy, Regional Representative
War Production Drive Headquarters

FOR VICTORY BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

An Airplane Is Born

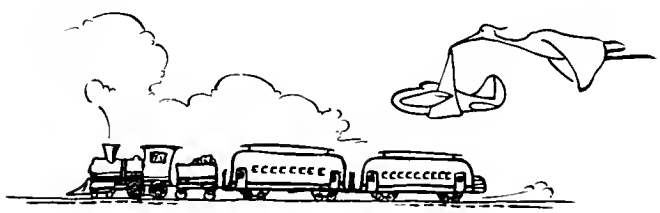
by Palmer Wentworth

Part I — PRELIMINARY STUDY AND DESIGN

This is the story of the development of a new airplane from the time it is a mere gleam in someone's eye until it ends up as the seat of a test pilot's pants.

According to Ben Salmon, Ryan's youthful Chief Engineer, its title might well be "Life Begins in a Pullman Car", for in full accordance with the best American tradition, this is where many a new design gets its first lease on life.

To prove his point, Salmon reached into his desk and drew out several sheets of well-filled scratch paper, explaining that they were notes jotted down in a Pullman car when he and Claude Ryan were



traveling East some time ago. These notes represented the information upon which was based the decision to embark upon a study of a new design.

There in Ben Salmon's hand was what might well be the first earthly evidence of a new airplane that may eventually fill the skies.

Years of work and millions of dollars are often spent in the development of an airplane. It is only reasonable then that the actual design work should be preceded by the most careful study.

Before a particular type of airplane is decided upon, all likely types are considered by the management, since it is in their hands that the final decision rests. Each is considered in the light of many factors.

Who will buy this plane? How many will they buy? How much will it cost to develop this design — and how long will it take? How soon will it become obsolete? Is it adapted to modification? How are we equipped to handle the engineering and production of this plane? How much competition is there in this class? What will the airplane cost the customer to buy and maintain?

Each type of plane is awarded points on the basis of the answers to these questions. The one receiving the greatest total number of points is then pretty certain to be the most likely to be successful.

The famous Ryan S-T's came into existence as a result of Claude Ryan's decision that, even more than a good five-cent cigar, this country needed a good low-wing, metal monoplane for use as a "sport trainer" (hence "S-T").

His decision was made on the basis of the above consideration. That he made a shrewd analysis of the airplane market and his own engineering and production staffs, and facilities, has been proven beyond question by the outstanding success of the S-T's.

Once the management has decided that a certain type of airplane may prove successful, they request the Engineering Department to make a design study. This is done by the Development Group under the direction of Millard Boyd.

Existing planes in the class under consideration are carefully studied and comparisons drawn as to their various characteristics. This information is compiled in a report to which is added the general preliminary design characteristics of an entirely new airplane. This is, of course, an airplane which the Development Group, after careful consideration, believes to have many advantages over existing versions of this class of ship.

Military ships may be developed in the manner outlined or they may have their origin in a "type specification" which is a request from one of the military services for a particular type of plane.

In any event, the Development Group's job is to develop a new airplane that will perform its function better than any of its competitors.

Although there are countless considerations involved in the design of an airplane, singleness of purpose is always the guiding star. An airplane designed to do two different jobs never can be as successful at either job as the plane developed specifically to do one of them.

Commercial transports, for instance, are designed primarily to operate at the lowest possible cost per passenger mile. Greater speeds and pay loads are sacrificed to efficiency of operation. Economic and aerodynamic factors are carefully weighed. Even the terrain over which the ship is to fly and the type of airports to be used are taken into consideration.

Having completed its preliminary study of a new design, the Development Group submits its report to

(Continued on page 9)

Manifold

by "Bob" HARRIS

Well, friends . . . ahem . . . and enemies (I put that last in so no one would feel insulted), it's been a long time since you've read my column, you lucky people.

I see our old friend, the "Champ" Burnett, really took the boys back at the testing grounds for a real show when they tried to tear that little wooden ship apart . . . and after trying everything in the book, they decided they couldn't find a flaw. Yes, Dan should really feel proud of the job his gang has done on a ship they said could never be made to stand the tests.

I see we're about to lose one of our very good friends and inspectors . . . . Thomas B. Hunt, Jr. He is leaving soon for Montreal, Canada, and will be a cadet in the R.C.A.F. Hunt, as you all know, came to work here in February this year . . . and he has done a swell job. We all wish him the best and want to thank him for the fine cooperation he has given us. We know he'll make good . . . if he can find the Nasties up in the air as easily as he finds pin holes, I sure feel sorry for them.

Red "Headache" Hammack and his Merlin . . . he came up to me last night and for no earthly reason started looking in my ears . . . and when I asked him what he was looking for, he said he'd lost six of his Merlin stacks.

Since Ryan employees recently went all-out in the American Flying Services Foundation's "Adopt A Pilot" campaign, sponsored by the company's joint management-labor War Production Drive committee, introductions are in order. The three fledglings Ryonites have taken under their wing are John Calhoun, Richard Trier, and Kenneth Hart.

Calhoun attempted to enlist in the Army Air Forces but failed because of faulty vision, since corrected with the aid of Ryan employees; he is now an Aviation Cadet. Trier, born and raised in Chicago, tried for enlistment in Naval Aviation but was rejected for major dental correction—"Now in dentist's chair." Hart, rejected by Army flight surgeons at first, has had a surgical operation on his nose and today, passed by the Army medicos, is sworn in, awaiting his call.

Here are the long-waited pictures of the three pilots adopted by Ryanites through cooperation of the American Flying Services Foundation. Left to right are Kenneth Hart, 21 years, of Los Angeles, now ready for a re-check with the Flight Board; Richard Trier, 18, of Altadena, accepted as a cadet subject to dental corrections now being tended to; and John Calhoun, 26, from Los Angeles, now an accepted aviation cadet.

NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

by NOREMAC

One of the young women in airplane production was asked about her new boy friend, "What kind of a fellow is he?" "Well," she replied, "when we were alone together last night the lights went out and he spent the rest of the evening repairing the break."

A Canadian private and a British corporal entered a "pub" somewhere in England and each ordered a beer. Before drinking his the corporal went out to buy a paper. The barmaid, a pretty wench, pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar towards the shy young Canadian. Putting her face against his, she whispered: "Now's your chance, Canada." The private looked around the empty room. "By Gally, so it is," he said . . . and promptly drank the corporal's beer.

"I suppose you'll be at the Sunday School picnic, Donald?" asked the class teacher. "No, I ain't going," Donald answered. "Do not say 'I ain't going'," reproved the teacher, "I'll give you a little example of what is right: 'I am not going, you are not going, they are not going.' Now do you understand what I mean?" "I sure do, teacher, the picnic is off."

A young private was walking through the park with his girl when he met his sergeant. "This is my sister," he explained bashfully. "That's all right," said the sergeant, "she used to be mine."

A little old lady was in the delicatessen to make a purchase. "Young lady," she said to the girl clerk, "can you tell me how you sell your limberger cheese?" "Madam," the clerk replied, "that is something I've often wondered about myself."

A big tough guy went into a garage and demanded a tire for his truck. "Sure," he was told, "we'll sell you a new tire." So he was handed one and was told the price would be $13,000. "What!" yelled the customer. "Why, of course," the seller explained, "that's $3000 for the tire and $10,000 to pay the federal fine."

He was dug out of his wrecked car and was carried to the doctor's office. "I can't do anything," said the doctor, "I'm a veterinary surgeon." "That's all right," replied the patient, "I was a jackass to think I could do 50 on those tires!"

"Slim," said Mrs. Coats, "I've been lying awake for hours waiting for you to come home from that wretched club."

"If that ain't just like a woman," replied Slim, "and I've been at the club for hours waiting for you to go to sleep."

A certain woman offered to turn her husband over in the collection of old rubber. "We can't take him," said the service station man. "Why not," demanded the woman, "he's a heel, ain't he?"

A certain man and a girl friend were at a night club. He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress a dancer wore. "Who made her dress?" he asked his companion. And she replied, "I'm not sure, but I think it was the cops!"

A boy looked up from his book and asked, "Papa, what does a man's better-half mean?" "Usually, my son," replied the father from behind his newspaper," she means exactly what she says."

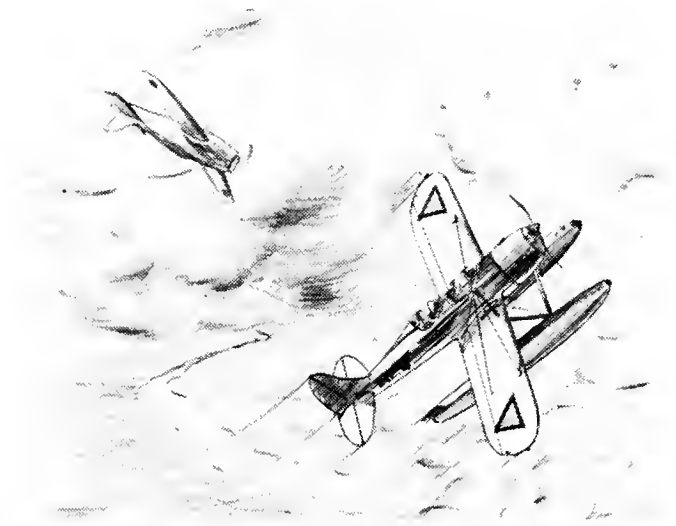
(Continued on page 14)

LET THE LONESOME REPENT

Joe Smith had a brand new car
Its seats were nice and wide
But everywhere that Joe Smith went
He had a lonesome ride.
For Joe Smith never shared his car
Nor hauled a fellow worker
That makes of him, just sure as sin,
An axis-oiding shirker.
Now, please take heed, for what we need
Are cars all full of people.
So share your car, help win the war,
By keeping all your seats full.

RYAN TRAINERS TANGLE WIT

Illustrations by Joe Thein



Can you imagine an unarmed Ryan STM-S2 seoplane trainer engaging in o dog-fight over Java with a Japanese pursuit plane?

Fontostic?

Not at all, says Earl "Chink" Lee, 22, AMM 1/c, Navy flier and brother of Rollin Lee of our own Lofting Deportment, recently returned from the Pacific war zone, who saw Ryan planes in the Netherlands East Indies engage in this ond many other types of flying which they were never designed to do.

And the story which follows will also tell something of how the fleet of Ryans was kept intoct by flying them to nearby rice poddies where they could be hidden from the Jap plones overhead—and how the Ryans performed dozens of unexpected jobs including harbor patrols and on occosion carrying three people in the two cockpits. But we're already getting ahead of our story though Lee would like us to get this thought across to you right off —

"Possibly some of your employees here who helped build the Netherlands jobs look upon them only as trainers—hardly in the class of real warplanes, but let me tell you they did a reol job there—your plones really put out!"

Two issues ago Flying Reporter brought its readers the first-hand account of the operation of Ryan land and seaplane trainers in the Netherlands East Indies as told by John Russell, Americon pilot who was under contract to the Dutch Colonial government to train military pilots at the Morokrembangan Naval Air Base at Soerobaja. Java, later to be affectionately known as "Little Pensacola."

Now Earl Lee picks up the story of the Ryan trainers where Russell left off—soon after the start of war in the Pacific at the beginning of this year.

Lee hod been transferred with his and other American Naval Air squodrons from the Cavite Navol Base at Manilo in the Philippines to the Dutch Indies bose at Soerobaja.

There he found most of the Ryan seoplane trainers doing their regulor training operations—serving as primory, basic and advanced trainers for the Dutch as described by Russell—although the Japs were daily making their woy southward to such on extent that some of the Navy's landplone STM trainers had already been flown inland to join the Army Air Forces' Ryans ot the base neor Bondoeng.

With the arrival of the American Naval squadrons the Dutch and American groups were coordinated under the direction of o Dutch Admiral and thus did the American pilots find themselves taking over some of the assignments on the Ryans.

Whenever the Jop air fleets opproached Soeraboja it was necessary to disperse the Dutch and American planes. The Ryan seoplones didn't present much of a problem, Lee says, since they were oble to fly them to nearby rice paddies which were flooded to provide "auxiliary londing fields." Javanese natives helped the American and Dutch pilots hide the ships ogoinst possible bombing and strafing attack by covering them over with readily obtoinable palm leoves. As soon as the Japs left, the pilots flew the planes back to the Soerabaja bose where training immediately resumed.

Soon the pilots found that training operotions could be combined with aerial spotting duty, ond so students and instructors were told to fly at a high oltitude and

This dromatic picture of 17 Ryan STM training planes of the Netherlonds Eost Indies in formation flight over the Naval base ot Soerobajo, Java, was mode ovoilable to Flying Reporter by John Russell, who instructed Dutch pilots in the Indies before the Japonese ottack.

keep an eye on the horizon to the north to worn of approaching Japs—which led to a number of dogfights.

More than once after spotting the oncoming Jap pursuits, the pilots of the Ryan seaplanes couldn't get them back to the bose in time and had to take to the clouds or, in several instances, try to outmaneuver the yellow fliers—and they were yellow, Lee assures us, because several of his buddies were machine-gunned while trying to parachute to safety from the Ryans.

In one instance a skillful Dutch pilot caught aloft

AP FIGHTERS

by a Jap pursuit similar to a Zero engaged him in a dog-fight for 25 minutes before finally outmaneuvering him and making his way back—full of holes and with his tab controls shot away.

"Those Ryan seaplanes could really maneuver and easily turn inside of the Jap pursuits," Lee told your Flying Reporter correspondent. "Of course, they had no guns and had less than half the speed of the Japs, but they were so positive on control and so beautiful to handle in the air that this one pilot, and others too, were able to return from the one-sided dog-fights—even though somewhat shot up.

"Actually some of the pilots felt so confident of the Ryans that in all seriousness they wanted to put .30 calibre machine guns on them and go out and engage the Jap fighters.

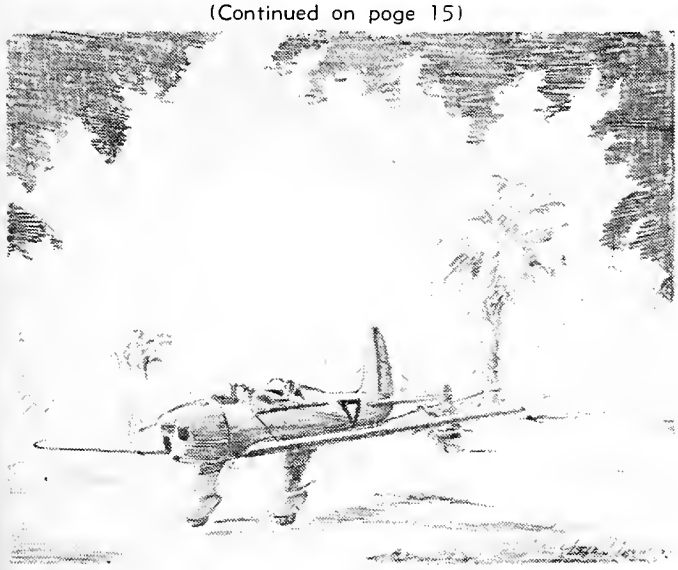
"We really operated our American squadrons and the Dutch planes under handicaps aplenty. For instance, it wasn't at all unusual for the Dutch and Javanese mechanics to repair the bullet or shrapnel torn metal fuselage of one of the Ryans by the simple expedient of covering the opening with fabric and doping it on.

"One really effective use they found for the Ryans after things got too hot for training was to carry critically needed supplies to ships hidden in sheltered harbors, and supplies and medical supplies to outposts along the island coastline. Some of the STM-S2 seaplanes were also sent to Borneo early in the war to perform harbor patrol duty."

A lot of the pilots thought they knew how to get planes into and out of small emergency fields but they really learned some new tricks in the S-T landplanes, says Lee.

"We had to disperse the landplane trainers, too, whenever the Japs raided and that meant flying them inland to small fields and clearings. Many of them were far too small for operations but by use of full flaps and an occasional intentional ground loop we got them into some tight spots.

(Continued on page 15)



S-C's Take Movie Role of Jap Attack Planes in "Wake Island"

Ryan S-C low-wing cabin monoplanes, of unimpeachable American lineage, were selected by Paramount to play the roles of enemy Japanese attack bombers in "Wake Island," the film saga of Marine heroism.

This was no reflection on the patriotic qualities of these Ryans, but more of a suggestion that in warplanes as in other matters the sons of Nippon are indefatigable copyists. Paramount's research department discovered that the Japanese Nakajima 97's bear a remarkable resemblance to the Ryan S-C low-wing monoplanes in outward appearance.

The studio property department discerned that by repainting the American ships and changing the markings to the Rising Sun insignia it could have for all cinematic intent and purpose a virtual twin of the carrier-based planes which attacked Wake Island.

This settled, the next problem was to obtain use of the Ryans planes needed to portray the Nakajimas for spectacular dogfights with defending Grumman planes over the Great Salt Lake where the aerial sequences were to be filmed. The Ryan Aeronautical Company at San Diego supplied O. C. Stratton, head of the studio property department, with a list of the owners of all planes of this make.

There were only a limited number of the S-C low-wing monoplanes built, company records disclosed, because manufacture of this outstanding private-owner craft was discontinued when the firm concentrated its production on military aircraft. Three of these had been taken outside of the country. That left less than two dozen possibilities.

Stratton by telegraph contacted the owners of all S-C's in this country. He traveled 13,000 miles by plane and train in two weeks calling on the owners and obtaining options on many of the ships. The planes were in Hollywood, San Diego, Kansas City, Mo., Hays, Kan., Chicago and Philadelphia.

The five planes finally leased for the picture were from the Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego,

(Continued on Page 16)

WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 81%

ALL FIGURES AS OF SEPTEMBER 1

Laboratory	Over 95%
Methods Engineering	Over 95%
Inspection	Over 95%
Sheet Metal	Over 95%
Drop-Hammer	Over 95%
Wing Assembly	Over 95%
Sub-Assembly	Over 95%
Finishing	Over 95%
Fuselage	Over 95%
Final Assembly	Over 95%
Electrical Maintenance	Over 95%
Dispatching	Over 95%
Plant Police	Over 95%
Accounting	Over 95%
Personnel	Over 95%
Maintenance	88%
Engineering	85%
Tooling	70%
Experimental	70%
Lofting	69%
Carpenter-Janitor	62%
Stainless Steel	61%
Tool Design	58%
Manifold	56%
Office and Supervisory	54%
Stockroom	53%
Machine Shop	52%
Sub and Ship Welding	50%
Modeling	46%

We Can't All Go!

Only one out of twenty men in the United States will be called to active duty . . . a duty filled with many hardships, dangers . . . yes, even death. It is a duty to protect their families and relatives, friends and neighbors, a duty to protect and serve their country . . . your country . . . and serve it with a willingness and spirit that only the American people have.

We on the home front also have that same spirit; it has been shown many times by the ever increasing total of plane, ships and munition production. But the cost of these planes, ships and munitions is greater every month. To pay for them, our country is asking you for money . . . in a typically American way, of course. It asks not for a gift, but for a loan which will be repaid with a good rate of interest.

The Treasury Department, again in a typically American way, has appealed . . . not demanded . . . to each employee to participate in his company's payroll allotment plan. This is a plan whereby the Ryan employees can turn part of their earnings into planes and ships and guns regularly, every pay-day through the systematic purchase of U. S. War Bonds. When we have answered this appeal, the Treasury Department awards the Ryan Aeronautical Company employees the coveted MINUTE MAN flag.

And although the flag doesn't go into the smoke of battle, it signifies to the world that our company's workers have attained victory on one of the many home fronts.

WE CAN'T ALL GO OVER . . . BUT WE ALL CAN COME ACROSS!

Indicating departmental standings in War Bond drive, this huge mosaic graph's pattern changes—substituting for Hitlerhita's face a minute-man panorama as drive proceeds.

War Dept. Statement Sees Workers' Importance

Aircraft workers who recently have enlisted or planned to enlist in the armed services could, in many instances, "contribute more to the war effort, and exoress their patriotism just as much, by remaining in their present jobs" Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson recently telegraphed the Aircraft War Production Council, Inc., of which the Ryan Aeronautical Company is a member.

A similar telegram was received by Brig. Gen. Charles E. Branshow, District Supervisor, Western Procurement District, Army Air Forces.

Undersecretary Potterson's telegrom, clarifying previous confusing statements from other sources, on the draft status of war production workers, follows:

"The War Department is grovely concerned at the number of men highly trained in production design and other technical fields leaving the aircraft industry to enlist or to receive commissions in the armed forces.

"These moves are motivated by highest patriotism, but in many instonces such men could contribute more to the war effort and express their patriotism just as much by remaining at their present jobs to guard against disruptions to production caused by withdrawal from industry of persons in highly critical occupations.

"No voluntary enlistments in the Army will be accepted from 2A, 2B and 3B registrants without clearance from their local boards.

"The Army will not offer commissions to men who in the opinion of the Army can make greater contribution to the war effort by remaining in industry. Deferment from induction through Selective Service System rests with Selective Service local boards which have been advised to defer certain categories of technically trained men in the aircraft industry.

"Employers have an important role in process of obtaining occupational deferments. When local boards do not defer men for whom employers have requested deferment, the employer should take appeals. Although there is no intention of inducting men into the Army regardless of their job status, employers must be constantly mindful of pressing needs of the Army for ever increasing numbers of able bodied men. Programs for training and for full utilization of women and older or physically disqualified men must be vigorously carried forward.

(Signed) Robert P. Patterson,
Undersecretary of War."

The member companies of the Aircraft War Production Council have for several months cooperated with Selective Service officials in working out an orderly method for training women or other replacements for war workers of military service age who can be inducted without disrupting production.

COMMITTEE SEEKS SUGGESTION WINNER NAMES

Employees who have offered suggestions through the plant suggestion system and have qualified for awards have in some instances failed to turn in their stubs so that they may be properly recognized by the management-labor Production Drive Committee for their contributions to the war effort.

It is possible, also, that in certain instances some of these suggestions may receive consideration by the management for the additional award of War Bonds or War Stamps.

It is therefore urgently requested that the holders of the following numbered stubs drop them into the suggestion box located at the main plant exit after writing on the stub their name, department and badge number.

Among the persons sought by the committee is the holder of the stub for the first Gold Award authorized.

If you are the holder of any of these stubs please act now to advise the suggestions committee.

Gold Award
0319
0320

Silver Award
0072

Bronze Award
0084
0151

Certificate of Merit
0138
0145
0314
0327

The joint management-labor Production Drive Committee is also anxious to contact these and other employees who have submitted outstanding suggestions, in order that we may supply pictures and articles which are constantly sought by leading aviation and factory magazines concerning production ideas originating with the men on the production battle line.

PLEASE LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

AIRPLANE DESIGN—Wentworth

(Continued from page 4)

the management who study it further. If the embryo design meets their approval, a design directive is issued and the Engineering preliminary design group swings into action, developing their design a little further.

General arrangement and inboard profile drawings, as well as aerodynamic reports and performance estimates are drawn up. This data, coupled with cost analysis and figures provided by the management, is submitted to prospective customers and provides them with sufficient information to decide whether this is the plane they are interested in.

Up to this point, not a single working drawing has been made. The plane exists only in proposed form as a series of reports, correspondence, and very general drawings. There is a big job of engineering to be done, and how this is accomplished will be described in the next issue.

New Lunch Service Popular

Into every sandwich and salad purchased by Ryanites from the new factory lunch service go forty years of culinary experience. This represents the amount of time F. B. Franklin, commissary head of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, which operates the service on a non-profit basis, has devoted to learning and practicing his profession.

That the employee patrons of the mobile food counters recognize and appreciate his familiarity with the proper ways of preparing and serving food is demonstrated by the manner in which they make hundreds and hundreds of sandwiches disappear each day, accompanied by forty-five gallons of coffee that is, according to unbiased samplers, "enough to make wives jealous."

Included in a typical menu that daily falls victim to Ryanites' voracious appetites are the following: Sandwich meats — roast pork, roast beef, baked ham, salami; then there are several cheeses, avocado, deviled ham and egg, with many other tempting combinations. Salads offered are kidney bean, macaroni, potato, and fruited gelatin. Nearly a dozen varieties of pies are listed, as well as fresh fruits. Top this off with a selection of milk, tomato juice, orange juice, or the afore-mentioned coffee — and you've really had a meal fit for the proverbial king.

F. B. Franklin comes by his cuisine superiority quite naturally. His father, Rupert Franklin, was known the country over as a caterer par excellence. Pleasing "the crowned heads of Europe" was no idle jest in the case of Franklin, senior — for in his duties at the Liederkranz Club, hub of the gourmet's existence in New York City, he was accustomed to preparing banquets and food specialties for visiting royalty. His fame expanded and he became purveyor to President Theodore Roosevelt and later to William Howard Taft.

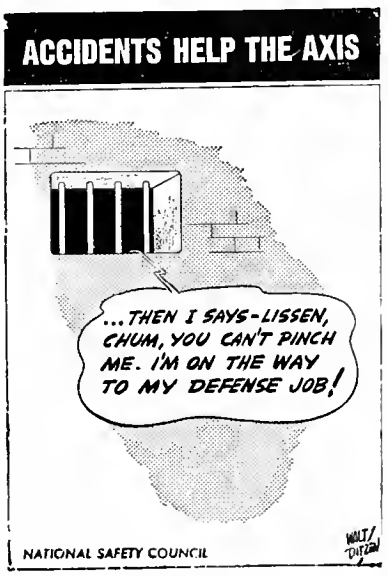
By assisting his father, Mr. Franklin learned the mysteries of preparing good food and soon branched out on his own by taking a storekeeper's position with New York's Brevoort House. In succession he then traveled on to bigger and more important culinary posts at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago, the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee, the Lafayette in Philadelphia, Planter's in St. Louis and many equally famed places where bon-vivants were in the habit of gathering.

Coming to the coast in 1907, Franklin became manager of the world renowned Hoffman Cafe in Los Angeles, moving later to Boos Brothers and the Quinby Chocolate Shops. Sixteen years followed with the Pig and Whistle corporation, and for them he opened and managed many of their popular eating places. In 1939, he went to the Hollywood Bowl to supervise the eating concessions and from there to the St. Catherine Hotel on Catalina Island where he remained chief steward until the war brought a cessation to the Island's social activities. He found a ready place as catering manager for the Chapman Park Hotel, cultural center of Los Angeles.

In April of 1941, the Ryan organization brought Mr. Franklin down to San Diego to supervise the housing and feeding of the Army aviation cadets training at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. When they left the India Street barracks for their new home in Tucson, he was asked to set up an improved food service arrangement for Ryan employees.

Asked their favorite recipe, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin offered the following specialty as one that Ryanites could, without too much effort, make at home. This unusual recipe for barbecued spareribs, they revealed, was given them by a Chinese cook famed for his ability to produce a superior barbecued dish. As a token of their appreciation for the way in which Ryanites have approved their efforts to furnish tasty, healthy meals on a budget basis, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin have decided to call it "Barbecued Spareribs a la Ryan." Here it is:

Have spareribs cracked through centers. Cut into 3-inch squares. Rub each piece with prepared mustard. Lay these in roasting tin and pour honey over them. Now over this pour a cup of soya sauce. (Note: do not otherwise salt or pepper.) Roast in oven of 250-300 degrees for one and a half hours. For sauce, put cooking oil in frying pan and into this cut a clove of garlic. Cook til the garlic is tender. Now take a half teaspoonful of dry mustard, half teaspoonful of flour, mixing with oil and garlic to make a paste. Add a quarter teaspoonful of chile powder. Take meat out of roaster and add sauce paste to liquid from meat. Stir until blended. Serve sauce in individual dishes.—(Editor's note: I can't wait to get home to the kitchen . . . can you?)



PLANE PRODUCTION SPEEDED BY WORK OF AIRCRAFT WAR COUNCIL

"If we can't get these alloy castings heat-treated by Monday there'll be a production delay," phoned the manager of a plant making bombers.

"We'll have it for you on time," said the manager of a second, entirely independent plant, and the work was delivered early Monday morning. The second plant had put 35 furnace loads of castings through its furnaces in three shifts on Sunday, and a serious production delay was averted.

It was a new kind of teamwork, under which the men and machines of each of the eight Southern California aircraft plants are ready at any time to throw their weight behind the other plant's production schedule.

Instances of this kind of collaboration now run into the hundreds, in the records of the Aircraft War Production Council, which was organized shortly after Pearl Harbor for exactly that purpose. The eight member companies, including the Ryan Aeronautical Company, now operate as one unit in the vitally important job of building military airpanes.

It helped to have the companies close together geographically, so that convenient interchange of men, materiel and services could be made on a moment's notice.

Wartime experience has shown that among these companies there are constantly arising opportunities when one company has a material in stock which will save another plant a shut-down; or a crew of skilled men which can be loaned for a specific rush job to be performed at cost; or has already completed some aerodynamic research or materials testing which there is no reason for some other member company to do all over again.

Such cooperation has extended into every field of the business — through all of the eight functional concerns into which the airplane manufacturing field was divided: Production, Materiel, Engineering and Standards, Transportation and Housing, Accounting, Plant Defense, Industrial and Public Relations, and Industrial Training. Each of these divisions is represented by a committee called the Advisory Group, which sits periodically with the Board of Directors, comprised of company heads, to report progress and receive project assignments.

Armed with the power to make prompt decisions, the Advisory Committees, composed of top men in every case, are able to cut through red tape and obtain results. Many company problems are mutual, the aim of the Advisory Committee being to examine and adopt the best procedures in each field.

Members of the Advisory Committee are free to interchange all information which will help in the war production of the company receiving the information, without regard for protection of manufacturing processes which in normal peace times might be regarded as secret. This information is available not only to members of the Council, but to manufacturers and Government agencies outside of the Council, in exactly the same manner as the information is interchanged among Council members.

Thus the Advisory Committee on Production has already worked out 55 new procedures for speeding aircraft production, with sub-committees working on utilization of machine capacity, inspection standardization, production, scheduling and progress control, and coordination of spare parts manufacture. Materiel itself has been interchanged in many hundreds of instances, engineers and research findings made freely available to all. The latter subject has involved the trading of 283 engineering reports.

T. Claude Ryan represents the Ryan Aeronautical Company on the Board of Directors which is comprised of the presidents of the eight Southern California aircraft factories — Consolidated, Douglas, Lockheed, Northrop, North American, Ryan, Vega and Vultee.

Ryan representatives on the Council's Advisory Committees are:

James C. Nookes, ACCOUNTING.

B. T. Salmon, ENGINEERING & STANDARDS.

Gary O. Adams, INDUSTRIAL & PUBLIC RELATIONS (Industrial Relations Section).

William Wagner, INDUSTRIAL & PUBLIC RELATIONS (Public Relations Section).

L. E. Plummer, INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

Fred W. Ford, MATERIEL.

Albert M. Gee, PLANT DEFENSE.

Eddie Molloy, PRODUCTION.

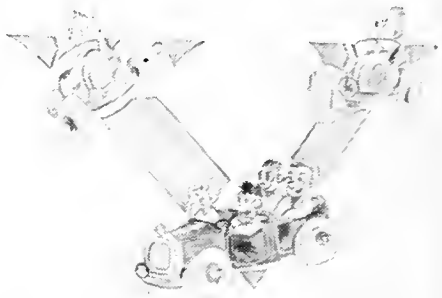
James W. Bunnell, TRANSPORTATION & HOUSING.

R. T. Kelley, SPARE PARTS.

New Transportation Desk Aids Ryanites

The management, which has for some time been concerned about the transportation problem of its employees, has added another service in their behalf. A transportation desk is now operating in the Personnel Department and, with the help and cooperation of each employee, will endeavor to solve transportation difficulties of those who wish rides and those who wish to share their cars.

With the ominous increased shortage of rubber, it becomes necessary for the tire-rationing boards to tighten their restrictions



on certification for recaps. Our transportation desk has been advised that only those cars carrying a capacity load will receive even initial consideration.

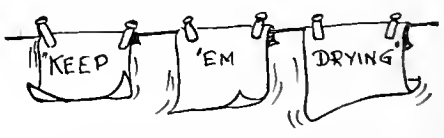
In view of this declaration, it behooves all employees who are now driving to work with empty or only partially filled cars to submit their names to the transportation desk in the Personnel Department which will arrange to correct the situation, thus increasing the employee's possibility of obtaining recaps.

TAPPIN'S FROM TOOLIN'

By Chas. Anderson

This isn't Spring but there's nothin' but romance going on around here. We could start out with something about that boy in Sheet Metal and Margie. We could mention Bradley and Jerry, the gal who keeps her nose to the grindstone.

"J. B." our do-all man is about to tie the knot, if you can put any confidence in rumors. We might add . . . it's going to be a nurse. Charley Giles is cooking his own breakfast these days, as Mrs. Giles is the proud mother of a new boy as of September the 8th. Congratulations, Charley—keep 'em flying.



As we go to press, Pete and Maruin are signing up for the ground crew of the Air Corps. Mr. Du Bois doesn't like to dance, but Mrs. Du Bois does. Your reporter went stag (Navy has a higher priority on my gal) . . . so we had a pretty good time at the C. I. O. dance at Mission Beach.

E. E. "Bud" BEERY

Wing Assembly

"Hey, mister, give me a ride?"

The host of barnstorming pilots who heard the plaintive request and turned to see an eager sixteen-year-old imploring them for a hop over Wellsville, Kansas, would never recognize the foreman of Ryan's Wing Assembly department today. Yet the farm boy and "Bud" Beery are one and the same.

While Wing Assembly, which claims his talents now, represents a long jump from the wheat-fields of Payola, Kansas . . . where Bud was born and raised . . . his early training was excellent preparation for our subject's career in aviation. Almost ever since Bud can remember, self-reliance and hard work have been his long suit. At twelve years of age, when most youngsters are grooming themselves to join the Boy Scouts, he was working in a bakery from four o'clock in the morning until nine a. m. Next on the agenda was a day's session in school. But when his schoolmates escaped the classroom to run home for play and dinner, Bud would trudge back to complete his work at the bakery.

For the ensuing two years, he tried farming with moderate success and then, at the ripe old age of fifteen deciding he had come into man's estate, Bud left school, picked up a few personal belongings and moved off to see the big city as represented by Wellsville . . . population, 500.

When he wasn't clerking in a drug store there, he was parked over at the local airport . . . in reality an emergency landing field where barnstorming pilots set their ships down to rest a while and to do some hangar-flying with their adventurous buddies. Here Bud was able to use his smile and enthusiasm sufficiently well to mooch rides now and then. Occasionally, a friendly pilot would give him some instruction and let him handle the plane a bit. From this Bud developed a love for flying and aircraft that could be satisfied only by closer and more frequent contact with the real thing.

Not having yet been able to accumulate a fortune at the drug store, and to further his newly laid plans, Bud decided to enter an aeronautical school; after some deliberation he selected as the outstanding one the Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego.

By now, he had married Verna Fiehler of Wellsville and together, they determined he should waste no further time in starting on his chosen work. Just to be nearer the heart of the aviation industry at the Ryan School seemed an important step so, leaving his wife at home until he had enough money to send for her, Bud set off for San Diego where he planned to stay with his sister who lived here.

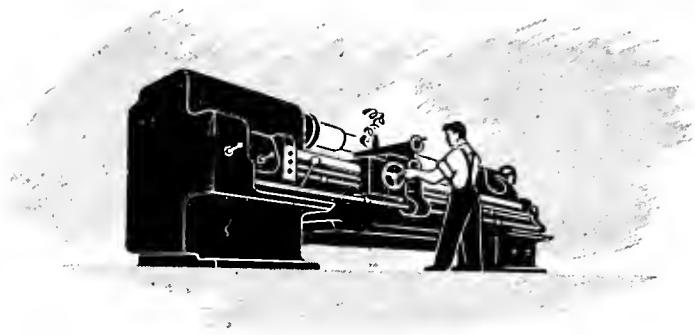
Here, within a short space of time, two momentous things happened to him. His luck changed with the announcement from home that he was the father of a baby girl. Gay, and he was hired for Ryan by Walter Locke, then a combined personnel-production-purchasing manager. Bud sent for his family.

The renowned S-T's were just making their appearance on the market when Bud started with the company in the Wing department in 1936. Latin American contracts began to pour in and, as the need developed, he was transferred from one department to another. Finally, however, he returned to roost in the Wing Department, then under the eye of Dan Burnett.

At that time, the Wing Department encompassed fabric work, upholstery, contract upholstery, armrests, building the empennage for the S-C's, and doing all experimental work. "Production," muses Bud, "was really 'hot' when we rolled out three S-T's a week!" The boys would build a few ships and then crate them before commencing others. To keep up with orders, they often worked until late at night—Sundays as well. Claude Ryan, Bud recalls, dropped in daily to chat with the boys and to buy them a "coke."

(Continued on page 20)

MEN AND MACHINES — WORKING FOR VICTORY



A machine tool may be defined as any power-driven machine, non-portable, whose purpose is to cut metal by chipping. However large or small a machine tool, however complex or simple it may be, you may be sure that it employs one or more of five principles — turning, boring, planing, milling, or grinding—to do its work.

Turning is accomplished by revolving a piece of metal on centers at speeds up to 2,400 RPM. As the work turns, cutting tools are applied precisely and the metal is removed. The principle of the lathe has been known and used by man for thousands of years.

Machines that cut round holes in metal use the principle of boring. Some tools, like drills, make new holes in solid metal. Others, such as reamers and boring-cutters, are used to finish up or enlarge a hole that has already been made. Boring may be done by a single drill or on a great multiple-spinder machine that cuts more than 100 holes at a time.

The principle used in planing metal is the same as that used in planing wood. In this case, however, the work moves backward and forward under a rigid cutting tool. When the cutting tool moves over the metal, the operation is called shaping, and the machine tool is called a shaper.

A milling machine is equipped with a rotating cutter which has many teeth. As the work moves under the spinning teeth, the metal comes off in the form of chips. The action of a milling machine resembles that of a circular saw, but the cutter itself, instead of being a thin disc, is usually a cylinder with many sharp edges.

Grinding is usually the first and the final machine-tool operation that metal parts receive. Grinding machines clean the surface of castings and forgings as they come into the shop, and grinders also polish and buff the finished parts until they meet the last fraction of the required dimension. Grinding employs the age-old principle of applying metal to a revolving abrasive wheel.

There are many machine tools which are a modification of one of the five basic principles and some two kinds of machining may be employed in the same machine, such as turning and boring. In addition, there is a wide range of special attachments and tooling which adapt a standard machine to do some particular job to the best advantage. And there are also many kinds of highly special machines designed and built for single purposes.

Machine tools are the master tools of industry. There are more than 250 different kinds of them, and they all perform, basically, one job: They work metal to the shape and size that the blueprint calls for. Whether they drill or bore or cut or plane or grind, their function is the same. They are to industry what the sculptor's chisel is to art. Their raw material is a casting or a forging that has been formed to the rough dimensions of the finished job. Starting with this, machine tools create in metal the exact piece—the gear, the bolt, the shaft, or the bearing — which the designer has specified.

Machine tools are precision tools. They work on constant and intimate terms with tolerances as fine as one-thousandth of an inch—approximately one-third of a human hair. It is this kind of accuracy which makes mass production possible. Because of it, a man on an assembly line can take at random any one of a thousand pistons, place it in any one of a thousand cylinder blocks, and know that the fit of cylinder and piston is right. Valves and valve seats, wheels and wheel hubs, propellers and propeller shafts are thus made separately, in enormous volume, and their assembly is a matter of routine.

One of the biggest jobs that machine tools constantly perform is the making of more machine tools. They are the only machines which reproduce themselves. But it is a paradox that they — the machines of mass production — are difficult to produce by mass-production methods. Except for small standard lathes and drilling machines, most machine tools are built to order — to perform one special operation. This means individual production. And individual production means time.

In a turret lathe, for example, there are more than 3,000 parts. There are six times as many gears as there are in an automobile transmission. A very large machine tool may weigh several hundred tons and take more than a year to build.

These are purely mechanical difficulties. The human difficulty is that to any machine-tool craftsman worth his salt, a half an inch is a long day's journey. Even an eighth or a sixteenth is a good stout walk. As a fraternity, machine-tool craftsmen feel at home in the cloistered regions below one ten-thousandth of an inch. Once there, however, they move about with care. For a thousandth of an inch the wrong way in an airplane cylinder might cost a battle. And a 90-millimeter barrel that is untrue by even the fraction of a hair may cost a ship or a salient position.

Beyond certain limits, then, the machine-tool builder cannot hurry. His business is to save time for industry. To those who clamor for speed and more speed, he has one unassailable answer: It takes time to save time.

The records show, however, that mass production or no mass production, the machine-tool builder is a past master in the art of saving time. In 1900 he was removing metal at the rate of one-fourth pound per minute. Today 17 pounds per minute curl away from the edge of his cutting tools — and the accuracy of the work has increased tenfold. He can shave a 2-inch bar of steel down to a diameter of 1.85 inches almost 80 times faster than he could 40 years ago.

He has constantly improved the productivity of his machines, giving them more speed, more power, more rigidity, better lubrication. New cutters are made of hard steel alloys containing such metals as tungsten, tantalum, and titanium. His cutters today remove hard steel at an astounding rate. On brass and aluminum the cutting speed is tripled.

These are the normal improvements of peacetime, but under press of a national emergency the entire industry really moved into high gear. As a result, machine-tool output today is more than five times as large as it was in 1939. Last year's value was approximately $840,000,000 — this year's value may reach an annual rate of $2,000,000,000 by fall. Every day sees mounting machine-tool capacity being translated into ships, planes, tanks and guns.

Important as machines are in this war, they do not replace men. On the contrary, the more war becomes mechanized, the more it calls for manpower behind the lines. For every man at the front today, we need many times one at home. For every army on the battlefield, there must be more armies behind the lines—in the factories, on the farms, in the mines, the shipyards, the steel mills, the laboratories, the hospitals.

It is a far cry from the day of the self-sufficient soldier of the Roman legion, who moved into battle with only his sword and shield. Today's mechanized armies cannot function without the full support of the men in industry who provide them with weapons, ammunition, transportation . . . with all of the technical equipment to carry through the complex operations of modern war.

The increase is spread over all civilian activity—over every man, woman, and child —but a heavy share of the increase falls to skilled men in industry — to machine-tool builders and machine-tool operators and engineers, who are charged with the job of keeping the production lines moving faster and more surely than they have ever moved before.—War Production Drive Headquarters, War Production Board.

Programs Reveal Ryanites' Talent As More Planned

The debut of nine Ryanites in a variety program at the U.S.O.'s swing shift dance late last month proved the signal for organization of a Ryan employees' entertainment troupe whose talented members have since been called upon to perform on the radio and stage.

While seemingly a considerable departure from their usual daytime activities of helping swell the output of U. S. warplanes, the Ryanites took to this fling at show-business like a hoofer takes to the first six bars of "Swanee River."

Sponsors of three recent programs for which employees have provided talent were unanimous in their acclaim of the acts presented and the professional

The voices of six Ryan employees were heard over the air recently via KFMB when the above shown group presented its dramatic conception of highway dangers accentuated by the lighting dim-out orders. Those who appeared in the program sponsored by the Traffic Education Division of the Police Department were, left to right, Pat Bettencourt, Gerry Wright, Garrick O'Bryan, Eddie Piersol, Jacques Westler and Wally Kadel.

manner in which they were staged. If any other seal of approval were needed it would be found in the continuous applause from the audiences and the numerous encores demanded and received.

In response to a request from the Traffic Education Division of the San Diego Police Department, six employees wrote and presented a fifteen-minute radio show heard September 1st over station KFMB. Appearing in a drama concerning the dangers of living under the current dim-out conditions were Pat Bettencourt, Methods Engineering; Gerry Wright, secretary to the Factory Manager; Garrick O'Bryan, Personnel Department; Jacques Westler, Manifold; Wally Kadel, Job Evaluation; and Eddie Piersol, Public Relations Department.

The same week a pair of Ryanites entertained war workers living at Linda Vista who were generous in their prolonged applause. J. D. Krause, from Manifold, whose ability on the accordion earned him many encores, played "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" and "The Eyes of Texas." Then, under the leadership of Doc Brath, First Aid, the entire audience joined in some much-enjoyed community singing.

Late last week six members of the troupe journeyed out to Bayview Park Village, another war workers' housing unit, and there presented a program that had the audience bruising its palms for over an hour. Dan Driscoll, Ryan Fire Chief, whose wife arranged for the evening, gave assurances that never before had a group of performers at the Bayview Park auditorium given such an appreciated program and he revealed that a full report on the entertainers' successful efforts had been forwarded to housing authorities in Washington.

Junie Bethke, magician and hypnotist extraordinary from Engineering, had the spectators completely baffled with his legerdemain and fully convinced, before his departure, that the hand really is quicker than the eye. Del Runquist, tenor from Methods Engineering, received ovation after ovation for his beautifully rendered vocal numbers which included "Miss You" and "You're the One Rose." J. D. Krause again exhibited his versatility on the accordion by playing everything from the difficult classics to the hottest jazz. Eddie Cavajal, from Manifold, assisted by his charming wife gave the audience a dance exhibition that showed the latest developments in jitterbugging and, together, they cut every rug in the building with a foot-work display that had the watchers more exhausted than they.

Special thanks went to F. P. Tarry, Methods Engineering, who produced and m.c.'d the show. Tarry

An audience composed of war workers living at the Bayview Park Village defense housing unit early this month applauded the acts presented by the group of Ryanites pictured. In the Civilian Defense sponsored show were: left to right, accordionist J. D. Krause, magician Junie Bethke, vocalist Del Runquist, Master of Ceremonies F. P. Tarry, and jitterbugs Eddie Cavajal and Mrs. Cavajal.

proved an experienced trouper and few of those being entertained by his ready wit suspected that he had just painfully sprained his ankle prior to entering the auditorium.

With the success of the Ryanite entertainment troupe already assured by the excellence of its recent programs, plans are now being made to enroll more members and to branch out into larger fields of performance. Radio talent is also being sought and El Berry, Tooling Inspection, is organizing a light concert orchestra. All employees who can act, sing, dance, or play musical instruments are urged to leave their names at the Personnel Department so they may take part in the cavalcade of fun that is being planned.

More About

PLYWOOD TRAINERS

(Continued from page 1)

Little special equipment is required in building the new Ryan plywood trainer as cold-setting glues, which do not require "tricky" handling, are used. The only molded plywood section is the leading edge of the outer wing panel. Standard size flat plywood sheets are employed for all other parts of the airplane, and since all shaping of the fuselage and other units is done over large radii, no complex forms are required for fabrication. The phenol formaldehyde resin-

Ryan engineering and production men who saw the new plywood trainer project through from drawing board to flight article in record time included in front row, left to right, Will Vandermeer, chief project engineer; Millard C. Boyd, chief development engineer, and M. M. Cattrell, project engineer, and in rear, left to right, William A. Meixner, foreman of experimental department; Kenneth K. Krull, assistant foreman, and Dan Burnett, superintendent of plant No. 2.

banded processes enter into the manufacture of the Ryan plywood trainer only indirectly since this wark is done by the supplier of the flat plywood sheet. Lamination is featured throughout the airplane in detailed parts including rib cap strips, spars and fuselage bulkheads.

The simple wrap-around skin covering lang employed by Ryan in the fobrication of the metal-fuselaged S-T type airplanes is incorporated in the new PT-25. Flat sheets easily produced and standardized in thickness and in size for years by all plywood manufacturers are wrapped around the required internal structure. Cold setting urea formaldehyde resin bonds the parts together permanently and is unaffected by moisture or weathering. Quickly applied clamps ar nailing strips provide the required joint pressure.

In many ways Ryan has gone in the opposite direction fram most of the manufacturers working in plywood in that the simplest possible methods of fabrication have been used; methods which da not require extensive equipment and involved handling. Ryan's process eliminates all complicated baking methods requiring ovens, tanks, air bags or other specialized equipment and would permit fabrication of complete units or assemblies by furniture manufacturers, cabinet shops or other related commercial wood-working organizatians.

Unlike many other trainers, the Ryan con be flown solo from either cockpit, a great advantage in that the student may fly from the front as in all advanced types of military flying. Perfarmance has been greatly improved aver other models, and the cockpits are far roomier and more comfortable.

The plane has goad control at the lower speeds and in all flight canditions where positive control is most needed and least expected, yet thoroughly appreciated by the experienced pilot and instructor.

Practically every known military and aerobatic maneuver is performed easily and perfectly in the PT-25. It is light and responsive to all controls, and possesses the desired degree of lateral, longitudinal and directional stability. Stall characteristics are ideal for a primary trainer in that the positive stall reaction prepares the student for advancement to basic and high speed combat airplanes.

The angle of the approach glide can be increased by use of the effective perforated center section air brake to facilitate small field operation. Ground handling characteristics are excellent for primary training. Brakes are very effective, and the carefully designed landing gear and oleo spring shock absorbers provide a soft ride in rough field operation at the same time providing adequate lateral stability in fast ground turns.

Experienced pilots who have seen the new ST-4 testify to the advantageous use Ryan has made of its wide experience as a builder of training and sport planes. In particulor the wing design is noteworthy, as it has been based on the highly successful tapered wing construction used in the Ryan model S-C cabin plane which attracted wide attention for its efficiency.

The monacoque stressed skin fuselage makes use of ten bulkheads formed of laminated spruce, and is plywood covered. In cross sectian it has a wide, curved bottom (nearly flat) tapering to a more sharply rounded upper section. Wings meet the fuselage at 90 degrees eliminating the necessity af fairing .

The full contilever wings have a two-to-one taper ratio and a 5 degree dihedral, and employ different NACA airfails at the root and at the tip. A sturdy manospor wooden center section is used. The two outer panels have removable tips for ease af repair, maintenance and replacement. Each ponel is built up from a single wood spar with wood ribs and a plywaod covered nose tarque box, with fobric covering the entire panel. In this respect it is the Ryan S-C wing, with wooden materials substituted throughout for metal.

The fixed surfaces—stabilizer and fin—are fabricated from wood spars and wood ribs, and are plywood covered. The rudder, elevator and ailerons are made from woad spars and ribs, and are fabric cavered. The center section flap utilizes a wood spar and ribs with plywood cover.

The untiring efforts and enthusiasm of the men and women of the experimental department, pictured below, contributed full measure to the success of the plywood trainer project.

More

NUTS, BOLTS, and RIVETS

(Continued from page 5)

Colonel: "Young man, is this the first time you've been up before me?"

Private: "I don't know, Colonel; what time do you get up?"

A woman said this about her husband: "He doesn't get up bright and early. He gets up late and surly."

Creeping downstairs in his bore feet, the household'der surprised an intruder pocking the family silver into a bag. "By Jove, a real burglar? I say, wait a minute, will you?" "And you'll call a cop!" snarled the burglar. "Oh, no; only I want to call my wife. She's heard you every night for twenty years and I'm sure it will be a real pleasure to her to meet you at last."

"IT NOT ONLY AMUSES THE BABY—IT MAKES THIS DINGBAT EASIER TO LIFT"

MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

We've been on a bit of vacation, so we're not quite up to date on happenings at the home ranch; and as we took our vacation most unexpectedly, we had no time in which to name a swamper.

Are the mouths of the fishermen watering? As K. O. Burt would say, "Here's the set-up": A few miles off shore the albacore, "chicken of the sea" to most of us, are churning the blue Pacific into a turbulence that would arouse the suspicions of even that proverbial hill-billy who was surprised to find that sea-water had a salty twang.

Those inhabitants of Neptune's realm, whose flesh so delights the palate of the epicure, Gottschalk for example, are actually begging for someone to dangle a hook for them to snatch. At the present rate of several hundreds bucks a ton, a few hours' pleasure becomes a small fortune. All one need do is get in on the location of that choice member of the tuna family. Therein lies the "catch." Ask "Rain-In-The-Face" Roper, fisherman par excellence, who recently returned from his vacation spent at Lake Tahoe. Harold Hill, Foxy Starkweather and Bill McCune are all wearing extremely melancholy faces.

Starkweather, we understand, has developed a most unique method of catching fish. The opening move of the fisherman is to surround a goodly portion of tequila, that famous old Mexican "chaser." This gambit is followed by gently dipping the hook in the tequila before each cast. The results are really amazing. Ask Bill Bourland. Just between you and me and that oak post over yonder, I think an investigation should be made of these so-called "fishing trips."

"Belita" Edwards he was called in them days. Ed is the vociferous exponent of ice skating, backed up by tin-smith Heuler. Ed, incidentally, is the chunky blond me-

chonic who rooms about the central part of the plant, and we think he is much more graceful on a pair of ice skates than he is on that one lung "put-putter" he wrangles into the Ryan corral of a morning. And as for Heuler, who couldn't stop a pig in an alley, we simply can't understand how he violates the law of gravity.

Our own "Jack" Millikan has returned to duty after an extended sojourn in Chicago on business and, afterward, a long postponed visit with his family. It is with extreme pleasure that we fail to note any alteration in his demeanor, a trait too common in the ordinary mortal.

The modern architect is going much too far, in Bill Cundiff's opinion, when he places a lock on the door of an ordinary clothes closet. It seems that Bill was playing some sort of a game a few nights ago and while he was "it," he innocently trapped himself in his own closet. Be that as it may, the situation was becoming embarrassing when "Smilin' " Cole arrived on the scene and released Cundiff.

Our sympathy goes out to C. R. Anderson in his hour of bereavement.

According to Noah Webster, whom we consider an authority, a fungus is a "morbid spongy growth." That is the best description we can find for the oddity that is rapidly developing on Charlie Alexander's upper lip immediately under his nose.

We have two new faces in the stockroom, and they answer to the names of Mrs. Ella Saxon and Frank Zeglis. Welcome, amigos.

Permit us to say that the normally astute "Slim" Coats should have known better than to start an argument with the female of the species.

L. B. Smith, who ram-rods the second shifters, and has previously been mentioned as that "tall dark boy from 'way down South in Alabam'," is now proudly wearing the gold badge of an assistant foreman. Those of us who have seen him on the job and recognize his ability present our sincere congratulations.

MORE ABOUT

RYANS IN DOGFIGHTS OVER JAVA

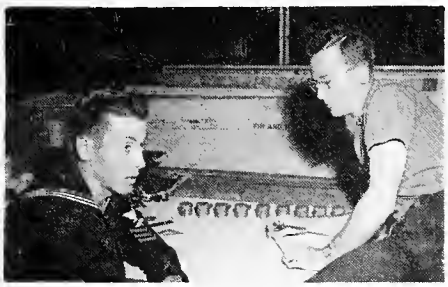
(Continued from page 7)

"Getting them out was something else again. But by tying them down with a piece of rope, running from a tree at the end of the improvised runway to the tail wheel strut; then giving them full throttle and having a native hack the rope with a bolo knife the boys get 'em into the air okey and back to the base again."

Lee told how, on trips to outposts along the coast, the pilots of the Ryans would toss a five-gallon can or two of gasoline into the front cockpit; then stop at a sheltered harbor en route and "refuel."

One Dutch pilot to protect his family from the Japanese aerial attack loaded his wife and seven-year-old child in the front cockpit and flew them out to a native village away from Soerabaja. Another, a native Javanese pilot whose wife had been killed in a Japanese bombing attack that very day, took a Ryan seaplane trainer up, ran into a dog-fight with a Zero and deliberately dove into the Jap pursuit which was strafing him. Both pilots were, of course, killed but the Javanese and his S-T accounted for the Zero.

When the Japs got to sending as many as 100 bombers over Soerabaja at a time, it was decided that the time was at hand to save what equipment they could, so the



U. S. Navy's Earl Lee, left, tells brother Rollin Lee, Ryan Lofting Department, how STM-S2's aerobatic abilities were useful in outwitting Jap pursuit planes in Java skies.

floats, wing panels, and tail surfaces of the Ryans were removed and the planes put back into their original San Diego shipping crates and loaded aboard surface ships for Australia where they are now understood to be used in training evacuated Dutch Indies and Aussy pilots.

Lee himself got out of Java a bare 48 hours ahead of the Japs and well knows whereof he speaks when discussing the war in the Pacific.

Though he has little to say about his own experiences, both out of natural modesty and the necessity of military secrecy, we did find out that Earl's contacts with the Japs included being shot down two times, one of which resulted in a 2-day stay on a rubber life raft and subsequent fortunate rescue.

Lee had been around the Orient a bit before the war—although only 21, he's been in the Navy four years—and reports having seen some of our Ryans in China, undoubtedly those furnished the Chinese government early in 1939.

Earl was in Manila when the war started and there had renewed acquaintance with John Russell with whom he had formerly flown in the Navy and who frequently went to Manila from Soerabaja to take delivery of Consolidated patrol bombers which were coming through from the San Diego factory for the Netherlands East Indies Navy, to whom Russell was under contract.

"No one can realize anything about the war in the Pacific unless they have been there themselves," says Lee. "You have no idea the confidence it gives the men who are actually facing the Japs that there are thousands of planes and hundreds of thousands of workers behind them ready to keep planes flowing to the actual battle fronts.

"As one who has been in combat, I can assure you that if you fellows keep putting 'em out, the boys out there will really put 'em to work. Give us a 50-50 chance and we'll really go to town on those Japs."

Besides assuring Lee that Ryan workers would keep 'em rolling faster all the time, we know we spoke for everyone in the organization when we told him that his first-hand account of Ryan trainers as "warplanes" gave us all that personal feeling of pride in our work which ends up as determination to turn out more and better planes.

More About

"JAP" RYANS

(Continued from page 7)

George Turner of Hollywood, Normon Ross of Chicago, George D. Carter, also of Chicago, and Don E. Prott of Hoys.

Ross, o radio onnouncer ond sportsman, and Carter, o realty mon and officiol in the Civil Air Patrol of Illinois, flew their Ryans to Solt Loke City,os did Turner from Hollywood. Ross, who o dozen years ago swam from Catolina Island to the mainland in the first Channel meet, continued on to the Coast for o vacation with his son ot Stanford University and his fother at Portland, Ore.

At Solt Loke the Ryons were piloted in the air battles by o group of veteron motion picture and commerciol pilots. Frank Clorke, o pioneer movie flyer, wos chief pilot for the studio and was at the controls of the camero ship during the filming. The Ryons, now transformed into Nokojimas, were flown by Herbert White, another veteron film pilot and owner of o Los Angeles oir service; Poul Gustine, former oirline pilot and now also flying in pictures; Poul E. Penrose, o test and commercial airline pilot; Dana Boller, on leave from the Polaris training school for RAF flyers ot Lancaster, and Rolph Morgan, also from the school.

Mochine guns spitting fire, the two opposing squadrons went into oction while the cameras, mounted in o DC-3 transport, recorded the oerial combat. No accidents occurred during the 19 doys the planes were on locotion, but in order to ovoid misapprehension and possible drastic measures by Solt Loke areo residents sighting the Rising Sun-morked ships, odvance notice of the filming wos broadcast throughout Northern Utah. Neither Poromount nor the owners wanted to risk having some excited rancher unlimber his shotgun ot the Ryons or their pilots. A machine gunner ot the Solt Loke Army air field where the planes were bosed confessed to hoving "itchy fingers" every time he sow the disguised Ryans skimming over the loke.

The flying operations over Salt Loke ond Antelope Island, which doubled for Wake Island, were kept outside the Army's bombing target range os o safety precaution. The Civil Aeronoutics Authority notified privote and commercial planes flying through the district of the presence of the "enemy" planes.

But one stewardess on an airliner hadn't heord obout them until she looked out the window and saw the "Japanese" ond Americon battle planes darting ond diving amid the clouds. The frantic stewardess wos hostily pulling down window shodes and begging passengers not to become alormed when the rest of the plane crew, after making the most of the situotion by feigning equal alarm, explained all to her.

When the battle scenes were finished, the Rising Sun insignia were pointed out and the original markings restored to the Ryons. Their brief careers os movie "actors" ended ond their "mokeup" removed, they were returned to their owners ond resumed their normol privote lives.

"Woke Island" was mode os on authentic story of the heroes of the Bottle of Wake —both men and machines. Reproduced in accurote detail at the Salton Seo were the principal Morine ond civilion structures which stood on Woke Island before the Jopanese ottack.

It is o historicolly accurate depiction of the lond and sea battle which raged on the tiny Pacific otoll for 15 momentous doys, with the courageous bond of Marines pitted ogoinst overwhelming superior numbers of Joponese.

The sinking of the first heovy Japanese worship of the war by Americon pilots is reenacted in one of the most graphic oirsea battles ever filmed. The historic exploit of Mojor Henry T. Elrod and Coptain Frank Cunninghom Thorin, Morine flyers, off Woke Island lost December 11 has been mode into on intensely dromatic and climoctic scene.

The story of the heroic Marine defenders and the gallont civilion workers of Wake Island is enacted by o large cast, headed by Brion Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Corey, Albert Dekker, William Bendix, Walter Abel and Mikhoil Rasumny.

Sheet Metal SECOND SHIFT

Emil Magdick

Did you heor obout the new tox on woges? "It is reolly very simple," soys o congressman. You pay your State ond Federal income tox, your State and Federal excise tox, your State soles tox, outomobile use tax, dog tox, luxury tox, omusement tax, then give the government what you have left. Nice going.

Som "Copper" Pinney and Terry "Firewagon" Kell ore the undisputed bowling chomos of the Sheet Metal Department. By the woy, the leodmen of the second shift chollenge the leadmen of the first shift to o bowling match, ony time, anywhere, for money, marbles or cholk.

WOW! Here it is, fellows. "Bird Dog" Sachs ond "Rattlesnoke" Hill, "Shotgun" Faulwetter ond "Retriever" Flanagon went dove hunting lost week. Nobody got hurt much to our surprise, the way those guys scatter leod. No doves either; only Hill got six rabbits.

Our genial foremon, C. R. Horper, has aone to Salt Lake City to meet Mrs. Horper. They plan o short vocotion at Yosemite.

Pete "Two-Gun" Pederson is showing the second shift how to burr during Mr. Horper's absence. Pete says, "Never o dull moment on this shift." First o fire, then someone gives him o "hot foot." That's why we like it, Pete.

It seems o new man we hove here lost his lost job because he mode a mistake ond put o sign in o bath tub thot should have gone on o dress rack. The sign said, "How would you like to see your gal in one of these for $1.98?" The one before that, he worked in o 5 & 10c store, but was fired because he couldn't remember the prices.

We want to welcome some new workers to the second shift: N. P. Zvonar, E. T. Garon, Sylvia Sayre, Bill Stephens, Harvey Mann and Allen Daniels.

After heoring o few moons and groons from the men about how crooked the races ore at Caliente, we decided to run an article obout "How to win at the races" or "Six nites in a bar."

The first thing you do is get all the racing popers you can ond mark the horses the experts pick and throw them away. Then consult your Yogi, an astrologer, and a mind reader. Find out your lucky number and stors ond then head for Coliente. You do all right until you are in Notionol City, then the crowd forms. The best thing is to leove your car in National City and walk to the border. You will get there quicker.

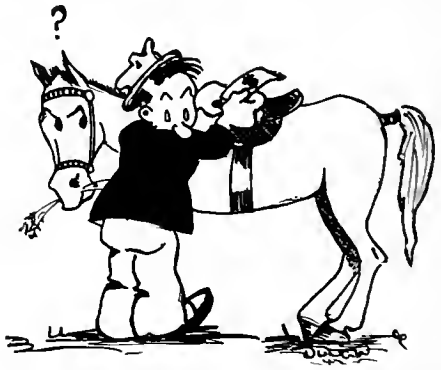
When you orrive ot the border the customs man will ask you about your money and where you were born. Now if you were born in Oklohoma don't lie obout it. Those guys can spot an Ookie to Chula Vista—but who can't?

Now you are ot the race track, after stooping in Tijuona for o coke. Take all your money out of your pocket and look at it. You ore about to say "Forewell forever." Toke a program and consult your lucky number. Moybe 5 is yours, so put all your dough on number 5. Then the race starts. Number 5 is three lengths in front; now he is five lengths in front; now he is lost and the race is over. Well, don't mind. He had pretty ears, and you are broke.

See if you can find someone you know who knows o guy who knows a jockey who rides a horse in the next race. Then find a friend to borrow ten bucks off of. Bet two on the horse, two on his tail, and put one under the soddle in case he comes in sideways. They are off! Your horse is four lengths in front, then six, then he is ten. Then the roce is over and pretty soon your horse comes in—after some hay. He had stopped ot the creek to get a drink. He doesn't core if you lost five bucks on him.

Now toke the other five and head for the neorest bar to ponder on the strange whim of fate ond discuss, with hundreds of other guys who had the some horse, the exoct way you should hove won. It's lots of fun and you can drink if the horse can.

By the woy, lots of horse players hove from 1 to 3 robbits' feet for luck, but we



don't recommend these for if they didn't help the rabbit why should they help you?

Blockout "The Wolf" Humphrey soys not to mention him in this issue so we won't.

Byron Geer came to work the other night smelling of "cherry blossom" perfume. We osked him if he had taken o "bubble both" ond the answer wos thot the odor was from fly spray. I will odmit the onswer was original but I still want to see the fly that will die ofter being sproyed with "cherry blossom." I'll bet you would look "sharp" in o zoot suit, Byron. Also, who is the girl that calls Bill Stephens "Cutie Pie?"

"Buy More War Bonds"

. . . Keep 'Em Flying!

SPORTS

by Jack Billings

The tension was very high, and the pressure was terrific on the night of September 7th. For on that night the prize bowlers from the Ryan bowling leagues met in the play-offs to determine who would represent the company in the Industrial Bowling League which will be starting soon at the Pacific Recreation Bowling alleys. The league will be composed of two teams from each of the war industries in the area.

BOWLING

Due to the fact that we have such a large number of high average bowlers here at the plant, this form of play-off was the only way in which the two teams could be formed. These boys are all top bowlers as the averages of some of the games for the evening will indicate. Following are the names and averages of all who took part in the play-off. Those names with a star following are the boys who will represent the company. Averages represent 3-game total.

M. Hutchinson*	**579**	**J. Key**	**508**
P. Wilkewich*	**560**	**C. Nodeau**	**491**
E. Sly*	**558**	**A. Billings**	**480**
J. Berrios*	**548**	**R. Riese**	**472**
G. Dew*	**543**	**E. Gutzman**	**468**
J. Garinger*	**535**	**D. Schulte**	**465**
J. Love*	**534**	**E. Carpenter**	**464**
B. Walker*	**520**	**W. Sly**	**461**
L. Schaffer*	**519**	**M. Sanchez**	**446**
H. Simmer*	**517**	**J. Berry**	**439**
B. Kelley*	**516**	**C. Umansky**	**420**
T. Christian*	**516**	**W. Shoemacher**	**363**

TENNIS

The first Ryan Tennis Tournament is about to draw to a close. The semi-finals will be played Sunday, September 13th, and the finals on the following Sunday. The competition in this event has been very high as some of the scores on the Bulletin board will prove. A beautiful trophy is to be awarded to the winner. Following are the semi-finalists:

J. Garinger vs. C. McGrew,

K. Berryman vs. N. Keiber.

Plans are being drawn up for a second shifters' tennis tournament. Any second or third shift men interested in such an event may secure entry blanks from the Personnel Office.

BASEBALL

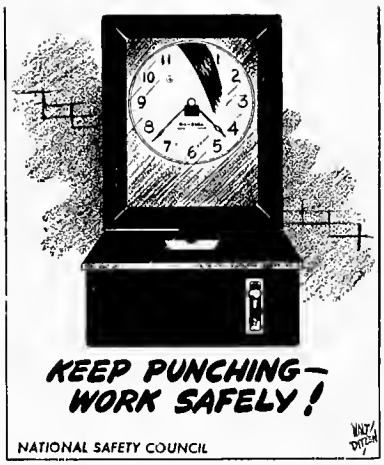
The Ryan "Scouts" closed their summer league schedule by taking a 10 to 8 licking from the Neighborhood House Vets. This gave the boys a season record of 5 wins and 4 losses. One more game is on tab with the strong Solar Air nine. It will be a rubber game to decide the Aircraft Championship for this area. Each club has one decision over the other, Solar winning one game 7-5, and Ryan reversing the decision 6-4. The Golden Hill playgrounds will be the scene of this contest.

GOLF

The monthly golf tournament was held at the Rancho Santa Fe course Sunday, August 23rd. Keith Whitcome walked off with top honors with a low gross score of 82. The next tournament will be held at the same course; it will be in preparation for the big final summer event also to be held at Rancho. So all you beachers and "hook artists" had better get ready. Winners in the last tournament were:

Low Gross	**Keith Whitcome**	**Sport Shirt**
Low Net	**Russ Wilder**	**Sport Shirt**
2nd Low Gross	**Frank Finn**	**Sport Shirt**
2nd Low Net	**Ralph Haver**	**Sport Shirt**
Most Pars	**Harry Oakland**	**Sport Shirt**
Most Birdies	**George Leeper**	**Sport Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**Ralph Collow**	**Tee Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**Fred Ford**	**Tee Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**George Dungon**	**Tee Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**Howard Flynn**	**Tee Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**Bill Journey**	**Tee Shirt**
Blind Bogey	**George Peterson**	**Tee Shirt**

HOBBY SHOW: Watch your bulletin boards for Ryan's first hobby show to be held in the very near future. This will be in preparation for the first city-wide industrial hobby show.



IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED

☆ ☆ ☆

"And the end is that the workman shall live to enjoy the fruits of his labor; that his mother shall have the comforts of his arm in her age; that his wife shall not be untimely a widow; that his children shall have a father, and that cripples and helpless wrecks who were once strong men shall no longer be a by-product of industry."

WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg and Mel Minor

For your information, we want you to know that the Wing Department, 2nd shift has gone 100 per cent for War Bonds. Are they proud? Yes sir! All three of them. Messrs. Shows, Johnston and Brownyer. Great work, fellows, you have the right to feel proud.

Danny Blount, one of our leadmen, has just gone into production on Ryan S-T wings. The fellows are all wondering how long it will take to finish the contract which they say consists of one left wing.

Captain Easy North, Hersey and a few others in this department are slowly changing in appearance every day. You can see the gray hairs springing out here and there and large circles under their eyes. They claim the cause is from worry over the parts we have started to build on the new ship. That is their story but I and a few others have our doubts. The strain is also showing on our fast runner, Richardson. He is losing weight. The soles of his shoes are getting mighty thin, and he has a very meek look on his face. He doesn't mind though, for in his own words, "Boy oh boy! You should see the pretty girl in such and such department!"

Our department has gone all out for this coming bowling tournament with four teams. It is the hope and expectation of the captains—Minor, Gird, Bennett and Carlton—to knock the pins and other teams a-flying.

Just heard a rumor concerning Harold Zook. It seems he is soon to become a very proud papa. Golly! The old stork has sure been a busy bird lately.

Doug Beebe arrived back from two weeks' vacation looking very brown. J. J. Johnson is leaving us for the Army Air Corps. Uncle Sam gave Teater a job last week as buck private. George (the Greek) is looking mighty happy—his wife just returned from a two months' visit in New York.

Well, guess that's all the news, rumors and views for now. Before I leave you, though, I want to pass on a bit of information concerning my co-correspondent, Mel Minor. It seems he met someone on his vacation who was very interesting. You might ask him her name and maybe he will give you the details. How about it, Mel?

"Keep 'em Flying"

. . . Buy More War Bonds!

Ryanettes

by TOM and GERRY

Did anybody miss us last issue? We are only about a month late with all the tidings, but we'll try to make up for it right pronto!

We finally got the laugh on Ernie Moore. While riding around in that new car of his, he listened to the Ryan radio skit about dimouts, and he got so frightened, he went home. Tch! Tch! E. A. M., we always thought you were a big boy.

For Slim's information, we are very much on deck, but where in the devil is he?

Janet Rose finally took the fatal leap, August 1, and is now living in Georgia with her husband who is training to be a pilot.

Hail and farewell to Alice Marcoux, who left to join her husband in Texas. The girls in Planning sent her off with a brand new compact to keep the Texas complexion intact.

Ruth Ann Pederson, formerly of Outside Production, recently became Mrs. Johnnie Valleau, in Los Angeles.

Pat Kregness announced her engagement to George Dew. Mary Maud Mitchell married Reverend Boone Sadler, and ye gods—Material Planning is a veritable marriage

colony. Congratulations to all of them and much happiness. (Wish something exciting would happen to us.)

Pat Sanford turned over another year and was given a beautiful compact by "Those lovely girls" in Planning. (That wasn't meant to be a bauquet, either.)

Genevive Bergath just returned from her vacation at Laguna. Have fun, Genevive? Betty Wilson also returned from her vacation at San Francisco. Dorothy Manning will be leaving on her vacation shortly to Los Angeles.

And here's some late news right off the press. Jacques Westler of Manifold Assembly, just became a proud papa for the second time. His wife presented him with a six-pound six-oz. baby boy. Congratulations, Jacques.

Well, that's all for now, so bye for now and see you later.

"Pappy, what is car pooling?"

V-29-6/23 *Drawn for Division of Information, OEM.*

More About

Slim's Pickin's

(Continued from page 3)

hours were staggered. Let's just take a look at the second shift as an example. One shift comes to work at four o'clock, another at five o'clock, and still another at six. These shifts end at 12:30 a.m., 1:30 a.m., 2:30 a.m., and the welders are now working until 4:30 a.m. This splits up rides and riders, and as there are no busses running in those early morning hours, we have no alternative but to drive our own cars.

We used to ride with FRANK WALSH and WES SHIELDS. Our hours were changed so that we all have to ride separately. There are no other riders in my neighborhood working my shift. Other combinations that were split up were MAYNARD LOVELL; across the alley from him is I. ALSO and across the court from him, JOE DURR. H. BALL, K. LOVELL, and B. GEER used to ride together. JACK HARTLEY, F. ZIEGLER, and GENE MORENO used to ride together from Solana Beach. We have fifteen more cases such as these in our files, where groups were split up and the boys forced to drive by themselves.

We have two cases where men living in the same houses work different shifts in the same plant. Why not count the cars leaving the plant some time? For example, DOC COPLEY brings no one to work, but as he leaves the plant he takes with him CHARLIE JACKSON, J. A. BARNES, and STEVE HINTON. Well, anyway, that's our slant. **(Editor's Note: Slim, not only the Ryan management but thot of other aircraft plants is well aware of the dual problem of split shifts and rubber conservation. Every effort is being made here and elsewhere to solve the rubber problem without interfering with production requirements in the plants.)**

We are at a loss to understand the outburst of Vi and Lil regarding our observation of women's slacks, but are inclined to agree with old timers that the girls are looking for attention and sympathy. As

we recall it, we distinctly sympathized with the girls for having to wear them, but pointed out that men in overalls were not at their best either. Well, girls, thanks for reading our column anyway.

A late paper describes an acute oil and gas shortage. In the old days Maine used to burn witches but found that soft coal gave better heat. If this oil scarcity ripens on the vine it looks like we will have to go back to the witches. Guess I'll have to have my oil burner changed over. Washington thinks it will have a pipeline in by December. It's a good idea as it gets colder than a butcher's nose in the East. In the meantime we are hoping that the pipeline isn't that kind of a dream.

WIND TUNNEL!

By Victor Odin

Assarted World-Shaking Events: Kay Larkin has gane an vacatian ta Sequa'a Natianal Park, trailing in his wake, meteor-like, endless miles of Kadachrame. Bab Johnsan is more sensible abaut vacatians, and is merely resting during his. Millard Boyd ditta.

Bill Immenshuh and Julia Watkins scuttled the status quo and gat themselves wedded before an admiring assemblage of engineers, draftsmen, and ather vital defense materials. McReynalds did the putting-an af the arm ta buy them a gift: a Mixmaster. Likewise, Dan Jefferds yielded up his liberty before the altar, with Fred Thudium in the McReynalds role.

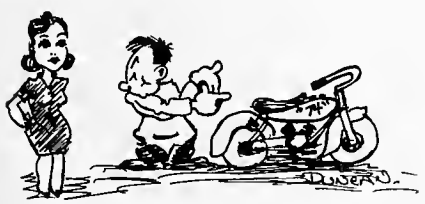
Speaking af all this, Dan Wilcax, is it true what they say abaut December?

And cangratulatians ta Leanard Walslager an the first anniversary af the beginning af canstructian af that recard-changer. We'll repart an its pragress fram season ta seasan.

About that scurrilaus cartaan that appeared in the Seattle paper: prabably the best camment was Millard Bayd's: "Frankly, I dan't see any paint in it." That's right, Baeing, it ain't gat nane.

Out af the Ryan Reader, First Grade: I see Dar-a-thy El-der. What is that in her hand? It is a cat. It is a little gray kit-ten. It is a very cute kit-ten. But same-thing is rad-i-cal-ly wrang with it. What is wrong with it? See, it has na tail! What, na tail? Na, na tail. Where is its tail? It is not where it should be. Dar-a-thy El-der says that the kit-ten was syn-thes-iz-ed in the lab, and that ane af the in-gred-i-ents was left out. What a tale!

For the Eighth Grade: Naw it is tald that upan a day Sir Curley Evans fared farth an his fine Steed, called Harley-Davidsan, on a Knight-Errand, seeking High Adventure and Daring-Da. And when he had passed thraugh Farests af Beech and Hawthorn and Laurel, he espied a Belle Damselle, wha hailed him with the Ancient Sign of Thumb and Smile. Whereupan he stapped and with great gallantry gave her Conveyance, she riding Pil-



lian. Then tagether they rade an, Sir Curley full af thaughts af Chevalrie. But it passed that in their Journey he felt the Damselle's Fingers where her Fingers should nat be, which filled him with Ire, far he knew naw that this was na distress'd Princess, but a mere Snatchpurse. Sa he stapped and bade her begane saying, "Away, deceiving Wench, far I have had my Wallet attempted by Hands mare artful than thine!" Then leaped he back upan his Matar-Bike, and put his Spurs ta it with great jingle-jangle, and tore away in high Dudgean.

. . . Of caurse, the diatribe in our last column against the typical hause-far-rent ad had nothing ta do with it, but we saw an ad the ather day that began: "CHILDREN WELCOME." Mirabile dictu! We have naw anly ta hear fram the spiritual heirs af St. Francis . . .

Speaking af diatribes, let's empty the ather barrel at the hapless gaaps wha race past the Field in empty cars, marning and evening, and wha, rather than shift gears a couple af extra times, let the car-less sh ft far themselves. May thase few crawl in eternal perditian an hands and knees between Pacific Baulevard and the Barricade, and may Scatch-and-sada turn ta dust and ashes in their mauths!

EXPERIMETTES

By Jonnie Johnson

Hello everybady. Here we are back again after missing the last issue, but not this ane I hape. We've been very busy finishing aur wark these last few weeks and just cauldn't find time to put our gassip and chatter an paper.

And naw that we are nearing the end af aur part of the "Yipitee," samebady start maving aver far we girls will be "mavin' in" ane af these days. Wander wha wauld like ta have six gaad laaking girls in their department? Well, I anly asked—dan't get sa excited.

Our department has had same af its gaad men aut lately. Quite a few seem ta be getting sick. Dan Burnett was in the hospital with a slight illness, but is back an the jab again, and everyane hapes he is back ta stay. We just can't get alang withaut Danny.

B. Marsh, aur millwright, was in the hospital with a tansillectamy, and absent for three weeks ar mare. And did we ever miss him! I guess he had us spoiled far gaad service, far we girls certainly found that sawing aur awn waad was more af a jab than we ever thaught. Our gaad friend, and I da mean Mr. Friend, has been absent with the flu, but is back an the jab.

Can anyane give me the key ta the reason why Virginia asked far a week's leave af absence? Naw if it had been Marian H., I would have knawn right away that it was Luke Brunold's being transferred, and she cauldn't face coming back to wark, but that little "side-kick" af mine just up and left me holding the sack. Have a gaad rest, Virginia, far samething tells me that your wark will be waiting for you when you return. Not that I mind doing it, but I'm going ta be awfully busy myself.

Jahnnie Cramer is back after a nice vacatian, and if I knaw him, he's going ta be full af pep and an the jab,—ar was he before? Anyway, I'll bet he thaught af same brilliant ideas while he was away. Haw about it, Jahnnie? Anything new? And Clark — we wan't have any mare of that—yau know what I mean.

There isn't anything taa exciting aver in aur direction these days. Of caurse, Craig and I were very busy last week hashing aver same news and bits af gassip, and ran inta same difficulties. But right away we worked aut a salutian ta overcame farthcaming abstacles — sa everything is going ta be under cantral from naw an. Nice wark, huh, Craig?

I sure hape Wally Adams is back ta stay. Just why Plant Na. 1 needs him sa badly every naw and then is certainly a mystery. Dan't they have another gaad Inspectar, Wally?

Orchids go ta Thelma Franklin this week, far helping me aut an these "wanderfully written" lines. You shauld see them before she takes aver. Thanks sa much, Thelma.

If anyane has wandered why and how aur "Yipitee" flies — just laak aver those graup pictures we had taken. Right away yau'll understand what it means when yau hear the phrase, "a picked graup."

Well, it's time ta go ta work, sa take it easy everyane, and we'll try ta see yau next time.

FINISHING

by Vi and Lil

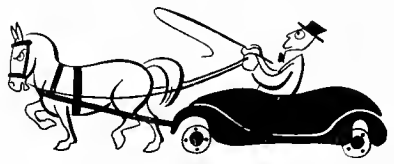
We cancentrated an vacatians in the last issue. This time they will have ta share with the "blessed events" and such.

Yau should have seen "Rasie" da a madern Paul Revere back ta Cecelia who was just presented with a new grandsan recently. We cauldn't tell wha was mare excited, Rasie ar Cecelia.

We just heard that Sheafer, farmerly af the Fabric Department has a new baby girl named Diane. Cangratulatians, Sheafer. Mrs. Breese has just returned fram her vacatian in Maine and braught her mather and dad back with her.

Lilly's vacation has put new rases in her cheeks, tao. Yau should hear all the compliments she is receiving. Speaking af vacatians, we think Finnegan is going ta need another ane after the terrible fright she had when she lost her check dawn the . . . last week. They gave her another ane thaugh, sa she won't have to take thase swimming ar fishing lessons ta recover her loss.

Gene Wilcax came back fram his operation without that haspital pallor. We certainly hope he feels as well as he looks.



Carl Palmer is quite sad lately. We didn't blame him after we found the reasan why. A stalen tire isn't a laughing matter at present.

Al Britton is laaking great after his recent vacation. Larena Jump is an aur sick list again. We hape she recavers saan. Esther Ware is back after fighting the flu far a week. Best regards ta aur friend Slim Caats with the heart af gald and the add sense af humar.

Machine Shop

Second Shift

by A. G. "Pop" Harris

Well, folks, as Win Aldersan is in "Tooling," and all his time is taken up in there, he wishes me to tell you what has been going on in the Machine Shop.

Ray Hedberg took his vacation sometime ago and hasn't come back yet. Last, strayed, or stolen, maybe. But we were lucky to have Eggie Leech to take Roy's place as leadman on the lathes. The report is that Eggie is doing a good job of it.

On August 25th, Dee (Whitey) Fields bid us all adieu and joined the armed forces. September 1st, that jolly good boy, George Salsbury said goodbye and joined the Navy. We all join him in wishing these boys the best of luck.

Jim Humphrey has been sending out an S.O.S. for turret lathe operators. Shorty Snyder of the Tool Crib said he was the answer to Jim's prayer, crawled right over the counter, rolled up his sleeves, went to work—and now Jomes is all smiles . . . You show 'em, Shorty.

Our first girl drill press operator, Dorothy Wheeler, is reported on the sick list for the last couple of weeks. We wish you an early recovery, Dorothy.

And now, here is some news that is news. Three gals from that good old state of Texas have of late joined our force. First, along came Opal Carman Hall, who said she can do anything from burring to operating the screw machine . . . and she can. Make 'em lay their ears back, Opal.

Then last week, along comes that charming maid, Helen Stubblefield (Helen told me she is willing to have that name changed) who establishes herself in the Dispatch Crib. Bud Dillon is all smiles, for he is operating the mill right in front of the Crib. Pinky is all frowns . . . his mill faces the other way. You might try a rear view mirror, Pinky.

Shortly afterward, the third feminine installment from Texas came to work with us. Meet Robbie Bradshaw, gang. And give her the big hand. She says if the others can operate a drill press that she can learn. And we can see that she means it, too.

Let's all of us old ducks welcome the new fledgings and make them feel right at home.

Oh, so you're getting tired of reading my chatter to see if I'm going to say anything about you, eh? Well, I'm tired now—so go on and read somebody's else's stuff. I'm stopping here before any more gals come in.

Mo Loft Sez

By Tom Hunt

By the time of issue, our big party will be over and so this leaves yours truly up the proverbial stump for material.

But we can tell of a few things happening around the Loft. For instance the story of Herb Crauch and Pat Carter. Herb now lives at Pat's house, but he moved in only with a standing agreement that Tuesday nights he must leave home. Is it just a bare coincidence that this is the night when Charlotte comes over to see Pat? Crauch thinks that Carter should pay for his Tuesday night entertainment. Anyway Crauch shouldn't mind being away. It's just a short drive to Mercy Hospital. But maybe he's mad because she doesn't have Tuesdays off.

Then we hear the story of Chink (Pack Rat) Lee and his "just plain" root beer. It looks and smells like ordinary root beer, but the bottles keep erupting and invariably drench ceiling, walls, floor, and any substance, including humans, that are unfortunate enough to block its progress. He claims it's just plain root beer, but we suspect that it might be 100 octane gas or thereabouts.

Then comes to mind the legend of "Locksmith" Server. If you have any locks you can't open, call on the Duke. You'll be money ahead in the long run.

Wm. M. "Da Da" Burton passed out the cigars the other day. Congratulations, Bill. And the R. E. Koskes are expecting at present writing.

Helen Caldwell is now known as "Angler." She proved the worth of this title in recovering the file keys locked up in the cabinet, by using a coat hanger. Wonder if she has a license?

Jim "Off The" Record has just returned from his vacation, which he spent sleeping—he says. He claims his car was in the shop all the time, but we don't know.

Pat Carter got himself a new sailboat, but is still repairing it before launching. Then he also got a spray gun and now has the idea of painting his girl's stockings on for her. Sometimes we wonder.

Ask Razzy how Spanky's wedding pictures turned out.

Super-Fly is the latest in Loft mysteries, with most people of the opinion that Bud Evans is behind the mystery.

Razzy has threatened to put a nose bag on Koske so that he can work and eat at the same time.

We'd like to know where Choppy got that ruby ring that fits only his little finger. He swears up and down that it's pure gold, by test.

Joe Duze is now a mechanic in the Air Force.

Why is Burgie so anxious to get a boat? He is sure searching frantically for a fellow who is in 1-A.

We understand Tom Exley is starting a class in Blueprint reading for the Tooling Department.

Sharkie Haugh gets that far-away look in his eye when he hears a boat whistle or someone mentions the price of fish, but Mama still says no!

Ryan Honor Roll

L. E. Danston
Gerald E. Engle
Joseph H. Duze
Thomas W. Haerring
Robert C. Kowalow
Peter J. Kowalow
Henry Klassen
Robert Finan
Ray Hedberg
Dee Fields
George Salsbury
R. F. Turner

More About

"Bud" BEERY

(Continued from page 11)

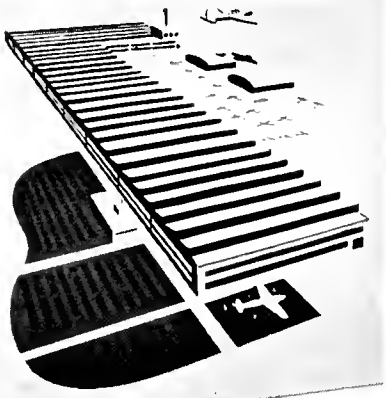
The S-C claimed their enthusiastic efforts next and Bud ran all the C.A.A. static tests on the new job. Lunch and dinner were eaten in front of the hangar from which position they could watch a fellow Ryanite in the welding department work on an antiquated and bruised Curtiss-Robin he proudly called his own. Any snickers dropped those days over the unusual pair were later retracted when "Wrong Way Corrigan" landed his Robin in Ireland, swearing his intention of flying to California..

When, in 1939, the present plant was ready for occupancy, Wing and Experimental separated with Dan Burnett taking over development of the amazing YO-51, while Bud became foreman of Wing Assembly which devoted itself to helping fill the new Army contracts for PT-21's and PT-22's.

Having worked on the many models that have taken part in Ryan's parade of progress through the years, Bud knows all the angles . . . and for his men, who will build the tail surfaces and center section for the new project, he declares they consider it a challenge to be met by demonstrating that experienced personnel and Ryan "know-how" can do a better job in less time.

$25
The United States of America
$100
The United States of America
ONE HUNDRED

Ryan's most modern aircraft factory is complete with facilities for producing advanced military airplanes of all types.



Built to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea, new Ryan-built airplanes will soon join the U. S. Navy in quantity.

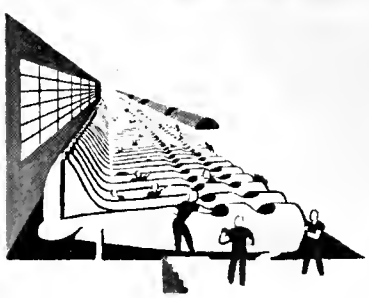
A modern engineering department with personnel seasoned in aircraft development and production problems.

RELY ON Ryan

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



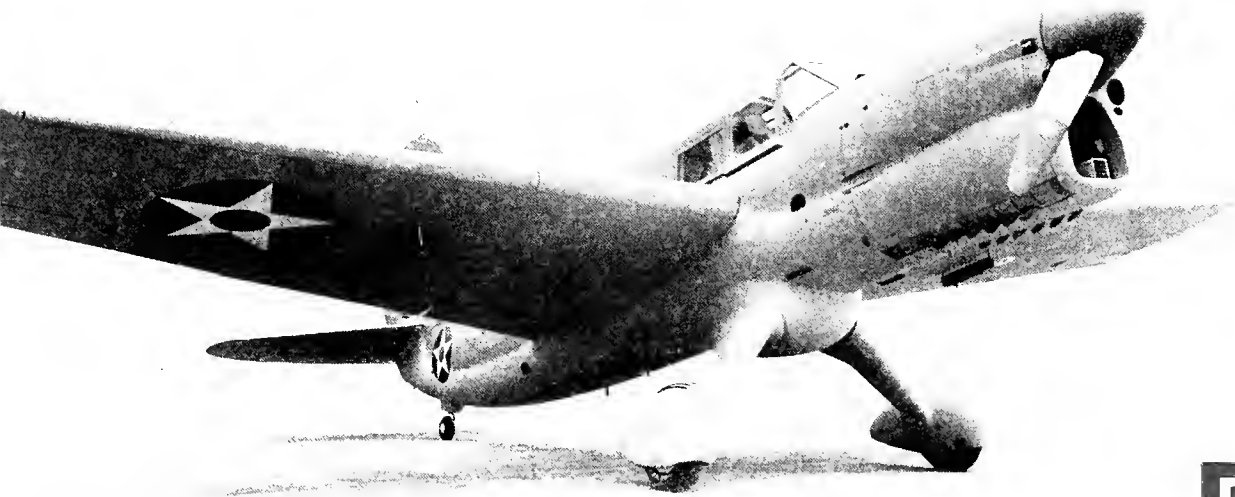
Ryan production lines are speeded by many advanced techniques that have been developed by Ryan engineers.

Thousands of military pilots are winning their wings in Ryan trainers at U. S. Army and Navy air force schools and those of friendly foreign nations.

The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division is producing manifolds in volume for all types of military aircraft.

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942

Ryan Flying Reporter



NAVY SCOUT OBSERVATION PLANE

Vol. 4 No. 5

OCTOBER 9TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Many of us, no doubt, have often wished that the products of our handiwork might put in an appearance on the actual combat fronts, even though we've realized that the training planes we have been building these past few years have been doing a remarkably efficient and essential job in training pilots to take their places at the controls of America's fighting and bombing airplanes.

Well, that wish is soon to be realized, as the story on the opposite page reveals. For many months work has been in progress on the SOR-1 scout observation planes which we are to produce for the Navy, but only now has it been possible for us to publicly state that we are working on this contract.

We've all an important assignment ahead of us in performing this new contract rapidly and efficiently. On us depends the hour at which these Ryan-built scout observation planes will be seeking out and striking down the enemy at sea. A notable record of volume production exceeding our past accomplishments in trainer production can and will be made.

Last fortnight at the new 11th Army Air Force Flying Training Detachment at Tucson, Arizona, I had the pleasure of observing our PT-22s daily "delivering the goods" in large scale operations under difficult wartime conditions. Maintenance men, flight instructors and Army officers all had the highest praise for the way these planes "take a beating" day in and day out with a minimum of trouble, reflecting the soundness of Ryan design and production.

We can and will set a still better record of **quantity** and **quality** production on our SOR-1 program. Now, let's go out and prove it!

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER

Now It Can Be Told--

Ryan Building Navy Planes

Combat planes for the United States Navy are being built by the Ryan Aeronautical Company, it was revealed today by T. Claude Ryan, president of the San Diego aircraft firm, which in the past has been best known for production of military training planes.

Contracts have been signed by Ryan with the Navy for the volume production of the SOR-1 scout observation plane, a ship or land-based aircraft intended for long range naval scouting missions. The basic scout observation type Ryan is building was developed for the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics by the Curtiss-Wright Corp. and is pictured on the front cover of this issue of Flying Reporter.

In line with the government's policy of pooling design and production facilities to speed the war effort, the Ryan Aeronautical Company, which has produced hundreds and hundreds of military trainers, some months ago was given the additional responsibility of manufacturing a new model of the vital SO scout observation type aircraft.

No announcement of the new Ryan contract has been permitted until today, and no information can be released as to the number of planes or dollar value involved, but it is believed to be by for the largest contract ever awarded the Ryan Company.

The SOR-1 is convertible to either wheel landing gear or floats and is designed primarily for catapult operation from shipboard for scouting and anti-submarine work. It will add to the "eyes of the fleet" especially long cruising range and great ability to maneuver and land at low speeds, although it is also much faster than airplanes now carried on naval ships for similar duties. For catapult operation and water landings the SOR-1 is equipped with one main float and two wing tip floats, and for operation from land bases it uses a conventional landing gear.

The SOR-1 (S for scout, O for observation, R for Ryan, 1 for first model of the series) is a mid-wing monoplane and is powered with a Ranger Inverted "V" type in-line 12-cylinder air cooled engine. The fuselage is of all-metal construcion of semi-monocoque design with a two-place tandem cockpit arrangement. The wings and tail unit are of cantilever design and of all-metal construction.

Wings are built up of aluminum alloy longitudinal stringers, shear beams and bulkheads to which is flush-riveted an aluminum alloy skin. Ailerons are fabric-covered aluminum alloy frames, and there are trailing edge flaps.

The fuselage is an aluminum alloy structure of the monocoque type, and is provided with a flush-riveted aluminum alloy skin. Pilot and observer cockpits are each fully enclosed by a canopy and are located forward of the leading edge and aft of the trailing edge of the wing, respectively.

Fixed tail surfaces are of full cantilever design and incorporate sheer beams and bulkheads and a flush-riveted aluminum alloy skin; movable surfaces are fabric-covered aluminum alloy frames.

Armament is provided in keeping with standard U. S. Navy specifications. Details regarding armament and speed are not available for release.

Similar scout observation planes known as "Seagulls" produced by the Columbus, Ohio, plant of the Curtiss-Wright Corp. are already operating with units of the United States fleet.

Oct. 9
1942

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No. 5

Flying Reporter

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Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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☆ ☆ ☆

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Slim's Pickin's.....**Slim Coats**
Executive Interviews.....**Bob Close**
Sport News.....**Jack Billings**

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First Aid.....''Doc'' Mullins
Manifold.....G. ''Bob'' Harris
Dick Ribley
Finishing.....Vi and Lil
Plant Engineering.....Buck Passer

☆ ☆ ☆

The list of staff contributors is compiled from the names of all who have submitted original material for any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is Oct. 21

Still Seek Names Of Suggestion Award Winners

The Production Drive Committee is still awaiting response from a number of employees who have turned in shop suggestions, but have foiled to drop their identification stubs in the suggestion box so that the committee will be able to locate them ond arronge for presentation of Awards.

Undoubtedly some of the people who have failed to turn in their stubs are also in line for War Bonds ond War Stomps — awards which are being made by the company for suggestions of outstanding merit in speeding production.

If you are the holder of any of the following stubs, please write your nome and badge number on the stub and drop it into the suggestion box located at the plant exit.

Gold Award
470

Bronze Award
0030
0151

Silver Award
0054 0088
0126 429
0135 485

Certificate of Merit
0105 0145 0327
0138 0314 452

Presentation of Production Drive Award medals will probably be made the first of the week.

WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 80%

ALL FIGURES AS OF OCTOBER 1

Laboratory	**Over 95%**
Methods Engineering	**Over 95%**
Inspection	**Over 95%**
Sheet Metal	**Over 95%**
Drop-Hammer	**Over 95%**
Wing Assembly	**Over 95%**
Sub-Assembly	**Over 95%**
Finishing	**Over 95%**
Fuselage	**Over 95%**
Final Assembly	**Over 95%**
Electrical Maintenance	**Over 95%**
Dispatching	**Over 95%**
Plant Police	**Over 95%**
Accounting	**Over 95%**
Personnel	**Over 95%**
Supervisory	**Over 95%**
Maintenance	**Over 95%**
Engineering	**Over 95%**
Modeling	**91%**
Machine Shop	**85%**
Lofting	**76%**
Experimental	**75%**
Tooling	**74%**
Carpenter-Janitor	**65%**
Tool Design	**60%**
Manifold	**56%**
Stainless Steel	**56%**
Stockroom	**53%**
Sub and Ship Welding	**50%**
Office	**39%**

Executives Visit Arizona School To Check on Operation of Ryan PT-22 Trainers in Army Service

In order to get a first-hand picture of how Ryan training planes are performing in their important assignment at military pilot training schools, T. Claude Ryan, president, and Earl D. Prudden, company vice president, last fortnight made a week-end inspection trip to the 11th Army Air Force Flying Training Detachment at Tucson, Arizona.

At the Tucson base, as at many other Army primary training schools, Ryan PT22 trainers are putting in thousands of hours of flight time each month in the most gruelling service to which any class of aircraft can be put—the training of novice pilots. No other planes are required to take the constant beating of hard landings and rough treatment such as primary trainers get at the unskilled hands of young pilots getting their first feel of military flying.

That the planes hold up remarkably well in this severe service is constantly attested to by Army and civilian personnel who supervise the training of fledgling flyers at schools where the Ryan trainers are assigned.

The 11th Army Air Force Flying Training Detachment is located at a newly created base southwest of Tucson, and is operated by the company's training subsidiary, the Ryan School of Aeronautics. The school wos recently transferred from its former bose here on Lindbergh Field.

INSPECTION PARTY at Tucson included, left to right above, Earl D. Prudden; Robert J. Kerlinger, director of flying; Major Donald W. Haarman, commonding officer; T. Claude Ryan and Harold G. Neff, the Ryan School's resident manager.

FLIGHT LINE at Tucson with Ryan PT-22 trainers ready to take off is shown below.

Slim's Pickins'

by *Slim Coats*

While DAPPER DAN BURNETT was in the hospital, one of the local papers printed his picture, and an obituary. Dan immediately phoned T. CLAUDE RYAN and said, "Did you notice that the paper said I was dead?" Mr. Ryan said, "Yes, I did. Where are you calling from?" Dan then called the editor of the paper, told him of the mistake and requested that it be changed. The editor replied, "Well, I can't change it now, but tomorrow we'll print your birth notice and give you a fresh start."

You've probably heard about JOHNNY van der LINDE'S new Austin car. Last week Johnny went to Los Angeles, and drove into the Third Street Tunnel. The tunnel seemed quite long to Johnny, and an hour later when he popped into the sunshine again, he found he'd come out of a gopher hole in San Fernando Valley.

We'd like to know what goes on in Inspection Crib No. 4. Within two weeks, "A 20 B" FULLER, WHITEY ROSEN and TEX ROWLAND have become fathers. Tex won the pool by having twins.

Well, feed me roots and call me Herbie, more and more of the old timers are drifting back to the department. "SLEEPY" HORN with his customary long haircut, and EDDIE WEBER with his customary short one.

RUSS FRASER: "Don't you think that Foushee is a convincing talker?"

JIMMIE RUPERT: "Naw, Bob Harris can out-talk him with one hand tied behind his back."

Remember E. P. MALLOTT who started with us in Manifolds in 1940? He transferred to Personnel, and then to Purchasing. Well, he's transferred again. But this time into Uncle Sam's Fighting Forces. Call him Chief now. Chief Motor Machinist's Mate Mallott.

KENNY LOVELL, also of the Manifold Department, was with us just long enough to gain momentum as an inventive genius, then joined the Navy and is now stationed at Camp Farragut. Also a card from "PAT" PATTERSON formerly a Ryan flying instructor, now in Ireland. Pat looked at the chain around the Lord Mayor's neck and said, "We let 'em run loose in America."

CARL THOMAS: "I went to bed last night and dreamed that I died."

(Continued on Page 16)

An Airplane Is Born

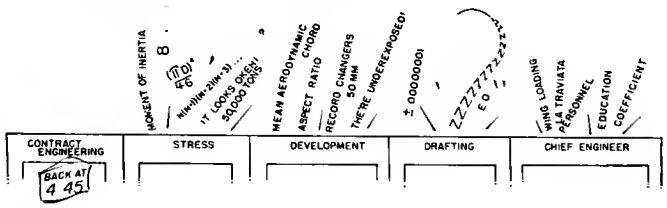
by Palmer Wentworth

Part II — DESIGN ENGINEERING

In the last issue it was explained how an airplane gets its initial lease on life. First, comes the management's decision to build a certain type of plane based upon various economic and technical studies. Then follows the actual development of the design, step by step, by the Engineering Preliminary Design Group—here at Ryan under Millard Boyd's able direction.

This group must work from a specification which may be formulated by the group itself, or which may originate with the customer. The specification states in detail what is expected of the airplane with regard to performance, load, equipment, airworthiness, type of construction, special features, etc.

When it has been established what the airplane is to do, the preliminary design group goes ahead and lays out an airplane that is designed to meet all of the requirements of the specification. This is a pretty complicated business and requires trying a number of



design combinations before the calculations show that the desired results have been obtained.

Finally, Preliminary Design arrives at the point where the engine has been selected, the size and shape of the wing determined, the gross weight and center of gravity established, the general arrangement laid out, and in general the most important features of the airplane pretty well decided upon.

At this point, these original layouts are distributed among the various Engineering groups for further development and detailing, and the tremendous task of turning out the thousands of installation, assembly and detail drawings required to fabricate a modern airplane is begun.

Each major component of the plane is handled by a group which works only on that portion of the airplane. Some of these groups are wing, fuselage, power plant, landing gear, controls, equipment, etc.

In charge of each group of engineers and draftsmen is a group leader who is responsible to the Project Engineer. The Project Engineer is in charge of all of the engineering work on a particular airplane and is responsible to the Chief Project Engineer.

Ryan's Chief Project Engineer is Will Vandermeer, whose knowledge of airplanes is as extensive as his laugh is contagious. It is his job to supervise work on all projects and to see that good production design is adhered to.

All Engineering personnel is responsible directly or indirectly to Ben Salmon, Ryan's capable Chief Engineer. He is in charge of all Engineering activities, including those of the Loft, the Laboratory, and Flight Test.

To return to the actual designing of an airplane, each group turns out a complete set of drawings for its particular portion of the airplane. Every detail is shown, down to the last rivet or bolt. Drawings are made to show how parts are assembled together and how they are installed in the airplane. Nothing is left to the imagination.

Every drawing is checked by a checker who makes certain that it is correctly drawn, dimensioned and complies with our production processes.

In addition to the Stress department checking on strength, the Service Engineer must make certain that the part is acceptable from the point of view of those who must repair and maintain the airplane; the Standards Engineer checks to see that standard parts are used wherever possible; the Materials Engineer satisfies himself that the material called for on the bill of material that is part of every drawing is suitable and can be obtained.

Finally the drawing, bearing the final approval of the Chief Project Engineer, is sent to the Reproduction Department where a number of prints of the drawing are made in much the same way as photographic prints are made from your negatives.

These prints are recorded by the Engineering Release section and distributed to the various production units requiring them.

The foregoing only scratches the surface as far as the actual engineering work on an airplane goes, space precluding going into further detail. No mention has been made of the contributions of the design specialists, nor of the large clerical force required to handle records and reports, nor of the work of many other individuals and groups. To do so would exceed the scope of this series of articles—not to mention that of the author.

The airplane now exists on paper in the form of a series of experimental drawings designed to permit the building of the prototype airplanes. The next step in the development of our airplane will be described in the next issue of the Flying Reporter.

Why Are You Buying War Savings Bonds?

M. O. Campbell
Tooling

F. Flint
Machine Shop

M. W. Vogel
Manifold

John Schicht
Manifold

Roy White
Maintenance

OUTSTANDING FROM OTHER employes by the number and amount of War Bonds they are purchasing, five Ryanites were recently asked why they were buying bonds so enthusiastically and what they intended to do with the money they will receive when the bonds mature. Their answers, besides stressing the patriotic need for supporting our nation's war program, also demanstrated shrewd reasoning and compelling logic.

MISS M. O. CAMPBELL, from Tooling, declared: "I'm going to make a down payment on a new home here . . . and probably buy a new car." F. FLINT, of Machine Shop, said: "I intend to buy a ranch and raise fruit in San Joaquin Valley." M. W. VOGEL, Manifold, related: "I'll probably go into business for myself . . . a grocery store, I guess. Maybe I'll just live off the interest they'll bring." JOHN SCHICHT, arc welder in Manifold Small Parts, summed up for many bond buyers their reasons: "I can use the money in many ways . . . it depends on what comes up. It may pay for doctor's bills or emergencies; maybe it'll pay income taxes. Things may not go so well after this war, so I'm putting every bit of my savings into these bonds as a kind of insurance against bad times."

ROY M. WHITE, welder on the second shift in Maintenance, last week did what he considers the wisest thing possible with the $525 he had in one lump sum. White approached Foreman K. O. Burt and handed him a check for this amount with the request that it be transferred into U. S. War Bonds. For his $525, he received a $500 bond and two $100 bonds . . . which undeniably is an excellent investment return!

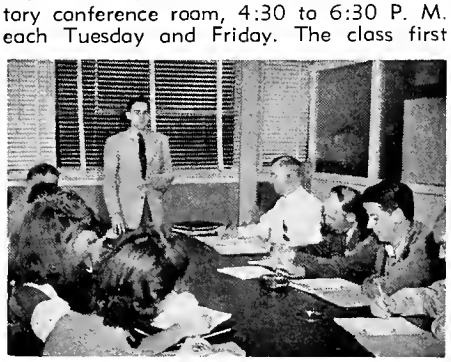
TRAINING COURSES NOW OFFERED IN THE RYAN PLANT

Mathematics: A course covering fundamentals of algebra, geometry and trigonometry with particular application to problems of tooling. The class meets in the northeast room, upstairs, north Ryan School building, 5:15 to 7:15 P. M. each Thursday. The course started September 10th and will continue for sixteen weeks. H. F. Wollen of Tooling Department is the instructor.

Blueprint Reading: A course dealing with types of lines and drawings, dimensioning, sectioning, symbols, templates, layouts, etc. Class meets in classroom No. 2 of the north Ryan School building, upstairs. The time of meeting is 5:15 to 7:15 P. M. each Wednesday. Tom Exley of the Lofting Department is instructor. The class started September 9th and will continue for twelve weeks.

Job Instructor Training: A course sponsored by the Federal Government under its "Training Within Industry" program. This is an intensive course for foremen, leadmen, and others who have the task of initiating new employees into their work. The first such course started Monday, September 21st. The class meets four hours per week until a total of ten hours is used in instruction. C. E. Palmer of the Finishing Department is instructor for the first group. Such courses will be started at the rate of approximotely one each week and will be in charge of instructors who have had special training for the work.

Aircraft Production Planning and Control: A course designed to train qualified persons in the principles and procedures of production planning and control. This course is sponsored by the Federal Government, under the auspices of the University of California. It is given under the joint direction of Roy Cunningham, Murray Leonard, and Joe Williams. The class meets in the factory conference room, 4:30 to 6:30 P. M. each Tuesday and Friday. The class first met on September 15th and will close on October 30th.



Joe Willioms instructs a government-sponsored class on Aircraft Production Planning and Control.

Gas Welding on Stainless Steel: A class of thirteen women trainees was started on stainless steel welding on Monday, September 21st. The class runs eight hours per day and will continue until a total of eighty hours of practice is completed. At that time those who have developed reasonable skill and care to continue with the work will be given employment in the factory. This class is under the tutelage of Steve Dever of the Manifold Department.

Ryan Institute Courses: Many employees of the Ryan Aeronautical Company have found it advantageous to enroll in Ryan Institute Courses. This is particularly true in the Engineering Department where class meetings are held for those taking Institute Courses in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering, and Airplane Stress Analysis.

Vocational School Courses: The San Diego, Sweetwater, and La Mesa Vocational Schools offer numerous courses. Many Ryan employees are enrolled. Information on such courses can be had at Mr. Plummer's office.

HIGH BRITISH PLANE EXPERTS VISIT PLANT

Some of the most competent and experienced British aircraft constructors visited the Ryon plant last week while on a notion-wide inspection trip and showed keen interest in projects under way here, as well as express appreciation for information furnished them by Ryan supervisory personnel on recently developed production techniques with which the English were not familiar.

Headed by Alexander Dunbar, Controller General of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, the British Air Mission is in this country at the invitation of the United States government to provide a means for complete interchange of production information between the aircraft industries of the United Nations.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION PROBLEMS were taking the complete attention of Merrill C. Meigs, War Production Board aircraft chief; Cloude Ryon, and Alexander Dunbor, head of the British Air Mission to this country, when the party visited the Ryon plant last week.

For the first time the PT-25 plywood military trainer was on display in the plant. Special interest was shown in this project since the British have done so much work themselves on wooden construction. Drop-hammer stamping methods and manifold production processes, as well as other production departments also come in for their full share of attention from the British experts.

In addition to Mr. Dunbar, other members of the British group were W. C. Devereaux, Managing Director of High Duty Alloys; Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner, Chairman of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors; J. D. North, Managing Director of Boulton-Paul Co., manufacturers of the "Defiant"; F. D. Davies, Production Manager of A. V. Rowe and Company, builders of the famous "Lancaster" bombers; D. W. A. Dickson, Works Manager of Vickers-Armstrong which makes the "Spitfire" fighters; A. R. Smith, Managing Director of the firm which produces Rolls Royce Merlin engines; and B. W. Mitchell, Secretary of the British Air Commission.

Prepare for Gas Rationing By Pooling Rides Now!

Gasoline will be rationed.

The need to conserve the precious and limited supply of rubber was set forth clearly by the Baruch Committee and President Roosevelt. Rubber will be saved through gas rationing.

Conservation of this rubber supply is an important part of the victory drive—just as the production of planes here in the Ryan Aeronautical Company plant is important.

The rationing of gasoline will assure every employee of the Ryan Aeronautical Company uninterrupted transportation to and from work so that plane production will continue and increase.

By ending unnecessary driving, the life of tires on all cars will be increased and each worker will be able to get to work regularly.

Here are things you can do now to get ready for gasoline rationing and to help yourself have the transportation you need for the duration:

1. Go to the transportation desk immediately to get in a group riding arrangement.
2. Ride the street car or bus, if possible.
3. Keep your speedometer under 35. Better still —drive below 30.
4. Check your tires regularly. Rotate them to keep the wear even.

Most of these things will be required under gasoline rationing. Don't get caught the last minute without adequate transportation arrangements. Start saving your tires now.

POOLING RIDES to conserve rubber applies to the front office as well as to the men in the plant. The plan isn't just a lot of fancy talk for the other fellow to do, as is demonstrated by Eddie Molloy, G. E. Barton and D. H. Palmer who regularly pool their transportation to the office. With gas rationing just around the corner you'll do well to arrange now to bring a full load of workers in your car; or come with someone else, or in public transportation.

The plan is sensible and reasonable. You will have the gasoline you need to get to and from work, if you cooperate. It is the purpose of rationing to continue this essential transportation by stopping unnecessary driving.

(Continued on page 16)

ERICH FAULWETTER

Sheet Metal

The assertion that skill, like music and art, is international, that no nation holds a monopoly on talent, has been proved in the record established by the foreman of Ryan's Sheet Metal Department. The techniques Erich Faulwetter learned in his country of birth are now being used to the excellent advantage of the country he adopted by choice and the company with which he has been associated since 1936.

Born in Europe, Erich spent only a few years of his childhood before he started learning the trade which since has served him and his employers so well. He left grade school at the age of 13 to begin his apprenticeship, a period of nearly five years, while attending trade school at night.

This extra devotion to the cause of sheet metal and plumbing enabled Erich to pass those difficult examinations favored by the old system more swiftly than usual and to spend the last two years of his apprenticeship working in a Hermsdorf factory in Germany where he finished metal parts. He was developing into a full-fledged mechanic as well when in 1929 his visa arrived and he dropped everything to journey to America where his brother, Bill, now also of Ryan's sheet metal department, and his sister were happily living.

At that time Bill was a machinist employed by the Soo Line railroad shops at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Erich began his new life working for the same concern. After seven months of this, he free-lanced with several sheet-metal companies and at one of these, finding his boss never came around and noting that he was running the business anyway, decided to start his own company. A friendly Irishman who was appreciative of Erich's ability staked him and, together, they established a sheet metal company. Still a youngster comparatively new in the land, Erich had same difficulty with the language and, since the Irish partner had trouble with Erich's native tongue, they comprised by talking with their hands.

Things went well for the international concern until, in 1931, business dropped off. Erich, being a man of some shrewdness, cast about for a means of livelihood that would suffer least from the depression he saw advancing. He went to work for a metal casket company for, as he says, "I knew that the casket business would never die as long as people would."

His itchy feet soon had him under their control and he was off to see the country . . . a tour which has taken him to more states than the majority of our natives will ever visit. In his wanderings, Erich had occasion to work around airports and there to learn the importance of fairings and fillets. Here then, was something where his sheet metal knowledge could come in handy. But his mind was diverted from the air strangely enough by horses. Erich and a pal were

working in a sheet metal shop near Galveston, Texas . . . . . home of cowboys, cayuses, chaps and ten-gallon hats. The lure proved too strong and one day he just upped and traded in his sedan for two fully-equipped saddle horses. He did not, however, succumb to "Home On The Range" but was, instead, heard over a Waco radio station playing folk songs from the old country . . . Erich performing on the mandolin while his side-kick sang the lyrics.

After some 800 miles of this nomadic life, Erich's friend came to the conclusion that cushions were softer than a saddle and he returned to Fond du Lac. Our hero's mind returned to thoughts more serious and he began to reconsider the aircraft industry. By now the depression was in full swing around the middle west, so taking Horace Greely at his famous words "Go West, Young Man," he did.

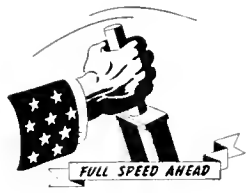
It took him three trips out to California to decide to stay. He plied his sheet metal trade at shops in Stockton and Oakland and then visited San Diego in 1933. After various jobs here, Erich connected with the CCC and was placed in charge of sheet metal and plumbing for all the camps in California.

Fall of 1935 found Erich installing equipment at Hages' Dairy doing arc welding work. Proof of his ability and thoroughness can be seen in a tunnel he welded there for, today, it is still holding and as dependable as it was when he finished installing it seven years ago.

During this time, he was making every effort possible to enter the aircraft industry and in the spring of 1936, his long-awaited chance came when he reported for work at the Ryan Aeronautical Company. Here his first job was installing the wheel pants on the early S-T's. No drop-hammers were yet in operation, so Erich was a one-man bumper, riveter, finisher and installer. With the arrival of a drop-hammer, stampings were made and from these he fashioned his own templates. The Australian and British order placed by Lockheed in 1938 for nose cowlings, fillets and fairings were also his province and these, he recalled, proved the test of craftsmanship for everything in those days was by necessity practically handmade from start to finish.

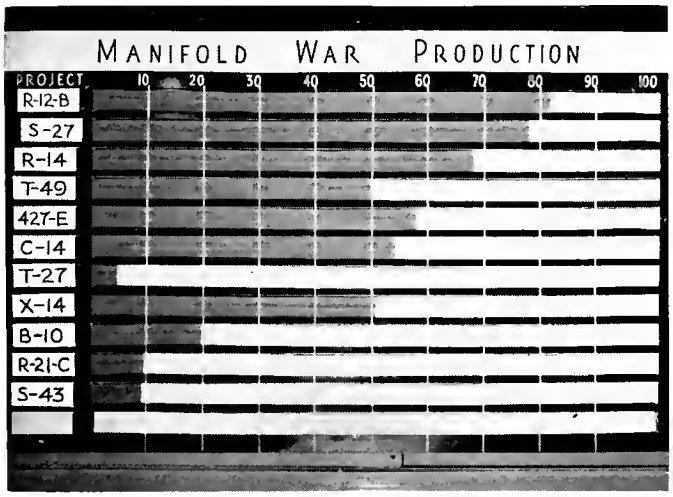
In the course of his activities, Erich frequently has assumed the duties of "trouble-shooter" and helped solve problems developing in other departments where his familiarity with sheet metal methods could be applied to unscramble the components.

Naturally his work around planes increased his interest in their ultimate use and so he resumed pilot training that had, until now, been of a spasmodic nature. He remembers the outcome of one of these lessons quite vividly. Shortly after he had started soloing, Erich was flying up Mission Valley one day when a connecting rod lost the right to its name and became disconnected. The motor conked out at 3000 feet but Erich was able to glide to an airport near Camp Kearny mesa. The only casualty, however, was a damaged undercarriage. Some might suppose Erich's curly hair was the result of this experience but such is not the case; the washboard effect comes rather from the typhoid fever attack he suffered as a child. At that time his straight hair vacated Erich's pate which was later tenanted by the crowning glory that now illuminates the Sheet Metal Department.



New Scoreboard Shows Status of Production

On the sound theory that fans and players alike at a football game need to keep track of the score as a means of gauging the effectiveness of the team's effort, the Production Drive Committee in the Ryan plant have arranged for the erection of a "Production Scoreboard" on a trial basis in the Manifold Department.



If you've been wondering for the past two weeks how the scoreboard is operated, here's the dope.

Each week the Production Planning Department sets a "goal" which must be kept if the company and its employees are going to meet their schedule of shipments of completed manifolds to the various aircraft manufacturers which specify Ryan Exhaust Systems as standard equipment.

The manifold scoreboard keeps workers in that department advised of the status of production on the particular project on which they are working. The scoreboard is divided off into markers each representing 10% of the week's scheduled production. Every day the lines on the scoreboard are moved forward, and by week's end all projects should be at the 100% mark if production schedules are to be met.

In the picture above the editors have changed the designations of the projects on the scoreboard in order that no information of value to the enemy may be given out.

If the manifold scoreboard serves its purpose of making each employee aware of the importance of his particular job in helping attain the 100% goal, similar scoreboards may be erected in other departments.

Paging Diogenes . . .

CALIFORNIANS ADMIT OHIO GIRLS PRETTIER

Editor's Note: This article is going to put two of our production executives in the doghouse with the girls in their department, and is going to put ye editor in hot water with our wandering Columbus crew, but we can't pass up this opportunity to reprint the following from the Curtiss Wright-er, employes newspaper at "Curtiss-Columbus." Here goes!

"Columbus, and particularly Curtiss-Columbus, has prettier girls than California with all its movie starlets."

That's a dangerous statement for two native Californians to make, but make it Roy S. Cunningham and Murray J. Leonard did, even though they knew they would soon be returning to their work at the Ryan Aeronautical Company in San Diego, and might be called upon to defend themselves from a horde of indignant sunkissed ladies.

Recent first visitors at Curtiss, Mr. Cunningham, planning superintendent at Ryan, and his assistant, Mr. Leonard, report that the girls who are on the west coast now, are not all Hollywood minded. The war has changed that. Today young girls migrate to California not to crash the movies but to smash the Axis via a war industry.

Left to right, O. R. McNeel, Ryan representative stationed at Curtiss-Columbus; Murray J. Leonard, F. L. Smith of the Curtiss-Columbus Military Contracts Department, and Ray S. Cunningham.

As at Curtiss, girls work all through the factory and in every department at the San Diego plant. While they did not hesitate to speak on the subject of feminine pulchritude, the two gentlemen from Ryan did not care to join Vice-President H. Oliver West of Boeing Aircraft and Curtiss-Columbus supervisors in discussing the relative merits of women versus men workers.

Regulations are a trifle more stringent at coastal war plants where the war has been brought closer home.

Although Curtiss and Ryan feminine factory workers are governed by the same dress regulations for safety's sake — overalls, bandanas, no open-toed shoes — Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Leonard stuck to their original statement that the Curtiss girls seem prettier. But one of them laughingly admitted:

"Maybe it's a case of the grass being greener."

...but flu is tougher

Chesty Bigbee thought he could "take it" like Tarzan. He was proud of his muscles; went in for fresh air and sports in a big way.

One winter day, Chesty couldn't seem to get going at his job. His mouth and throat felt dry. His eyes burned. It was the influenza virus staking out a claim in Chesty's nose and throat.

After work, Chesty felt tired. What he really wanted was home and bed, but he wouldn't admit it of course. So when one of the fellows asked him to bowl, Chesty said, "Sure!" ("Be good for me," he thought. "A work-out is just what I need.") He got a work-out all right.

Next morning, Chesty felt rotten. He couldn't breathe through one nostril. He ached all over. His throat had been held on an emery wheel all night. He sneezed, sniffled, and coughed.

Did Chesty pull the covers over his head and odmit he was licked? No. "A little thing like a cold can't get me down," he said, and dragged himself to work.

Yes, for 3 days he took that cold to work with him, breathing and sneezing it around to others, and feeling more and more miserable.

That last day, the flu virus won by a knock-out. Chesty keeled over at work. Before night he wos in the hospital.

Fever 104 degrees.

A very sick man.

There he fought influenza for 3 weeks. It took him 2 more weeks to get his strength back—**38 days off from work besides the hospital bills.**

If you haven't guessed it, here is the moral of Chesty's sickness:

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT, INFLUENZA CAUSES WORKERS TO LOSE MORE TIME FROM THEIR JOBS THAN ANY OTHER DISEASE.

Influenza, alias "Grippe," alias "Flu"

Influenza is the medical name for "grippe" or "flu." A virus at work in your nose and throat causes flu. The influenza virus is a living organism so small it cannot be seen under a microscope. It passes right through the finest filter. It passes right from the noses and throats of other people into the air you breathe. That is the way you catch influenza.

A "Bad Cold" May Be Flu

The air passages of human beings are the favorite homes of many public enemies like the influenza virus. One is the common cold virus. It is not the same as influenza. But we catch both of them the same

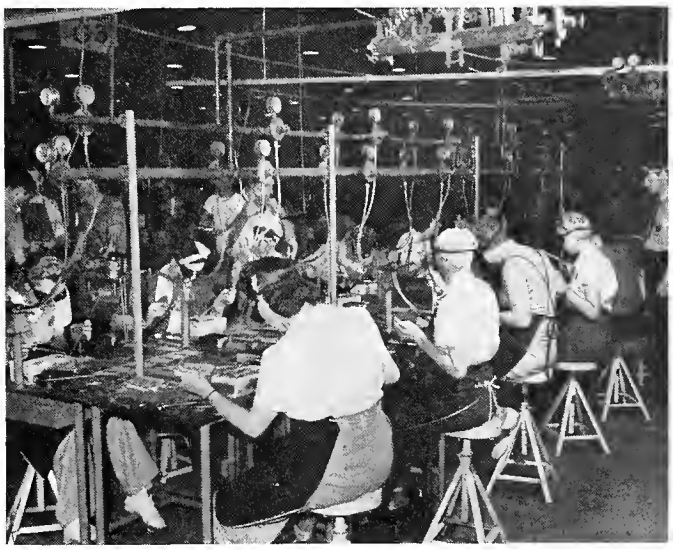
(Continued on page 18)

Women Learn Welding As New Plant Classes on Ryan Methods Commence

The hand that rocked the cradle and the face that launched a thousand ships belonged to a woman. Here at Ryan that hand now holds an acetylene torch and the face is adorned with goggles, as a dozen young women daily attend classes here in the factory in acetylene welding.

The classes are part of a new in-plant training program instituted by the company for the purpose of training women in those specialized work techniques which are most frequently used in Ryan production. In order to expedite matters and to obtain workers as quickly as possible, the students will be taught only specialized methods for particular jobs.

Still an experiment, the special welding course requires no previous training as a prerequisite and the



dozen girls now studying come from many different vocations and backgrounds; for most, it is their first encounter with factory work. Through this educational means, it is expected that they will learn welding methods used in the Ryan plant in much less time than by any outside training.

The course has been set at 80 hours of study but many, it is believed, will be certified before that period because of the rapid progress that can be made when full concentration and effort can be applied to learning without the interference of production work. To this end, all their time is being spent on coaching and practice welding.

Thus far, the courses offered are limited to acetylene welding, with arc welding to be next on the list. The training program will later extend into atomic hydrogen welding (a new technique used for the first time in the aircraft industry by the Ryan Aeronautical Company) which permits more rapid welding and less carbon pick-up, thus resulting in a more ductile weld. Also planned are classes in heli-arc welding, a technique still in the embryonic stage and now being developed by Ryan technicians.

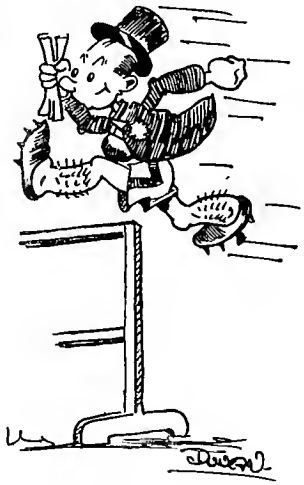
MEET Al Kwasigroch

By BOB CLOSE

In these times the problems arising between our "outside" production department and the various vendors requires the leadership of a man who has had a good background of aircraft knowledge and the tact of an ambassador. We have such a man at Ryan who has these qualities.

In fact, Al Kwasigroch's background is considered suitable for the term "all-around," and ranges from winning sport laurels (football, basketball, track, swimming and tennis at a Los Angeles high school and college) to many positions in aircraft work, such as riveting, inspecting, maintenance and experimental.

Al graduated in 1930 from Loyola University. He spent his freshman year at the University of Washington in Seattle. The fact that he is a native Californian probably accounts for his one year away from



home. It seems as though there are no other states in the union but California and Texas. So they say!

After school hours Al spent most of his time at the Rogers airport on the west side of Los Angeles. When he was 12 years old he took his first airplane ride at this field. He probably helped move the airplanes into hangars and "doped" wings, repaired ribs and in general became an all around mechanic in order to earn that ride.

After graduating from Loyola University he worked at Northrop as a riveter in the fuselage department. Later he transferred to Tooling and then, after a short stay in the Purchasing Department, he became assistant purchasing agent and outside buyer. He also spent some time in the Experimental Department working on the first version of the "Flying Wing."

In 1931 he worked at Lockheed and when the depression came Al was managing an auto park system in Los Angeles. This kept the wolf from eating through the door.

In 1936 Al married Verona Fleet in Glendale, and shortly after moved to San Diego to work for Consolidated. He came to Ryan in 1938 (after spending two years with Consolidated) and worked in the Layout and Sheet Metal departments. Later he was transferred to Experimental in charge of building the fuselage of the YO-51. When the ship was completed Al was transferred to foreman of the Fuselage department. His next step was outside contact man and then Superintendent of Outside Production.

This department has a special responsibility in that it is required to locate and work with sub-contract manufacturers who will make parts as soon as possible so that the production and assembly schedules will not be delayed. There are only four or five catches to these requests for parts from outside vendors and they sum up to the fact that there are only five or six hundred other companies with the same ideas in mind and they also want their parts as soon as possible. So you see the reason for the special background of aircraft knowledge and tact of the ambassador.

Here's hoping Al will continue to get the service for us that we have had so far under his supervision.

WHITTLING JOE

Here's a fellow you'd like to know,
A citizen named Whittling Joe.
Joe is whittling in a plant,
Whittling things the Axis can't,
Whittling with his sharp machines
Cargo ships and submarines
Whittling bombers, whittling tanks,
Whittling shells in shiny ranks—
Shave a sliver off Benito,
Slice a slab off Hirohito,
And Joseph really whets his whittler
Whistling as he whittles Hitler.
That's a job that Joe enjoys,
Whittling down the Axis boys.
Whittling Joe is never through;
He likes to whittle with dollars, too.
So every payday Joe is fond
Of whittling Hitler with a bond.
Multiplied by fifty million,
Whittling Joe is some civilian!

Lab Goes Whole Hog in Pig-nick

by Wm. Van den Akker

Last Sunday the members of the Laboratory Staff "took a pawder" and disregarding the cares of the world hied themselves off into the woods. In beautiful Carmel Valley at the Flaersch Ranch the staff spent the day in amusing the country folk with their antics. Did we have a good time? I'll say we did!

About 35 people attended including the members of the families of the Laboratory employees and the day was spent with about as fine a series of events as it has been the privilege of these weary old eyes to behold. The program started rather quietly and gently with a barrage that sounded as if there was no shortage of ammunition. Practically every model of ".22" was given an opportunity of exercising its ability to hit tin cans, knot holes, rocks, and old beer cans. The more astute marksmen consoled themselves with shooting at pennies.

P. S. Did you know this guy Tammy Hixson is as good with his rifle as he is with his camera? Dan Heyser was a little disgusted, he didn't want to shoot 'cause there weren't any grizzly bears around.

A rather interesting tour was made of the ranch which is complete with a model dairy. It was kind of a shock to us city folk to find out how clean these farmers can be, especially with our milk. And say, that electric fly trap they had which electrocuted those flies as fast as they stuck their noses in the milking room was surely a honey. You know it would be great if you could get a system like that so that all we had to do was press a button instead of a time card and make it kind of easy for us latecomers.

The tour of the model piggery wasn't so good. I have never seen, heard and smelled so many pigs at one time. Gee, there might be a shortage of bacon but I never saw so many hogs in all my life (no offense, fellows). Have you ever heard about 700 of the delightful porkers swing a serenade, each screaming and hollering his head off?

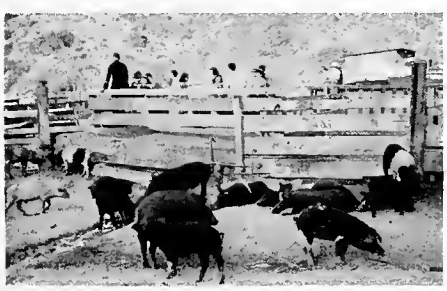
Returning from the piggery (and we returned rather rapidly) the whole gang engaged in softball. Doc Stanford's "mighty midget" was walloping them into the outfield. The boys were way ahead 18-0 but what happened when the gals got to bat was really terrific. While all this was going on and the old-timers over the age of 28 were pitching horseshoes, somebody yelled "Come and get it!" What happened then might have been called a foot race, but boy, were those barbecued steaks, corn on the cob, salad, etc., etc., good, and if you don't think that was good just top it off with some homemade ice cream churned by the gentle hand of our beloved Tammy. (Van, apparently you're still talking about the piggery.—Ye Ed.)

Sights at Ye Olde Picnic. — Scurlock chasing a squirrel down a tree . . . Verla sitting on a pin cushion (cactus to you Easterners) . . . Bo Flaersch in a 15-gallon hat . . . Ford Lehman taking a photograph of Tammy Hixson who was taking a photograph of Frank Martin who was taking a photograph of Dan Heyser who was taking a picture of Didi who was taking a picture of Don . . . Ed Sheldon intercepting a pass of two ears of corn while running through a broken field around the barbecue pit . . . Shudnoff and Schwartz in a grudge socker bout . . . Hubert Stanford and the Mighty Midget unobtrusively making love in front of 25 people . . . Tammy Hixson matching to see who would pay for beer that had already been drunk.

Even the lovers got a break and the day was topped off by a hayride in the moonlight. What moonlight! Have you ever seen a moon that will conveniently and coyly duck out of sight when you want him to? Can you imagine Schwartz losing his glasses, and out with his own wife, too?

Who said we didn't have fun?

THE LABORATORY PICNICKERS are on the **far** side of the fence.



HOW ENGINEERS GET THAT WAY

by Victor Odin

(who should know)

Composite picture of an engineer: After being chivvied and harried by his loving wife, he finally consents to getting out of bed. Breakfasts heartily off eggs stolen from the hens that inhabit the mesas behind the house. After fond adieux, drives off to work, intently listening for new noises in the car. Picks up four passengers to help keep the wolf from the tires. Crawds car to gunwales with sundry pedestrians as he approaches the plant.

Proudly exhibits disgusting portrait of self to gendarmes at gate. Passengers, after considerable fumbling, do likewise. Guard is not amused. Attempts to park car in convenient spot, but unsympathetic guard suggests lovely spot several furlongs further on. Parks, dashes briskly upstairs, and slumps down at table.

Hearing lively discussion at other end of room, goes over, and ends up by betting five cents that flash bulbs contain free oxygen. On way back to table instructs female on proper method of making box-pleats and inverted box-pleats. Uncovers table, and is amazed at drawing. Remembers his table has been moved to new building. Goes to new building, uncovers table, and is amazed again. Remembers what he was doing last night, and attacks work with great energy. Tears up old blueprint invalidated by an E.O. Sees fly on neighbor's table and slays it with rubber-band. Hearing argument on comparative distances to Vladivostok and Pernambuco, dusts off his spherical trig and computes distances. Sees some of the boys tossing for something or the other, gets in on it, and is stuck (again) for a buck's worth of ice-cream. Works like a fiend possessed until lunch time.

Breaks out the old Thermos and has a good old-fashioned Kaffee-klatsch with the boys. Tosses for cakes and gets stuck for four of them. Finishes cake thinking of a way to get Fearless Fosdick out of current predicament. Back to work. Scavenges for blueprint he has torn up and pieces it together. Borrows circuit from alleged radio expert in hopes of mutilating his perfectly good radio by adding a stage to it.

Goes down to shop and blunders in on foreman explaining to welder that the part in question was designed by an imaginative moron of doubtful ancestry. Unabashed, foreman greets him as a long-lost brother and the kink is ironed out. Goes back, finds pet drawing has been borrowed in his absence. Goes to vault for print, and is told to see Thudium. Thudium says Dickens, Dickens says Rosacker, Rosacker says Thudium. Breaks down and cries. Is cheered up by sight of somebody tossing for something, but it turns out to be a chap with a nervous habit. Drowns sorrows in work.

Janitor reminds him it is time to go home. Does so, eats hastily, and tears off to bowling alley. Bowls very carefully, calculating possible stresses in ball, coefficients of restitution, angles of incidence, etc., and thoughtfully watches ball go skittering down the gutter. Throws caution to the winds and bowls 189. Home, and so to bed . . .

MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

In this issue we wish to salute two men from our department who are giving their all to our country in its crisis. One—R. R. Robison — robust storekeeper, who served three years in the Army Signal Corps in his youth, has answered the call again by enlisting in the Coast Guard. Here's fine weather to ya, sailor.

The other—Roy White—erstwhile second shift leadman, tendered K. O. Burt a check for $525.00 for the purchase of war bonds. If we all do our duty with equal devotion, it will not be a question of whether we will win the war, but just a matter of time until we do.

"El Toro" Johnson, the alcalde of Jamul, met with a rother intriguing experience a few mornings ago. "El Toro," as an introduction to the new senoritas, is the blonde, slightly bald, chunky millwright whose effort and ability keep the machine shop in the bonus column. But to get on with the story, as told by "El Toro" himself, he was on his way home when, purely by chance, he passed a lonely road-side tavern. Says Johnny to himself, sez he, "Now there's an honest lad, keeping open into the wee small hours of the morning, offering hospitality to the weary traveler. I shall reward him." No sooner said than done. Johnny dismounted, secured Rozinante to the picket line, and strode into the hostelry. Smack! Boom! "Dios mio," sez Johnny as he gathered himself from the floor and prepared to meet his assailant, "'Twas never thus in Panama." But the perpetrator of this heinous attack had fled and "El Toro" never had the pleasure of meeting him on the field of honor.

And it seems that Cecil Wall also met with adventure. Cecil, high in the tree tops, was gaily swinging from limb to limb, a la Tarzan, when he slipped on a banana peel and crashed to the ground. All kidding aside, Wall suffered a most painful injury, and we're all delighted to have him back on the job.

Mrs. Harriet Porham, who has been in the stockroom for some time, has transferred to First Aid where her experience

as a registered nurse will be most useful. Mrs. Belle Drake succeeds her in the stockroom.

That brings to mind the alteration in the appearance of "Sugarfoot" Conde, hard rock miner from Arizony. We all have admired his shining, jet black curls, but since Jerry Tronsgard, the attractive precision grinder operator, has been lending him bobby-pins and he has been combing his hair regularly, the improvement in his looks is quite stunning.

At Bill Cundiff's palatial Mission Hills villa a meeting of the board of directors was recently called to order and the following were found present: Anderson, Ford, Cole, West, Hulbert, Millikan, Johnson, Alexander, Treahy and your humble reporter. Two of the members, Anderson and Ford, had difficulty in aut-maneuvering their wives, hence arrived late. (Incidentally, they were late for work the next doy.) The traditional Western game of "draw" was warmly received, as was African golf. Conversation gradually lapsed into Castilian as the business at hand progressed. Expressions such as, "Thees next card, my fren, she ees bad boy, no?" became popular. Also heard was, "Fever in the South, an' no doctor." All those present desire that this innovation shall continue ad infinitum.

Bowlers of the Bull Gang, led by Capt. Hillberg, swamped the carpenters 4 to 0 in the games opening the league a few nights ago. Kratz, Stewart, Reece and Eulberg gave Hillberg fine support. The "Gang" has a true esprit de corps and is looking for more serious competition.

Ensenada Fishing Trip

by Bob Johnston and R. N. Wallin

Well, here I am behind the eight ball again. Bud Meixner just asked me to write something about our famous fishing trip. I'm sure I am not the proper man for the job because I was too busy tending to my own business at the time all the fun was going on.

Early Sunday, September 13, eighteen of the boys from Experimental and Final Assembly got out their rods, reels, and Mother Sills seasick pills, and headed for Ensenada.

To start at the beginning, where all good fish stories start, we planned to leave here around three A.M. That was all right with everyone except "Sleepy" Louie Chapman. He just couldn't bear the idea of setting his alarm clock for that time of day. He came across though when he understood that we were not going to wait for him.

The trip down was almost uneventful. The road was very rough and the fog just a few degrees thicker than solid water. Bud's extensive knowledge of navigation proved very helpful, in fact I don't believe we would have made it without him. He worked so hard at it that when we all ordered breakfast, he ordered a steak dinner. Jimmy Hannum had steak too, but that was just a Hannum characteristic.

Finally, we all got on the boat and went "chugging" out into the ocean for about an hour. When we stopped everyone hurried to get his hook in the water to catch the first fish. That was a sad situation. The fish were not the least bit hungry. After a while we moved over next to an island and that's where the fun started.

I've heard some tall fish stories in my day, even told some pretty tall ones myself, but that was the tallest of them all come true. We were in a school of barracuda, and they were extremely hungry. Everyone was catching fish as fast as they could pull them in. By the way, I found that pulling in seven or eight pounds of fighting barrocuda is no small job. Bud Meixner was so excited that he couldn't stond up. He was on his knees working harder than I ever dreamed he could work. It seemed that Louie Chapman was directly in the spot

where Bud liked to land his fish because every time he caught one it landed squarely in Louie's face.

I guess Archie Garwood just couldn't get excited over anything. There he sat pulling in fish with the best of them, and did he get excited? He did not. Jimmy Hannum made up for that though. He was in just about as bad shape as Bud Meixner.

Harry Wisner won the jackpot on a ten-pound borracuda that just barely nosed out several nice eight- and nine-pounders.

The high light of the trip home was the "howling" of "Wolf" Johnston in the crowd at the border. He really whistled his best.

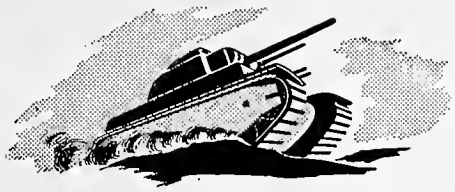
Bob Johnstan and his five back seat drivers got lost in the wilds of South San Diego and would probably be there yet if it hadn't been for a couple of gals on horseback who came to their rescue.

If the Time Clock Talked

HANDLING MATERIAL

Probably you have heard the old saying, "Don't bite off more than you can chew." That applies to many things, including material handling. One man bit off more than he could chew when he started to roll a metal drum up an incline. If he got it up the incline without any trouble, that would be fine. But if the drum was too heavy and started to roll back on him, he could expect to be hurt. That is just what the drum did; it got out of control and started to roll down hill; he tried to stop it but slipped and fell down and it rolled over him. Had he gotten some help and had he planned the job out before he started it he wouldn't have bitten off more than he could chew.

BUILDING THE TANKS



TO SMASH THE AXIS

Pound-for-pound, tanks being made with American skill surpass any similar type in mobility and mechanical reliability. Hard-hitting, tough, capable of outrunning and outlasting other models, American tanks didn't just happen to be good. Superiority was built into them by hundreds of precision tools. Each part is made to exact measurements and machine tools used to make them are of a special nature and size.

Thirty to 50 per cent of the weight of any tank is armor plate. To build a tank, hard, thick steel that cannot be pierced by a rifle or machine-gun bullet must be pressed and drilled and turned and reamed and milled to exact dimensions. Into a tank go steel, nickel, brass, copper, aluminum, rubber, leather, glass, cotton, plastic, tin, lead, and petroleum products. In its skeleton are rolled plates, castings, forgings, rivets, bolts, wire, tubing, ball and roller bearings, gears, electric motors, instruments, batteries, and valves.

In a light tank are 14,000 individual pieces; in a medium tank, 25,000; in a heavy tank, 40,000. These must be machined, subassembled, and assembled. Many of the metal parts must be machined on boring mills, radial drilling machines, milling machines, and similar tools of much larger size than found in ordinary shops. The turret casting alone is as heavy as the average automobile. Armor castings and forgings are so tough that tungsten-carbide tools have to be used in nearly all turning and boring operations. Cutters of high-speed steel containing a high cobalt content must be used in milling and similar operations.

Up to several years ago there were almost as many tanks sitting as World War monuments in public squares as there were in fighting trim in the Army. Even these relics bore no battle scars, because no American-made tank fought in France. We used British heavy tanks and French light tanks and the total number was less than 300—not enough to equip one of our modern armored divisions.

The tank program on which we set our production schedules in this country was based on a 1919 campaign that fortunately didn't have to be fought. We did, it is true, make a few tanks. Up to the Armistice we built a total of 64 light tanks. And they **were** light tanks — they weighed only 7½ tons. The vehicles we call light tanks today are nearly twice as heavy as those old ones. Production of the World War light tanks continued to the end of March, 1919, at which time we had 778. For actual battle participation we got all our light tanks from the French, who furnished us with 227.

Back in those days we called 30-ton tanks "heav-

(Continued on page 20)

Today's Miss America

by IRENE TRAVIS

Today, most of the "Mrs." of America are living the dual role of wives and war citizens. Mrs. America is stepping out for Victory, working in war plants, handing out sandwiches at the canteen, doing any of a dozen extra jobs . . . and keeping up the home, as well.

Today's Mrs. America knows what freedom really means; she has time and energy to work for it, for long ago she turned over many of the tasks of housework to her dependable electric servants. A few years ago when she was buying this equipment, little did she realize how much it would aid her in doing this necessary double work. She used to think how much time owning these appliances would give her to play bridge, to go shopping, to rest. Now she is glad for the hours she can put in making materials so desperately needed by our men at the front.

We are thankful for these modern appliances and for the mass production we had in peace time. If we had not had this mass production in peace, we would have no mass production of tanks, airplanes and guns

(Continued on page 16)

WAR BOND PRIZE FOR BEST RYAN SLOGAN

When an eastern war plant was recently given the Army-Navy "E" award for Excellence, an employee of the company submitted this slogan in a contest: "'E' DOESN'T STAND FOR 'ENOUGH'." Justifiably, he walked off with first prize. Certainly within our entire plant there must be equally nimble minds capable of devising slogans just as worthy as this one.

But if there are, they've been doing an excellent job of keeping their talent obscure. When the call was issued several Flying Reporters ago, the answer to the proposed contest was deafening silence . . . and, to date, all has been quiet on the slogan front.

After some probing into this mystery, we have arrived at a possible solution and so, with a cry of "Quick, Watson, the needle!", we approach center-stage and proclaim that needle in the form of a $25 War Bond as prize for the top slogan submitted by a Ryanite.

Slogan entries should deal with our nation's war effort, our company's part in the war scene, value of the payroll allotment plan for War Bonds, or similar themes. They will be judged by the Management-Labor War Production Drive Committee which will announce its decision as soon as possible. You may use the form below for convenience and turn it in to the personnel office, or drop it in the Flying Reporter box just inside the main plant entrance under the suggestion box. (If you don't want to deface your copy of Flying Reporter just use a plain piece of paper).

Name..... Dept.....Badge No.....

My slogan is: .....

.....

WIND TUNNEL!

By Victor Odin

At first we thought a tropical sunset had wandered into Engineering's dreary halls, but when our eyes had recovered from the dazzle, we saw that it was Will Vandermeer's necktie. Hand in hand, the pastels of Andrea del Sarto ran through it with the raw primaries of Renair: it was a sight to see! Will ware it twa days in a row, explaining on the second day thot he did nat want the impression to get around thot he had been hooted into returning it ta its special corrasian-resistant and fireproof box.

Thus Mac Cattrell returns from vacation, an embittered and broken man, the tie-wearing laurels torn fram his brow. . . .

One morning we came in ta work and found Engineering looking, except for the daisy chain, just like a Vassar commencement: it teemed sa with bright new female faces. Remember, boys, the law of supply and demand is working in aur favar naw, so be careful with yaur phone numbers. Anyway, welcome ta 'em all — the new draftswomen (ar is it "draftslodies"?). Waadie swears he heard one af them asking anather, "Haw do you project araund carners?" It's all dane with mirrars, girls, it's all dane with mirrars.

We'd like to give the warld at large the name of the gal wha was heard to exclaim, "When I get mad, I get mad all aver!", but we gallantly refrain from daing sa ta protect her fram just such wolves as the one who piped up with a mast appropriate comment. Wauldn't you like ta knaw whot he said?

Which reminds us: Jack Park, adding playwright ta his ather sinister talents, sends in this little one-act jewel. All its characters are purely imaginary; da nat and are not intended ta portray any actual persans, living ar dead:

Dick Hayward (reading a manual): Boy, is this stuff dull!

Louise Cooper: Say, did you know that you can judge a persons' personality by his writing? And didn't you write that thing you're reading?

Dick (absent-mindedly): Whot? Oh yes. Why?

Louise: That's all I wanted ta know.

(Curtain)

Social notes: Collector of Internal Revenue McReynolds informs us that Johnny Janes shortly takes unta himself a wife. The Tammy Hearns entertained sundry guests at poker last week; it was discavered ta the delight and merriment of said guests at the end af the evening that divers cords were missing fram the deck.

NUTS, BOLTS and RIVETS

by NOREMAC

A man at an insane asylum sat fishing aver a flawer bed. A visitar, wishing to be friendly, walked up and said: "Haw many have you caught today?"

"You're the ninth," replied the nut.

A woman was speaking before a woman's club. Ta get off something cute, she said: "When I'm down in the dumps, I just get myself a new hat." A woman in the audience whispered ta a friend, "She certainly gat thot one in the dump."

A curiaus old lady, meeting a one-legged man, sympathetically remarked: "Why, you've lost yaur leg, haven't you?" "Well, darned if I haven't!" replied the cripple.

"I've been thinking it aver," said a certain man to his wife, "and have decided to agree with you." "No good naw," said the little woman, "I've changed my mind."

Of all sad words of tangue or pen, the saddest of these: "It's flat again!"

Mickey Littlefield informs us, with justifiable pride, that as a result af her autos-da-fe' the percentage of Engineering personnel naw signed up with Mr. Margenthau totals 92.43265. Which means we need a mere 2.56735% before we can look that jigsaw puzzle in the eye. Aw, came on, folks, and make the little girl happy. We are naw aver 95%!

The warld awaits Jae Thein's current invention, the Kibitzer Trap. Driven to distraction by countless visitars with highly valueless opinians on whatever he is doing at the mament of their arrival, he has invented a truly diabolical device. An accaustical relay, responding ta the wards "Why dan't you——," instantly sprays them with a deadly insecticide, springs a trap daar, and sends their limp badies sliding down a chute ta the biggest drop-hammer in the plant. Patents pending. Drap-hammer has a reciprocal arrangement whereby **their** pests are sent up the same chute ta be driven nuts by a short conversatian with Jae.

That epic af a triple vacatian which Don Wilcox, Mac Cattrell and Eddie Oberbauer are resting up fram contained several moments which could be meat and drink ta a writer. Far example:

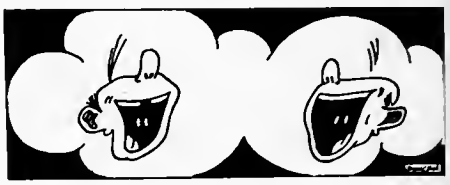
Short short story: Telegram received by Mac . . . datelined Jackson, Wyoming: "Your leaving has taken away the sun and moon and stars. Came back and end the dimaut. Hope Eddie's nose is better. Signed, the Three Musketeers. (The Mlles. Athos, Porthos and Aramis of a certain Jackson public school, we presume.)

Short story, medium length: Haw Dan Wilcox, urged by farces more powerful than himself, rose ane bitter-cold night at 2 a.m. and set forth lightly clad far another and smaller building nat far away; how a locked him in; and how, aided only by a packet knife and his own ingenuity, he esprankish wind blew the daar shut and caped at last . . . frazen, but considerably relieved.

And about haw Mac became a Sal-Hepatica addict . . . could we write a baak!

She: "Darling, it's just a yeor today since our honeymoon when we spent that wonderful day on the sands." He: "We never thaught then that we'd be spending our first anniversary on the rocks."

"Mr. Smith," said the lady at the church festival, "won't you buy a bouquet ta present ta the lady you love?" "That wouldn't be right; I'm a married man."



Hitler was born in 1889, came to power in 1933, spent 9 years in power, attained the age of 53 this year. Add these figures and the tatal is 3884.

Mussolini was born in 1883, came ta power in 1922, spent 20 years in power, this yeor is 59 years old. Agoin the total is 3884.

Stalin was born in 1879, came ta power in 1924, has ruled far 18 years, and is 63 years old. This warks out ta 3884.

Churchill was born in 1873, came ta power in 1940, has been in power 2 yeors, and is 69 years old . . . which adds up ta 3884.

Roosevelt was born in 1882, came ta power in 1933, has been there for 9 years, and is naw 60 years old. This totals 3884.

Ta woge a war, there must be 2 opposing factions. Sa divide 3884 by 2 . . . and the result is 1942 . . . which is the year the war will end—MAYBE.

BUY BONDS T.N.T.

(TODAY, NOT TOMORROW!)

Former Ryanite Awarded Air Medal

Lt. Ben L. Parker, 23, formerly of Ryan's drap-hammer department, is one of eight U. S. Army Air Force officers wha recently were awarded the air medal for bravery in flying vital supplies ta the Aleutian battle front. Maj. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner jr., commander of the Alaskan defense command, cited the men far their bravery.

"Unarmed and without fighter escort they traversed hostile skies known ta be patralled by enemy aircraft. Despite fogs and winds, as well as enemy planes, they successfully made trips ta the outer Aleutians," the citatian read.

A graduate of San Diega High school, Parker attended San Diego State college and took flight training at the Ryon School of Aeronautics. He graduated in 1940 from the army advanced flying school at Kelly field, Texas.

AWPC MAKING CALIFORNIA ARSENAL OF AIR POWER

Manufacturers comprising the Aircraft War Production Council, of which the Ryan Aeronautical Company is a member firm, have increased their deliveries more than 113 per cent since Pearl Harbor.

Cargo plane deliveries have increased more than 1,100 per cent.

At the same time, production efficiency was so increased that the dollar value of airplanes produced per manhour worked was raised 36 per cent, saving the Government money and the nation precious time.

These were high lights of a report to the nation by Donald W. Douglas, President of the Aircraft War Production Council, comprising eight companies which operate a score of plants with home factories in California and production units throughout the nation. Mr. Douglas' report was made at the semi-annual meeting of the Council.

Interchanging, through the Council, all engineering data and facilities which will speed production, these companies build virtually every major type of training, combat and cargo airplane—heavy bombers and their cargo counterparts, medium bombers such as those which raided Tokyo, trainers in which American pilots learn military tactics, attack bombers in action on many fronts, dive bombers which participated in the Midway victory, fighters and pursuits, and observation planes.

In the first six months of 1942, deliveries of these companies totaled nearly three times the deliveries of the entire American aircraft industry in the full year of 1939.

How the Council's unique method of company cooperation has helped speed production was reported by Mr. Douglas as the Board of Directors reviewed six months of operation.

During this period there were 4,151 exchanges of material among member companies of the Council, and many more aiding non-member companies.

Engineering reports covering more thon 1,000 subjects were interchanged, saving production time by making it unnecessary for a company to duplicate costly research already completed by another company.

Listings of production machinery were interchanged among the companies, resulting in frequent use of machinery of one company to do the work of another company which otherwise would face a production delay. Actual manufacturing equipment was exchanged on the basis of "greatest need."

As an example, here is an excerpt from a report of one company:

"It was urgent to make a large volume of parts at once by hand. This demand for parts could only be met by installing a special type of shear known as a rotary shear. A quick check showed that the best delivery we could get on the shear would be in eight months—eight months delivery on a tool that should be in operation today!

"A member of the Subcommittee on Idle Equipment lifted the phone and in a half-hour had contacted all of the aircraft manufacturers in Southern California. A brand new rotary shear, still in the crate and about to be set up in another plant, was located. The plant could get along without this machine for a number of months. It was sold to us, delivered, and is in use. That is how the close cooperation of the aircraft manufacturers on the West Coast is speeding up the War effort in a real and vital fashion."

Called upon to produce more than $6,000,000,000 of military airplanes, the Council companies have set a national pattern of cooperation. The phrase "trade secret" has been banished for the duration, as companies which formerly were competitors interchange everything from critically needed materials to latest engineering designs. The companies are working as a team to make their California group an arsenal of airpower.

DON'T WORK FOR HITLER!

One way **not** to win the war, according to War Production Drive Headquarters, is to be avoidably absent from your regular work. be unavoidably absent from your regular work.

"Absenteeism" for any reason, whether preventable or not—is one of the most pressing problems of the day, and is the deep concern of those close to the demands for greater war production.

The seriousness of the problem is apparent only when one stops to analyze the production which could have been done had the absent workers been on the job. Just to check up on his own department, Rex Seaton, General Foreman of the Manifold Department, kept track of his personnel during a recent work period, and found that too high a percentage of total scheduled manhours was being lost by absences, and that the lost time would have been SUFFICIENT TO BUILD MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED MANIFOLDS.

THE HEIL YOU ARE!

—Los Angeles Times.

TIME STUDY

By C. W. Brown

Up here we are all glad to welcome the old Maestro of the Time Study Department back to the fold after he has been off with that durned old ankle that gave way when he tried to step on it. We all know that Tarry was out helping to put on a show that night and appreciate the fact that he did a good job, despite the accident. So welcome back Maestro, and lead on.

We seem to have a lot of new faces up here and I don't think I had better try to name everyone but just say for the time being, "Welcome to our Department." The next column will be taken over for the little jangles by F. P. Tarry who has offered to sub for me while I take a rest.

I have a little article that I have had many requests to reprint for this issue. It was most ably written by E. Raehmholdt, of Sub-assembly. I think that this is one of the best times for an article of this type to be put squarely up to us.

HEALTHY DISSATISFACTION

There is nothing wrong with healthy dissatisfaction. To be contented is to stagnate; to be discontented in the right way is to force progress. All the good things you and I enjoy are the direct result of someone's being dissatisfied with things as they were. We would all be living in caves if it were not for dissatisfaction. And so, to have one say he is not satisfied with his present place compells admiration—that is, if it is a healthy dissatisfaction.

We might describe the difference between a healthy dissatisfaction and an unhealthy one as the attitude toward's one's work, his employer, and fellow employes. To wish to progress not at the expense of anyone else is healthy, but to be selfish and wish to progress over the downfall of someone else is unhealthy.

Briefly, the above confirms the old adage that it pays to give a bit more than you were paid for. Come in a bit earlier, leave a bit later, learn the business a bit better. In spare time, plan ways of helping your employer. If you have something good, tell him about it, and don't expect a raise the next pay-day. Render service and in due time the money part will fallow after you, in amounts to compensate you for the work you have put in your efforts.

It is a proven fact that the more U.S.A. Bonds you buy shows you are satisfied with your country, also gives to you a healthy outlook for the future.

BUY BONDS NOW—OR NEVER AGAIN!

Big plans are underway to feature Ryan talent in shows—IF you sing, dance, act, play musical instruments . . . turn in your name to Personnel immediately.

More About

Slim's Rumor Round-up

(Continued from page 3)

LEE PETERSON: "What woke you up, the heat?"

SCOTTY DURR and RUTH E. VEDDER were married recently, and when FRANK WALSH asked him how he liked the radio Mrs. Durr had given him, Scotty replied, "The music is fine, but the light is too dim to read by."

We see by the papers that the American soldier is the best fed in the world. His daily ration contains 39 vitamins and stuff that costs 54 cents wholesale. Allowing for evaporation in transit, we would say the boys in Iceland are getting fat on Southern cooking.

We talked to a soldier who was on K.P. duty. It was his duty to taste everything before it was served. If it was good he didn't serve it. He ate it himself. He said the cook book was practically a catalogue of abdominal disorders. Army food consists of about twenty elements, mostly surprise.

The K.P. said he dishes out soup as lavishly as if he got it out of a pump. That's probably where he got it. He makes enough beef stew in a G. I. can to float a battleship. And a battleship could float all day in it without hitting a chunk of beef.

Well, they say exercise is the best dinner bell, and hunger the best sauce. That's why the only complaint about the cooking is, "The food's not too good, and besides there isn't enough of it." Say, come to think of it, this business of giving our kitchenware to the Government sounds an ominous note. Aren't we going to need it anymore?

We don't understand why food should be so expensive just because we have a million men in the army. Those men ate before they went into the army, didn't they? And they certainly have more competition now than they did at home.

Of course, their appetites are better, the portions larger and the tips smaller. But a million men in the army and a million men at home still are a million men. That's logic that doesn't make sense.

After this aluminum round-up is over the Government is going to start a bean rodeo. When a man eats in the army, he's eating for himself and a friend. If I don't hear any "beefs" on this article, I'll know everyone is too busy eating.

There seems to be a rumor that LOUIE BAKER will soon announce his engagement. In fact, there are bets on it, bookmakers being NUSSBAUM and MAZZUCHI. This romance business is a funny thing. Recently SAM SHOCK said to LLOYD IVERS, "I never kissed a girl till I met my wife. Can you say the same thing to your son?" Lloyd replied, "Yes, but not with such a straight face."

GERRY WRIGHT of the Ryanettes says she refuses to go on any more dates with soldiers — unless they ask her first. And MARGARET "TOM" FUSON just nods her head.

Well, we see where we might get some gasoline this week if Congress declares the law of supply and demand unconstitutional. If you can't get gas you don't need tires—and without tires—what good is your car? That is a question that must be solved by the Government and the finance companies.

The bootleggers are in business again, but they can't get over their old habits. They're still making Old Scotch, but they are putting it up in bottles with labels marked "gasoline." You take a drink and then breathe on your engine. It's like the good old days.

More About

Today's Miss America

(Continued from page 13)

for war. Our homes and industrial plants could not have made the adjustments to meet the demands of these critical times.

Every one of us has a part to do by taking care of our car, our house, our electrical equipment so no neglect of ours will use up repair parts or waste vital material or fuel. The way things are, some of us can't do more . . . but no one who calls himself an American can do less.

We are building strongly for freedom and the greater future with every resource we command. Never before has Mrs. America undertaken such a gigantic job but, like her men, she is equal to the task . . . for, as in peace, so in war our women stand behind their men to aid them in all that they do. Behind every man there is a woman . . . it might be his mother, sweetheart or wife . . . but there is someone for whom he is fighting—and someone to share his glory.

America must be the strongest nation in the world; therefor, one of the vital jobs for all Mrs. Americas today is to make America's people the strongest in the world. She can do this by feeding her families as they should be fed. The Army and Navy have experts to plan and balance their food . . . Mrs. America must be the expert who plans and balances the food for the future generations. In this way she is helping to build a stronger America.

Today we are all soldiers of industry, devoted to production of equipment for the service of our armed forces. We must do our best to give our forces the superiority in equipment that only America can give. Then try as it might, no force can stop the progress of our country!

Extra Copies of Flying Reporter

Extra copies of the last issue of Flying Reporter, the Twentieth Anniversary Number, are available to employes for personal use. Many calls have been received from employes in the past for extra copies to be sent to parents or friends, and special mailing envelopes have been provided. Copies of the Twentieth Anniversary Number, and mailing envelopes, are available at the Personnel Department.

More About

GAS RATIONING

(Continued from page 6)

While the rules for national rationing have not yet been made public, the country has been assured that the four "things to do" listed above will be **requirements.** It is expected that rules similar to those now in force in Eastern United States will be adopted. Under those regulations, here is what will happen:

1. Every car owner is issued an "A" ration book, allowing gasoline for 1800 miles essential vocational driving (getting to and from work) and 1080 miles of essential domestic driving (trips to the grocery, etc.) each year.
2. Workers who cooperate by carrying a full load of other workers and who cannot use other transportation will be issued cards for addtional gasoline, provided that the "A" gasoline book is not enough to get them to and from their jobs.

War industry workers will be given gasoline enough to get them to their jobs, provided the cars going to each plant are used to copocity.

The part each person can play and will be required to play is clear. Thousands of aircraft workers are already cooperating. Cooperation should be 100 per cent before gasoline rationing starts.

Slow down and pick up your group riders —NOW!

LET'S NOT JOY RIDE TO DEFEAT

There is a paragraph in the Baruch report which ought to be memorized by every driver of every rubber-tired vehicle in the Nation—or better still, pasted on the window or windshield of every rubber-tired vehicle where it could be read whenever the driver steps on the starter.

That paragraph says:

"Tires on civilian cars are wearing down at a rate eight times greater than they are being replaced. If this rate continues, by far the larger number of cars will be off the road next year, and in 1944 there will be an all but complete collapse of the 27,000,000 passenger cars in America."

That statement means just one thing — we have got to become a Nation of mileage cutters. We've got to cut our mileage deep to keep moving toward victory instead of joy-riding to defeat.

BUS SERVICE DELAYED

The announcement of the proposed bus service for employees between Pacific Highway and the plant which appeared in Flying Reporter several issues ago unfortunately now appears to have been premature.

After everything seemed to have been all set for the start of the service, the dark cloud of "priorities" appeared on the horizon and in spite of continued efforts by the company's Washington representative the busses which were to have been assigned to the service are still "frozen." The heat is still on, however, and an early thaw is hoped for by all concerned.

WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg and Mel Minor

At last, my co-correspondent, Chuck Kellogg, has plunged headlong into the sea of matrimony and is now enjoying his honeymoon in some quiet and secluded spot . . . leaving me to prepare this without his able assistance. Your many friends and co-workers wish you the best of luck, Chuck.

If any of you have been wondering about the constant argumentation going on between C. L. Yaegle and J. O. Burke, here is the low-down: For some time now, Yoegle has talked his head off trying to persuade Burke against the ups and downs of married life. I'm afraid it's done no good though, for I've heard that the wedding date is drawing very near . . . Hmmm, I wonder why Yaegle was so interested?

Have any of you guys 'n gals ever wished you had a real good story that you could pass on to Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley? If so, R. K. Gird of our department has one that really takes the icing off the cake . . . if not the whole cake. It seems Gird has a friend who trained his bird dog just a

certain way. Whenever they go quail hunting, this dog runs on ahead, chasing what quail he comes across into a hole. Then putting his large paw over said hole, he waits patiently for the hunters to appear. Soon the hunters spy the dog, get into firing position and all is ready.

This wonder dog then lifts his paw and lets one quail out at a time. It is then an easy matter for the hunters to shoot down each bird as it is released. Golly! What a story! But, so help me, Gird swears it's true.

Here's another hunting story. Bob Andrews and Al Jueschke were out dove hunting not so long ago. They both got a few birds but what I can't understand is why Andrews had to drink buttermilk all the way home . . . how about an explanation, Andy?

Bud Beery, our foreman (also a fugitive from the farm who is trying to hide behind a few hairs which he claims is a mustache) has just returned from his vacation. I'd like to give you more of a detailed description on how he spent the two weeks, but I've been so busy since his return that I haven't had a chance to gather the information. However, if you ran true to form, Bud, we know you enjoyed yourself.

Say fellows, I just received a card from Kellogg. He claims to be having a grand time and says in part . . . . QUOTE: "Thanks to all the gang for the swell wedding present." UNQUOTE. Last minute flashes: G. A. Richardson receives ticket for speeding . . . what you paid for the fine, G. A., would have bought a nice War Bond. Memo to Hersey and North . . . you had better lie low for a while, fellows; your racket is nearing exposure. Say, Carpenter, I'll bet from now on you'll bet on the horse your wife tells you to, eh what??? Post-script to E. Booth and others . . . better start bringing your own lunches, fellows . . . I'm putting a lock on mine.

We of the Wing Department regret the loss of our good friend and co-worker, C. A. Talpo who suddenly passed away on the morning of September 26th. We send our sincere condolences to his wife and children.

Machine Shop

by Bette Landon

Well, since our reporter Donald Dudley has joined the Air Corps and will no longer write our troubles and gossip, I will try to continue where he left off. However, my line of gab will hardly come up to his.

The Machine Shop has taken quite a blow the last few weeks. Our leadman Steve Fouquette has enlisted in the Air Corps and at the present is in Phoenix, Arizona. Steve, having already served six years in the Air Service had the rating of Flight Sergeant. Good luck, Steve, and bring down a Jap for each one of us here at Ryan's. Happy Landings.

Jess McCray, set-up man, has a thirty day leave and is in Denver, Colo. Maybe those snow storms will blow him back to Californio.

R. W. Reed, second shift mill operator, thinks he has found happier hunting grounds, so I guess he has gone there to hunt.

Oh yes, the Machine Shop has a bowling team in the winter league for the first time. Let's see if you know your bowling as well as you do your machines.

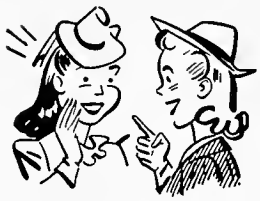
The men have really been on good behavior the last couple of weeks. Could be those beauties from Engineering who have been looking the shop over. I hear something every day about the women working here in the plant. but every time a new one starts to work the guys just bubble over, get a new haircut, come to work the next day with a clean shave and a tie on. I don't get it. More power to you, gals.

Our pretty little Indian maid. Anna Gerra, who started to work on the burr bench recently, is really tops with all of us, but I heard through the grapevine that the traffic cop up on the corner has a different opinion. He should get better acquainted with her and then be on our side. How about it, boys?

Since our handsome inspector in Crib 3, Stuart Hunt, has gone back to Canada to the R.C.A.F., we girls will have to find a new glamour boy.

Before signing off, I want to add that everyone is just as tickled as I am to have Margo Mitchell back with us, and incidentally, we missed you while you were away, Margo.

EXPERIMETTES



by Jonnie Johnson

Well, it looks like we are still in and around good "ole" Experimental. We're hoping we don't have to move; so don't be surprised if we decide to call it home and stay.

Several of the fellows have gone, and our crew is slowly but surely being transferred. Good luck to "Shorty," Frank Reed, Mr. Friend, Mabel Modill and Marion Green. Don't forget us.

I want to thank some of the boys, on Miss Franklin's behalf, for the wonderful assistance they have given her lately—especially through the "want ad" columns. You'd think Cramer and Lane would be the last to offer their services. Just goes to show, you can't always tell by looking.

Those who missed our picnic really missed something. We are just like a big happy family and when there is an occasion to celebrate, there's nothing short of "doing it up proud." Everyone had a good time; something exciting going on every minute. Could be the worthwhile contest prizes which offered War Savings Stamp books, containing one and two dollars worth of stamps. Of course, Dixon had to be different and win a case of coke—then had the nerve to pay off his "coke debts" with it. Nice goin,' Dick.

The highlight of the day was our guard, Brant, drawing his own number out of the hat for grand prize. To say the least, there was a riot.

It does people a lot of good to go out and have fun. Kinda keeps them in line, so to speak. But Bud Meixner hasn't been the same since the picnic. Guess we're gonna have to have another one so he can get rid of his vim, vigor and vitality. How about it, Bud, think that would help?

After I read the Flying Reporter I always feel sorry for "Slim" Coats. He takes such a beating from start to finish. If I could write an article that would attract the attention of one person, I'd feel like I was doing something—but to have the whole editorial staff and a few others commenting on just one or two lines, should make a person feel very self-satisfied. More power to you, "Slim." As you said—they must be reading your article.

Well, good luck to everyone and we'll be seeing you.

More Join Honor Roll

F. D. O'Keefe

K. V. Manson

P. Pierce

Kenneth Lovell

R. Robison

PRIVATE DONALD DUDLEY REPORTS:

Readers of the Flying Reporter may have, in the last few issues, noticed the absence of one of its most reliable correspondents, Donald Dudley . . . formerly of Machine Shop and now of the United States Army. In the midst of his very active new life, he has yet found the time to keep up the contact with his former fellow employes. From his last three letters we have extracted accounts of events that have come his way recently and, in the belief you will be interested, present them herewith.

Donald, reporting to Fort MacArthur in San Pedro, relates that his first week in the service was a very busy and bewildering one. After the issue of clothing and assignment to quarters come the I.Q. and aptitude tests, followed by an interview . . . these latter to determine in what line of endeavor the recruit can best serve.

In his second letter, Dudley discloses he was sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, which serves more or less as a classification center and distribution camp. As calls for replacements came in from various areas, the quotas are filled from the men available here.

In his last letter Donald tells of a visiting Army nurse who was present and took part in the memorable battle for the Philippines. "Soldiers and nurses," he recounts of Nurse Wilson's story, "sought protection by scurrying into ditches along the roadsides as Jap planes flew over, strafing them time after time. Always the expectations of help and supplies . . . but support existed in their hopes alone, for no help ever came.

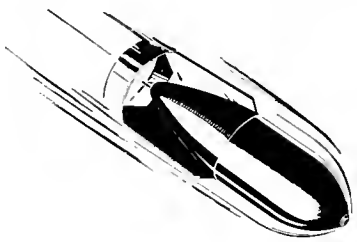
"Many times, after the airfield would be bombed, the men would dash out and fill in the craters left by the terrific bombardments. Finally came the day when only one plane was left to the defenders, the others having been shot to pieces. The pilots then took their places in the front lines, battling along with the infantry. The single remaining ship had been sieved with holes, but the mechanics patched it up with bailing wire and bamboo. On these flimsy wings, the pilot went aloft, bent on a mission of mercy which took him over hostile territory for much needed medical supplies.

"Many men were lying about, stricken with malaria and d y s e n t e r y, or badly wounded. Those who knew how near death they were begged the overtaxed doctors to leave them and take care of the men who had a chance to survive. When the hospital was bombed and one entire ward wiped out, the survivors were moved to positions underneath trees; many hurried operations were performed.

"One captain, whose leg had been shot off, begged to be moved to a spot from which he could handle an anti-aircraft gun. Others, too, never knew when to quit. Everyone fought with a kind of frenzied desperation, praying that help would arrive.

"Came the day when food was almost gone, so lizards and monkeys were hunted down. These, Miss Wilson assured, made wonderful meals . . . at least they seemed so to the famished men. Horses were slaughtered and devoured; even leaves from trees took their places in strange tropical salads. Half-raw rice was too often apparent on the restricted menu.

"The siege lasted five long months and each one of those days was a lifetime to



our boys . . . yet, according to this observer, the morale of the soldiers was amazing to behold. Throughout the entire nightmare, their courage never wavered any more than did the rifles they grimly held in their hands . . ."

Flu Is Tougher

(Continued from page 9)

way—breathing in the virus released by people who have colds or influenza.

Colds and influenza begin with the same symptoms. Nobody can tell, at the beginning of an attack, whether it is "just a cold" or influenza. This is why doctors say: "At the first sign of a cold, go to bed and stay there until you are well."

So don't take a chance with what you think is a bad cold. It may be influenza. And flu is tougher than a cold. A simple cold will clear up in a few days. But watch out for the "cold" that hangs on; that brings fever; that makes you ache all over, that exhausts you. Those "colds" may be flu.

Flu May Bring On Another Illness

Many times, influenza ends in pneumonia, a very dangerous sickness. Many times it ends with infected sinuses, infected ears, or bronchitis. These illnesses are much harder on you and your pocketbook than flu.

Influenza itself may not make you very sick, but when it is at work in your air passages, it eats away their thin surface linings. This leaves your nose, throat, and bronchial tubes undefended. They are ready for another invasion by different and even tougher germs.

Like the influenza virus, the germs that cause sinus infections, bronchitis, and pneumonia are around all the time. You can resist them usually. But once influenza has been at work, your air passages are a push-over for these infections.

There is only one way to stop them from moving in with influenza. Go to bed and take care of yourself under a doctor's orders. This keeps you away from people who might spread other infections. This gives your air passages the rest and the time they need to repair the protective linings.

How to Fight Influenza

Stay Away From Colds and Flu. Scientists have not yet found a 100% sure preventive for colds or flu. Perhaps some day they will. In the meantime, prevention is up to you.

Stay away from people who cough and sneeze. Don't visit friends who have "a touch of grippe." It is the same tough sickness as flu. If an epidemic hits your town, stay away from crowds as much as you can.

Rest. Exertion puts extra strain on your body while it is already fighting an infection. So don't be like Chesty Bigbee. When you are tired, don't over-do. Go home and get plenty of rest. Strenuous exercise never cured a cold.

Wear Warm Dry Clothing. Exposure to winter weather is another extra strain. Many healthy people expose themselves needlessly. They come from heated buildings without changing damp clothes or putting on extra wraps. They go around with wet feet. They stay out in the cold until they are chilled. Fight flu by keeping your clothing warm and dry.

Fresh Air But No Drafts. You need good ventilation at home or at work. But sleeping or working with a winter wind blowing on you is just as bad as harsh outdoor exposure. Get fresh air, indoors and out, but keep away from drafts.

Foods That Build and Plenty of Water. If you are not already eating fruits, fresh vegetables, and milk, add these to your diet. Those are foods that build resistance. If you think you are catching a cold, lay off the heavy foods, eat more building foods, and drink lots of water. Stuffing a cold never cured it.

Get a Doctor and Take It Easy. If you think you are coming down with flu, get a doctor. If you listen to your friends, you will be a living advertisement for nose drops, chest rubs, and all-purpose pills. But you will not cure flu.

Stay in bed until your doctor says you can get up. Don't tell him you feel like licking wildcats when you really feel weak as a kitten. If you take care of yourself, flu may last only a few days. But it has one mean punch we haven't mentioned.

Flu exhausts you out of all proportion to the length of time you are sick. Yes, people can fight some diseases for weeks without feeling as knocked out as flu makes them feel in a few days. The exhaustion that follows influenza is what leads to so many relapses. The second attack will be harder on you than the first.

Be willing to take it easy. A few more days in bed may save you weeks of serious, costly sickness.

don't try to be tough with flu . . . it is tougher than you

SPORTS

by Jack Billings

WELL, IT TOOK 'EM 12 INNINGS TO BEAT US!

In one of the most exciting sandlot games seen in this area in some time, the Solar Air Baseball Team defeated Ryan's for the city aircraft championship. The game was played at Golden Hill Playgrounds and lasted for twelve innings before the Solar club came out on top, 7-5. The climax was Eddie Barr's long home run over the left field wall.

The game was tied up in the 7th inning by Claude White's home run over the right field fence. Billy Webster, Solar center fielder, made a beautiful throw in the 11th inning to cut off Art Spahr who was trying to score on Jack Billings' single. On the whole the game was a nip and tuck affair, and more of these games are in order, so watch your bulletin boards for further information in regard to where the games will be played.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET

Consolidated Aircraft walked off with the recent meet held Sept. 13th in the City Stadium. Over 150 men turned out for this event which lasted nearly two hours due to the large number of contestants. Bud Deacon, who doubled as the meet chairman and also as the winner in the pole vault, stole the show by bettering his own record with a jump of 14 feet, six inches.

The meet was an outstanding event in many ways. It not only provided excellent entertainment for the large group of spectators who attended, but it also offered a splendid chance for the boys in both ends of the National Defense to get together on an equal basis. Surprising enough the aircraft boys more than held their own with the athletes from the many branches of the service.

Ryan was well represented in that they finished fifth with a total of 6½ points. Red Becker finished second in the shot put, and Lawrence Schumacher was a second place winner in the 440-yard dash. Bob Barker tied for third in the pole vault to give the company a very good showing in the event.

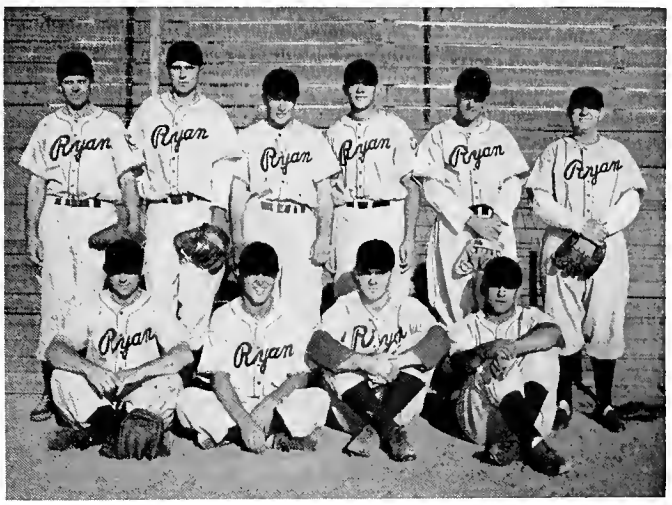
Due to the fact that this event was such a huge success the Industrial Recreation Council has planned to continue it each year.

INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE BOWLING

Due to the fact that the Manifold league will be in action on Wednesday nights it was necessary to make last minute changes in our two teams entered in the Industrial League at the Pacific Recreation alleys.

Joe Love, Herb Simmer and Lou Schaffer who have long been known as three of the outstanding keglers here at the plant have found it necessary to drop out of the competition in favor of their own league which will be getting under way soon at the San Diego Academy. These boys are going to be missed. However, very suitable replacements have been made. Following is the complete roster of members of the two teams.

Manifold's Bobby Stevenson at bat in the fourth inning . . . score: 0-0. Catcher is Earl Koeppner of Solar.



Pausing for the camera before commencing a well-earned rest after an active season which saw them slug their way to the near top, the Ryan "Scouts" display new uniforms which received their baptism of fire in the game with Solor. Left to right, standing, are: E. Morlott, Bob Stevenson, Jack Billings, Dale Spahr, Benny Simpson and Bryan Morlott. Seated, Jack Marlatt, Claude White, Luther French and L. Camacho.

BOWLING . . . TENNIS

Ryan No. 1	Ryan No. 2
Bob Hutchinson	Buck Kelley
George Dew	Joe Garinger
Ed Sly	Jose Barrios
Proto Wilkewich	Jim Key
Claude Nadeau	Don Walker
A. S. Billings	George Christian

Manifold League. For a good many years the manifold department has furnished this company with its outstanding bowlers, and for this reason the competition has became so keen among the boys that they have gotten together and formed their own league. It will be a Ten Team League and will be seen in action at the San Diego Academy.

Ryan Winter League Gets Under Way. A 28-team league will be getting under way Monday night, Oct. 26, at the Tower Bowling Alleys for the second year in a row. At a recent meeting of the team captains new officers were elected to carry out the duties of keeping the bowling leagues in order. Buck Kelley, prominent in bowling circles for quite some time, was elected president. His right and left hand men will be Ed Sly, who will serve as secretary, and Claude Nadeau, who will handle the duties of treasurer.

MIXED DOUBLES BOWLING

The first Ryan mixed doubles bowling league wound up in a three-way tie for first place between the team of Jim Key and Betty Wilson; Jerry Jackson and Alice Mumper; and Bill Helmer and Maxine Littlefield, thereby simplifying the matter of cutting up the prize money. Twenty-eight teams took part in this seven weeks league and a good time was had by all. In the immediate future all bowling at Ryan's will be as mixed team leagues.

The Ryan entry in the 825 league at the Academy is now holding down 4th place in the league standings. With a little late spurt these boys still have a chance to finish on top.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The first annual Ryan Tennis Tournament came to a close in a rather surprising fashion. Carmack Berryman, who was seeded No. 1 in the tournament easily subdued the hard-trying Joe Garinger by set scores of 6-0, 6-0. These scores were quite a surprise as Joe was tabbed by all to be the one that would most likely hand Carmack an upset. However, Carmack's net game was just too much for Joe. Berryman will receive for his victory a handsome trophy with his name engraved thereon. Plans are about complete for the proposed Swing Shifter tennis tournament to take place later this month.

PLANT ENGINEERING

by Buck Passer

Plant Engineering has decided that it is now large enough to come out of seclusion and make itself known to the general public. This pathetic column shall be testimony to the above statement, but please give us time to acquire that literary genius so beautifully portrayed throughout the other columns in the Flying Reporter before you pass judgment on us. Plant Engineering hereby gives warning to you League bowlers to allow plenty of room for the leadoff man on our team, Les "Wild Man" Young. He has been known to make a strike on Alley No. 10 when bowling on Alley No. 12.

To those of you who thought we bowled with a six-man team: Mr. Marsh says his birth certificate definitely states that he is not twins; he says that he just looks like twins.

We were represented at the lost skating party by those two champion figure skaters, Webb Treahy and Bob Christy. They challenge all comers to duplicate the figures they cut on the ice. Especially the one executed by Bob that started somewhere in the middle of the rink and after a series of steep banks, loops, Immelmans, etc., ended in a Dying Swan at the side rail. P.S.: That splintering sound wasn't the wood rail, it was just three of Bob's ribs in process of fracturing, so if you have to jab him in the ribs, don't jab his left side—it is very touchy now.

Bob isn't the only cripple in our department. D. H. Palmer surprised us by hobbling into the office Tuesday on a pair of crutches. He lays his trouble to Old Age. Well! it could be. Anyhow we hope he recovers quickly.

Bill Dean drove proudly to work Monday morning in his newly acquired Greyhound "Buick" Bus. It was so long he had to stop twice at the barricade; once for identification of those in front and once for those in the back seat. Bill says he was here on time, but the people who rode in the back seat were five minutes late.

The Marines, true to tradition, have the situation well in hand; Billie Sutherland, Plant Engineers' prize secretary, was whisked off to Yuma over the week end and is now Mrs. Frank E. Johnson, U. S. Marine Corps.

Plant Engineering says hello and welcome to their new co-workers: Mrs. Alexena Watson, Mrs. Billie Johnson, Mrs. Flonnie Freeman, Mrs. Guilla McClary, Mrs. Marie Madrigal, Mrs. Betty Grover, Miss Haydee Hood, Miss Rosemary Smith, Mr. Fred Bartzmeyer and Mr. Frank Zeglis. Gee, fellas, look out, we are about to be out-numbered.

More About

TANKS

(Continued from page 13)

ies." Today we call vehicles of this weight "mediums." Our modern heavy tank weighs around 56 tons. The World War 30-ton tank program called for the joint endeavor of American and British industry. To reach the Allied goal of 1,500 vehicles, the British were to supply the armor plate and we were to build the motors and driving mechanisms. Up to the Armistice we had completed about half of our share. But the 30-tanners used in battle by our troops came from the British who supplied 64 vehicles.

During the next 15 yeors, 30 tonks were built in the United States. Meonwhile all of the World War models had became obsolete and by the time war broke out again in Europe the Army had in service only a few light tanks and a small number of 18-ton medium tanks, known as the M-2.

In production was an improved model of the medium tank, known as the M-2A1, with heavier armor bringing its weight to 20 tons. These tanks, and the earlier types, came from Army arsenals where they were built by hand.

The need for modern mechanized fighting equipment, so forcefully demonstrated by the armored forces abroad, meant an end had to be put to this slow, tedious production method. American industry was asked to produce in great numbers a vehicle that is not a tractor, a truck, or a locomotive. It is something in between, with a nature and a function all its own. Joining in the program to produce this distant cousin of their civilian products are the locomotive, automotive, and farm-equipment industries. Helping them are plants that once made railroad cars, automobile and trailer bodies, automobile motors. Diesel engines, airplane motors, tractors, oil-well drilling equipment, type-foundry equipment, shoe machines, compressed-air equipment. Together they created a new industry to build monsters that cost $1 a pound and weigh up to 112,000 pounds.

First tank to be born of this new industry was the M-3 light, weighing 13½ tons and equipped with 5 machine guns and a 37-mm. gun—a highly destructive fighting unit that can move at speeds up to 35 miles per hour and has the tactical equivalent of 40 men on foot. It was on April 30, 1940, that the first delivery was made, and since then other production lines have started and more are being set up. Later models are going into production.

The first medium tank, M-3—a refinement of the M-2A1 — was delivered in April 1941, and already it has been augmented by a later model, the M-4. With its 7 men, 4 machine guns, a 37-mm. tonk gun, and a 75-mm. cannon, it is a rolling battery of artillery.

The first heavy tank was delivered December 8, 1941—the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Its 56 tons is hell in motion.

Besides tanks themselves, the Army uses many tank chassis to mount field guns. Development of this type of mover makes it possible to give artillery a mobility unheard of in the last war. Tractor-type mounts are built with the same precision that makes our tanks unequaled, and they come from the same production lines.

PRODUCTION PLANNING

By Maynard Lovell

He flew through the air with the greatest of ease—and landed right in the middle of the trees. Not having an airplane, Bob McFall had trouble making a three-point landing — but nearly succeeded — chin, shoulder, and knee. The third time being the charm and having already "hit the pavement" with Joe Rice—he took a ride with Jack Kennedy. One point landing this time — just knee. And Jack—maybe the man likes running boards on his car is why he got mad.

Saturday night saw quite a gathering on the Park lawn and in the midst of it all — Wayne Hargrave — pumping up tires. Anyhow—all motors and all boys are still going strong. Leonard Hanson has joined the motor throng and even though a novice has offered to give lessons.

Changing names and persons seems to be a Dispatching Department habit — to say nothing of changing locations. Doris Davis of the print files changed her name to Anselmo last week—best wishes, Doris—F. D. O'Keefe, working out of Sheet Metal, joined the Navy and was inducted into immediate service. Jack Hartley left us to take a position near Santa Ana. Dave Oakley returned to his home in Texas. As for our newcomers —since last issue there is Jack Schwab now in Cutting; Jessie Porter also in Cutting; Martha Rickard helping out upstairs; and Marion Maley keeping the charts in the Manifold Booth.

Manifold Planning moved out on us Sunday and is now in the office downstairs where Lofting used to be—there on second shift will be found Altina Blacksmith and Dave Palaash doing their bit.

Think I'd better give up now—if Planing does much more "spreading out" I'm going to ask for a bicycle (and elevator).

FINISHING

by Vi and Lil

Rosie, Bill Shinafelb, Andy Andrews and Bob Webb are back on the second shift. We surely do miss them as there isn't anyone left to argue with.

It's very odd about the cake that turns into wood in the lunch boxes. I believe Wallace knows how it happens, though.

A couple of gals from engineering were looking for work the other day, so we gave

them a job in the paint department. It seems they came out in the plant to see what makes the wheels go 'round so they would understand the work better. If they take as much interest in Engineering as they did here, I think they will do a swell job. Good luck, Mary Pollock and Ellamarie Woolley.

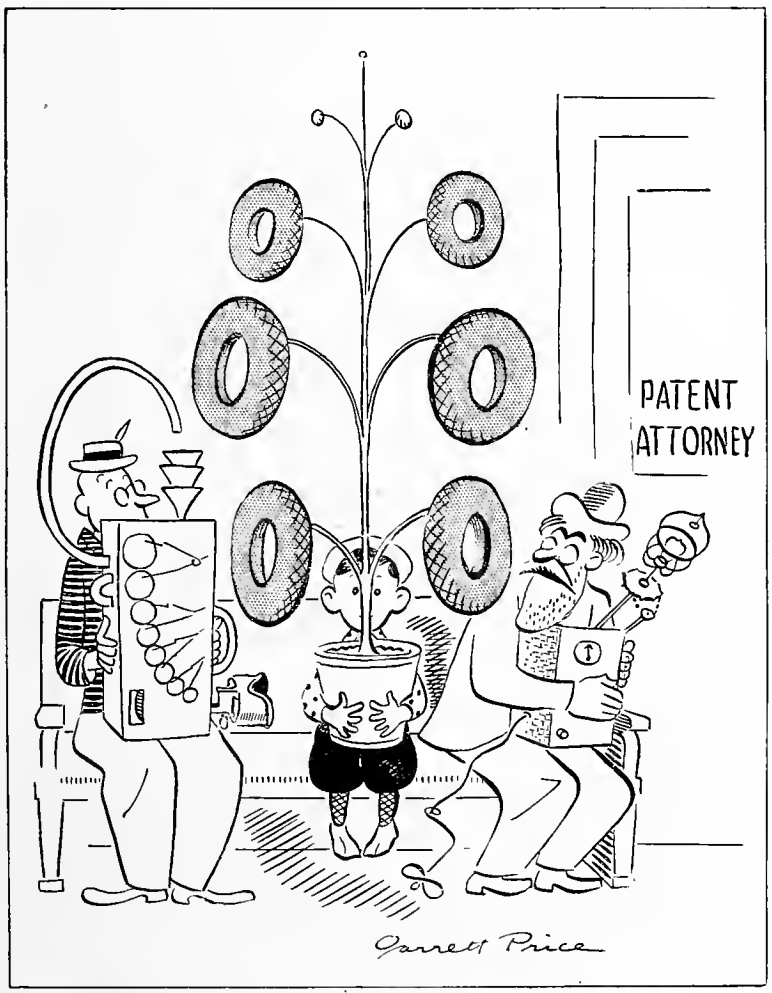
Rosie had a birthday this week. Oh yes, he has them too, just like everyone else. I think he was a little surprised at being remembered . . . and poor Charlie . . . I'll bet he was a wreck the next day with letting us all have a chance writing our bit on the gift and trying to keep out of Rosie's way until it was finished.

Tom Emery was ill a few days but he is back now, just as fat and sassy as usual. Mike, what's this I hear about the cop stopping you? Did he think your "B-24" was going to take off just because it didn't have a muffler. Lucky you had a horn or he wouldn't have let you off.

Rosie really started the ball rolling when he had a birthday. The Vi half of this column wants to thank Cecelia publicly for the lovely home-made cake she surprised me with on my birthday. We had a party out of our noon half-hour with that nicely decorated cake and ice cream 'n everything. Lil brought me a cute little cake all decorated too. I was selfish enough to take it home intact, though.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

When the Lord created man, he gave him two ends, one to sit on, and one to think with. Ever since that day man's success or failure has been dependent on the one he uses most. It has been always, and is now, a case of "heads you win and tails you lose."



War Training Courses Offered

The University of California is offering, in San Diego, a large number of ESMWT Courses. Many are in progress now and many Ryan workers are enrolled. These are started as demands develop and space for classes is found. The University recently announced the titles of thirty such courses that would be started as soon as classroom space could be had. Listed below are five of these classes for which space is now available. All that is necessary for enrollment is that you are able to meet the prerequisites and are present at the first session. Further information can be had from L. E. Plummer, Industrial Training Director, whose office is in the Personnel Department.

Enrollees who are employed by companies holding war contracts (such as Ryan) will be given preference in the following listed courses:

Aircraft Materials and Processes: A course designed to train tool designers and engineers in materials and processes used in aircraft and allied industries. Given by James Scurlock and William van den Akker of Ryan, classes will meet in the Primary Room of the First Congregational Church, 6th and A streets, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11 a.m. to 1 p.m and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Length of the course is sixteen weeks.

Engineering Drawing: For the purpose of training qualified students in engineering drawing as a prerequisite to the study of tool engineering, a sixteen week course will be given with classes meeting Mondays and Wednesdays from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. in the Ryan Drafting Rooms. Starting date is October 5.

Elementary Electrical Engineering: To train students in the elementary theory and performance of the electrical circuits and equipment used in aircraft, John Corbett of Consolidated will instruct classes meeting on Mondays, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. in the Assembly Room of the First Congregational Church. The sixteen weeks course opened September 28.

Aircraft Drafting: With the objective of training qualified men in the fundamentals of aircraft drafting, a course intended to acquaint students with aircraft drafting standards, methods and procedures opened September 29th at 1600 West Lewis street. Classes meet Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. and are instructed by William Pickens of Consolidated. Primarily, the course is intended to upgrade persons already employed in war industries.

Advanced Aircraft Drafting: To prepare qualified students for beginner jobs in aircraft engineering departments as junior detoilers, tracers, etc., this course will start October 6th, with classes meeting in the Ryan Drafting Rooms on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Cost Accounting for War Industries: To provide training in the principles and applications of cost accounting, for persons with some background in general accounting. Will begin October 15 at San Diego State College, classes meeting Thursdays from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. in Room 316 of the College of Commerce Building.

EYES, EARS
AND A STRONG ARM
— FOR THE NAVY!
DESTINED TO SEEK OUT AND STRIKE DOWN the enemy on the seven seas, new Ryan-built Navy SOR-1 warplanes will soon be rolling off our assembly lines in volume to join the growing airmados of the U.S. and United Nations.
TWENTY YEARS OF RYAN "KNOW HOW" insures both quantity and quality production of these formidable planes, built to better perform one of the biggest jobs at hand—scouting the seas to provide air protection and striking power against Axis submarines and war ships. All-out production of these Navy aircraft is but one of many Ryan assignments for victory.
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
San Diego, California
MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.
RELY ON
Ryan
A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE
1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942

Ryan Flying Reporter

"SO" ROUGH WATER TESTS

Official Photograph U. S. Navy

Vol. 4 No. 6

OCTOBER 30TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Take another look at the picture on the front cover!

The plane shown there, half-buried in spray as it makes a rough-water landing, gives you an idea of the terrific beating our new SOR-1 scout observation planes will have to take in every-day operation on combat duty.

These new Ryans are the same basic type as the "Seagull" shown on the cover, which was developed for the Navy by Curtiss-Wright. These planes are already at sea, according to the employee paper of their Columbus plant.

Somewhere lying silently at anchor in a blacked-out harbor, or plowing through the high seas, is the U.S.S. Cleveland, a brand new cruiser. And in the darkness can be seen the outlines of Navy SO planes like those we are building.

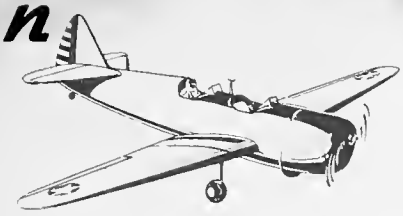
When these planes are at sea aboard the big gray battleships and cruisers, they are catapulted from the deck into the air. And when they return from their missions, they must land alongside in the heavy seas.

The SOR-1's will be considerably faster than the Navy's older ship-based observation aircraft. These new "eyes of the fleet" have an unusually wide range of speed, making them valuable for both scouting and observation missions. Furthermore, they are expected to be a scourge to Axis submarines, because they can operate from shore bases—with their floats exchanged for a wheel landing gear —as well as from shipboard. Their long cruising range, and ability to carry light bombs, will be bad medicine for the subs.

That cover picture of the plane we're building should make you realize how important it is that **your** particular job in building these planes be done right.

J. Claude Ryan

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

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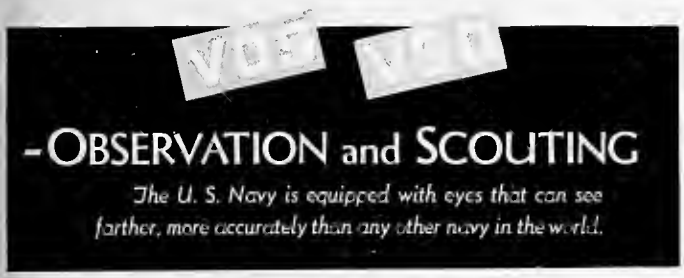


EDITOR'S NOTE—With the annauncement in Flying Reparter's last issue thot Ryan is naw warking an SOR-1 scout observation planes far the Navy, we've all wanted ta knaw exactly what type of missian the planes we are building will perfarm. The role of "Scaut Observation" is vividly explained in this article by Lieutenant Commander Fleming, Naval Bureau af Aeranautics expert in this design field. His article will be concluded in the next issue.

The advent of observation and scouting seaplanes on board battleships and cruisers may be traced to that day in February, 1911, when Glenn Curtiss landed alongside the former U.S.S. Pennsylvania in San Diego Bay. This was followed by the first successful catapult shot at the Washington Navy Yard by Lieutenant Ellyson. The successful completion of these two basic requirements of ship-based seaplanes demonstrated the possibility of extending aviation operations to the units of our Fleet.

The operations conducted from the U.S.S. Mississippi and the U.S.S. Birmingham by aviation units in charge of Lieutenant Bellinger and Lieutenant Towers at Vera Cruz in 1914, first demonstrated the usability of this type of aircraft in face of enemy fire. This demonstration was followed in 1919 by the decision to equip every battleship with seaplanes and catapults.

The initial employment of these seaplanes was followed by such rapid development that today there is a far-flung organization of scouting and observation squadrons operating from virtually every combatant ship of the Navy.

The squadron organization is based upon the tactical organization of the parent vessels, all aircraft units of the same division of ships being assigned to the same squadron. For example three battleships may be organized into the Fifth Battleship Division. The three aircraft units would then be organized into Observation Squadron Five.

The organization of the scouting seaplanes based on board the cruisers follows the same principles. The difference between the observation and scouting seaplanes is their difference in basic employment. The observation type extends the field and accuracy of the main battery spotter, whereas the scouting type extends the vision of force or unit commanders to points hundreds of miles away. The former improves the accuracy of gunfire and the latter permits extreme enlargement of the area scouted by one vessel equipped with aircraft.

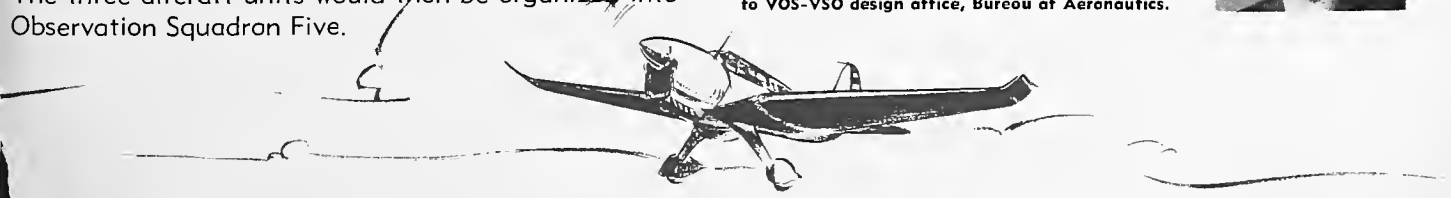
This increase in area can be easily shown by comparison of the area scouted by a single ship with and without aircraft. A single ship scouting ahead can cover an area 10 nautical miles wide and 250 nautical miles long in 10 hours at a speed of 25 knots, assuming visibility at five miles. This same ship with four planes flying at 120 knots and spaced 10 nautical miles apart can, in 10 hours, cover an area roughly 50 nautical miles wide and 780 nautical miles long. This is an increase in the area scouted from 2,500 square miles to 39,000 miles.

In classification of aircraft by letters, the secondary mission of one class is the primary mission of the other. In the class VOS plane the "V" is for heavier-than-air, the "O" is for observation and the "S" is for scouting. Since the first letter after "V" is used by our Navy to denote the primary class of airplane it follows in this example, that scouting is the secondary mission. Similarly the VSO has scouting as the primary mission and observation as the secondary mission.

(Continued on Page 12)

by Lieut. Comm. M. K. FLEMING, Jr.

Naval Acodemy graduate in June, 1926; designoted Naval Aviotor December, 1928, at Pensacola, Flo., Lieutenont Commander Fleming wos active in mass flights before 1933 ossignment to postgroduote work ot the Academy. Wos owarded moster degree in aeronautical engineering by C.I.T. in 1936. Naw, at 37, assigned to VOS-VSO design affice, Bureou af Aeronautics.



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Executive Interviews.....**Bob Close**
Sport News.....**Jack Billings**
An Airplane Is Born.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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George Duncan, Dick Ribley
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The list of staff contributors is compiled from the names of all who have submitted original material for any of the last three issues of Flying Reporter.

Copy Deadline for the next issue is November 9th

A TIP FROM TWO MARINES

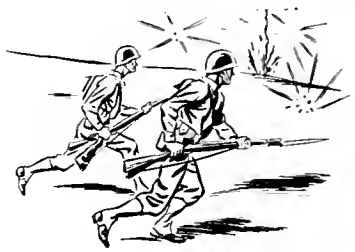
Out of the bloody fighting in the Solomons, a story trickled back this week about two San Diego boys.

Their names aren't Bill and Tommy, but we'll call them that.

They have known each other since they were grade-school kids, but never got along well together. Bill was a big, slow-moving, slow-thinking chap; Tommy, who was quick and sharp, had no patience with him. Sarcasm came easy to Tommy, and he was forever needling Bill about his slowness.

They joined the Marines about the same time, and as luck would have it were assigned to the same outfit. That was hard for both of them to take, because the more they were together, the worse they got on each other's nerves.

Finally their detachment was assigned to one of



the first landing operations in the Solomons. As soon as they hit the beach they found themselves in savage hand-to-hand fighting.

Bill, the slow-moving fellow, tangled with a Japanese judo expert and instantly found himself in hot water. The Jap tripped him, pinned him to the sand, and was about to plunge a knife in his throat when Tommy took off in a long flying leap. He knocked the Jap over and drove a bayonet through his chest before the little yellow fighter knew what hit him.

When Bill haltingly tried to thank him later, Tommy just shrugged. "Forget it. You were one more guy the Marines needed, that's all."

Tommy might have made some stinging remarks about an American who couldn't handle one Jap—but he held his tongue. This was war. And in wartime you don't criticize a comrade. You just help him.

The same sort of thing happens daily on every fighting front.

Three Jap Zeros are after a lone American pilot over the Solomons. He can go down in flames if another tired buddy wants to sit this one out. But his rescuer plunges into the thick of it with guns blazing; a moment later the fight is over and two Yanks fly back to the base. There's no thought of sneering at the first pilot's clumsiness in letting the Japs get on top of him.

A rookie with the Marines on Makin Island finds he isn't as tough as his mates; he drops from weariness while the company storms ahead. An older, tougher leatherneck goes back, helps the boy up, and they go forward together. There's no thought of knocking the youth for being less strong.

(Continued on Next Page)

Unusual? Not a bit of it. Just part of the American spirit that has brought this country victorious through every war we've ever fought.

Do we here at home have that spirit too?

Any of us would proudly lay down our life for a comrade on the battlefield even if he'd gotten into trouble solely through his own fault. Yet at home, fighting the desperately important Battle of Production, we often waste precious time criticizing a comrade for his mistakes instead of pitching in to help remedy them.

If something goes wrong in your department, forget about trying to pin the blame on somebody. Forget about telling Joe Stupe what a stupe he is. Instead, shut your mouth, roll up your sleeves and do your level best to help straighten out the situation. There's so much to be done and so little time to do it that we can't afford to waste a moment fighting each other. Let's all be as patriotic at work as we would be under fire!

WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 84%

ALL FIGURES AS OF OCTOBER 15

Laboratory	Over 95%
Methods Engineering	Over 95%
Inspection	Over 95%
Sheet Metal	Over 95%
Drop-Hammer	Over 95%
Wing Assembly	Over 95%
Sub-Assembly	Over 95%
Finishing	Over 95%
Fuselage	Over 95%
Final Assembly	Over 95%
Electrical Maintenonce	Over 95%
Dispatching	Over 95%
Plant Police	Over 95%
Accounting	Over 95%
Personnel	Over 95%
Supervisory	Over 95%
Maintenance	Over 95%
*Manifold	89%
Machine Shop	85%
Lofting	79%
Experimental	76%
Sub and Ship Welding	75%
Tooling	74%
Stainless Steel	70%
**Office	68%
Carpenter-Janitor	65%
Tool Design	62%
Stockroom	55%

*Up from 56% last time. Wow!

**Quite a jump from their former 39%. Reason: the Purchasing and Manifold Planning divisions both went 100%.

TELL IT TO THE MARINES!

So you're taking a few days off next week. Or you're gonna lay off tomorrow afternoon to catch the football game. Or perhaps you've a sneaking hunch you'll be staying home Monday nursing that case of "payday sickness."

What difference will it make, anyway? You're only one out of hundreds in the plant, and Joe Blow can take over the machine—he's almost as fast as you are. What's a few planes more or less?

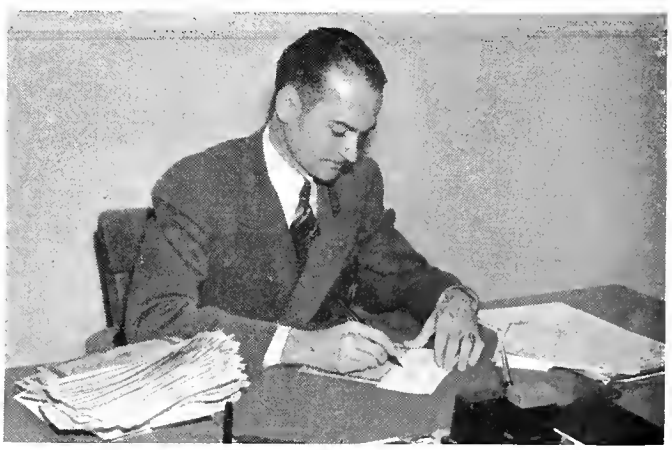
Tell that to the Marines! Try it on the guys that clawed their way into the Solomons or fought till they dropped at Wake Island.

The Marines are on the job of killing Japs 365 days a year. They're not watching any ball games—they're playing a game of life and death. If they're down with a headache, it came from a piece of enemy shrapnel.

If a Marine should be absent from work, he'd be a deserter. Aren't you just as much a deserter, if you take time off unnecessarily from your job of backing up our fighting men?

Naturally, there are some days when you **can't** work. If you're really sick, you'll only get sicker by trying to work. But when you're in good health, make every day count.

So tell it to the Marines! Tell it with production figures—tell it with weapons in their hands. Tell it by **staying on the job** until the job is done.



L. O. McGriff, paymaster, has a headache these days of which he is proud. He is the man who purchoses and then fills out U. S. War Bonds for Ryan employes who are buying them by poy-check allotment.

Represented in this stack of bonds he is preparing are ten thousand good American dollars . . . dollors which are now, through the investment of Ryanites, helping to win the war. Every week a similar amount of War Bonds is purchosed. Contributing to the impressiveness of this porticular stack was Alvin D. Helms of Drop-Hammer, who plunked down cash for a $1000 bond.

Each week the list of patriotic and smart Ryanites grows longer as more and more of them turn in their names for systemotic pay-check allotments for War Bond purchoses.

Within the memory of living man, K. O. Burt has never been seen at the Ryan plant without his black hat and black bow tie. There are even legends to the effect that K. O. wears the black tie on his pajamas—but when questioned as to the accuracy of such stories, K. O.'s only reply is, "No comment."

K. O. (for Kay Otha) Burt is the quick-moving little man with snappy blue eyes and bristling mustache who presides over the maintenonce department. At fifty, he is one of the grizzled Ryan veterans who knows what makes everything tick in virtuolly every department of the plant.

A flip of a coin brought K. O. to San Diega in 1936. He and Steve Dever (now an assistant foreman at Ryan) were standing an a street carner in Las Cruces, New Mexica. They had just hit tawn and landed jobs, but weren't taa satisfied. "Haw about it, Steve?" K. O. asked. "Shall we stay here and take the jobs, or go on to California?"

"Let's tass a cain," Dever suggested.

K. O. flipped a half-dallar inta the air. "Heads we ga, tails we stay," he said.

The coin landed heads. Burt and Dever took the road far San Diego the same day. Two days after they arrived, they went to wark for Ryan, and they've been here ever since.

K. O.'s first jab in the plant was as jig welder, where he warked with Doug Carrigan. "Doug was one of the finest fellows I've ever known," K. O. says. "He and I were good friends. We'd eat lunch together every noan—at least I'd eat, while Carrigan lay in the sun with his goggles an and talked about the plane he was building. Some Sundays I went aut to his hause and helped him work an it."

Burt soon began ta win a reputatian around the growing Ryan factory as one af the finest welders who ever stepped into the factory. He maved ahead from jig welder to metal fitter to arc welder, and eorly in 1939 he became boss arc welder, at the time Ryan's new building opened. Six manths later he was made foreman of the maintenance department.

During this little English-Irishman's tenure with the company, he has built up an enviable recard for faal-proaf work. Handling almast every kind af equipment in the factory, he has never braken as much as a balt. He has tackled assignments as big and thorny as they come, and jockeyed them thraugh without the least mishap.

It's odd to see such a little man maneuvering mammath equipment araund—but K. O. knaws all the angles about leverage, and can handle bulks that might baffle a man twice his size.

One af his toughest jabs, far example, was to make a welding repair an the cylinder of Ryan's big hydra-press. An error on this complex task might have cast the company thousands of dallars—but he completed the wark in 28 days, in what Ryan executives said was ane af the mast difficult performances they had ever seen.

Though K. O. warks fast, he never tries to cut corners. "I'd rather take a day langer an a jab, and make mighty sure it's right the first time, than rush it thraugh and take a chance it'll turn aut all right," he says. "The ald saying that 'haste makes waste' still gaes with me."

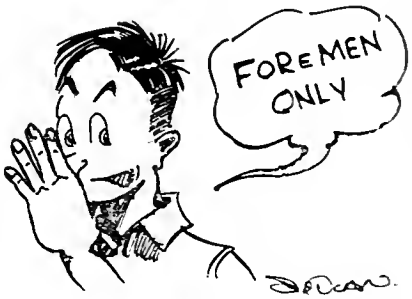
This get-it-right spirit makes the little foreman drive himself unsparingly.

Almost any Sunday he can be found at the plant, tinkering with samething. One Sunday a big furnace in the factory needed lining, but na bricklayers cauld be faund. K. O. warked all day laying the bricks himself. He has warked many days on end at Ryan withaut a day off; right now he hasn't taken a day of rest for the last three weeks. "This is war," Burt snaps. "It's damn seriaus—more serious than same of us think. The boys in the Solomons aren't taking any days off; why shauld I?"

But in war ar peace, K. O. has olways been a hard worker. He left school to go to work in the caal mines of Kansas; moved an to the Chinaak ail fields in 1912, drove nitroglycerine trucks, demanstrated electric welding for Prestolite, and finally opened a big welding and battery shap af his own in Kansas in 1921. When his wife died in 1926 he sald aut his business and went on the raad far General Electric. By 1928 he was in Oklahama City as a welding foreman; he moved to Fairburn, Nebraska the following year, married again in 1930 in Beatrice, Nebraska, and kept maving westward till he settled in San Diego in 1936.

Burt minces na words in giving his opinian of anything—least af all his opinion of the Ryan campany.

"Of all the jobs I've ever held," he says emphatically, "I've never had the pleasure of working far a finer bunch of men than Claude Ryan and his staff . . . And you can quate me an that!"



K. O. BURT

Maintenance

Portrait sketch by Paul Hoffman

Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

Remember the old days when the horses in the western movies carried cowboys instead of tenors? Remember when a cowboy had to be a roper and a bronc rider instead of a guitar player? Golly, those were the happy days. Recently I spent a couple of hours reminiscing, over a couple of bottles of domestic brew, with my good friend Hoot Gibson, formerly world's champion cowboy and movie actor.

I first met Hoot at Pendleton, Oregon when we were "contesting" there, and later in pictures. We had many a laugh over some of our more humorous and exciting experiences, and many a sigh for some of the "old timers" who have crossed the Great Divide. I must concede that I'm so low-brow the ants tip my hat, but give me a good old-time Western movie any time.

Several days ago we saw the life of Lou Gehrig in a baseball picture, and recalled we once had the pleasure of meeting Lou in Hollywood. He was making a Western picture, "Rawhide." He was one of the finest men I've ever met. He had a great career in baseball, although most of the time it was overshadowed by the immortal Babe Ruth.

Bugs Baer once said to Lou, "Lou, there's no disgrace in playing second fiddle. And no crime in playing it as loud as you can. Provided you stay in tune with the rest of the orchestra." And Lou played that fiddle sweet and strong. There was never a moment when he was off key. And at the finish he was taking bows with the best of them.

A notice on the bulletin board informs us that we are to have an All-Ryan Hobby Show. I am always interested in another man's hobby because it reminds me of my own. I just met a fellow who saves ventriloquists' dummies because of the sensation of mental superiority he experiences when calling the roll.

I have a friend who has the soft bunions from the off hind legs of rogue elephants. When Stanley went after Dr. Livingstone in Africa he brought one back with him. He forgot entirely that he was supposed to bring Livingstone.

Collecting ambergris is another fine hobby. You get it from sick whales. First of all you must secure a whale, which means that your property must run five straight building lots along the street. Then you make the whale sick. That's quite a job, for a whale can stand a whale of a lot of bad cooking.

Naturally a sick whale has a bit of gamey odor. By the time it starts coughing up ambergris, the neighbors may be holding meetings and electing officers.

"Adopted Pilot" Thanks His Ryan Foster Parents

2687 Casitas Avenue
Altadena, California
October 12, 1942

Production Drive Committee
Ryan Aeronautical Company
San Diego, California

Dear Ryan Employees:

Thanks for a wonderful time on my recent trip to San Diego. It was a pleasure to meet your president, Mr. T. Claude Ryan, who was so congenial to me.

I had been interested in flying for some time but when I tried for the Naval Aviation Cadets I was rejected because of bad teeth. The American Flying Service Foundation placed me in contact with a swell sponsor and I am deeply grateful to the employees of Ryan Aeronautical Company for making it possible for me to have this condition corrected. It has been a long series of visits to the dentist and I am glad the siege is over. The work has been progressing until today there is very little left to complete. Believe me, I shall try to live up to all expectations.

I certainly enjoyed sitting in with the 10th Anniversary Dinner where I had the opportunity to meet such impressive personalities as "Dapper Dan" Burnett and Paul Wilcox, Ed Morrow, and Earl D. Prudden. Thanks also to Mr. Bob Kerlinger for being host to the stranger.

Last but not least, thank you all, for treating me as an old friend when I finally did get down to see you. It was a pleasure I won't forget

Sincerely,
Your Adopted Pilot

Richard S. Trier

Another fine hobby is collecting the ornaments on radiator caps. This is a cooperative pastime, in a sly sort of way.

Strange thing that collectors of toupees never show their rare old crab grass to friends. At the time he was shot, the famous Elwell had forty-two skull doilies. He was the first man to wear two toupees tandem.

My hobbies are women and horses.

DOC "YOUNG DR. KILDARE" COPLEY is now a member of AL GEE'S Commandos. Doc once saved our life. We were hurried to the first aid room, but Doc wasn't in. All of which reminds us, if you've an idle pair of crutches about the house bring them along to work with you. DICK GILLAM is still limping from the tubing he allowed to roll over his tootsies. ERNIE SIMONSON dropped a dolly stand on his foot, RAY YEAGER dropped a ring gauge on his foot, and GIL "HOTFOOT" BELL sunburned his feet badly while surf fishing.

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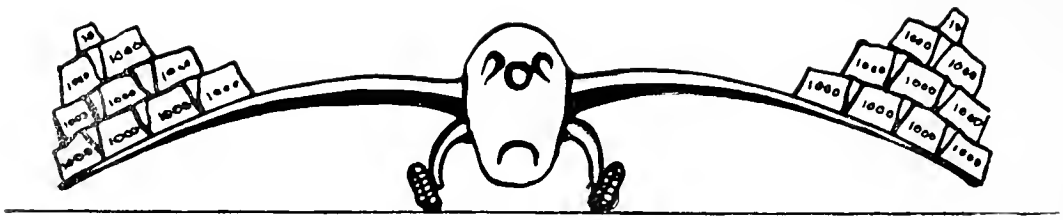


An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part III — EXPERIMENTAL

So you think all the headaches are concentrated in **your** job—or in **your** department?

How would you like to have to build an airplane practically by hand? Well, that's what Experimental does, and they like it. In fact, they are very proud of it. And they have every right to be.

It isn't a simple matter, this building of experimental airplanes. It takes hard work and patience. It takes loyalty and courage to stay on the job when the going is rough—but most of all it takes "know how."

You don't get that "know how" in school or by reading books. You get it by building airplanes. Lots of them. Dan Burnett, Experimental Superintendent, got his that way.

He was working on airplanes with T. Claude Ryan in the days when automobiles were none too common; and he has had a good deal to do with every airplane Ryan has ever built.

Bud Meixner, Experimental Foreman, got his "know how" the same way, the only difference being that "Dapper Dan" got something of a head start by being born a few years ahead of Bud.

If you don't think there's a lot of the good old "know how" packed into the heads of these two and the other members of the Experimental crew, take a look at the wood work they did on the PT-25.

To say "it can't be done" just makes these boys mad—mad enough to go ahead and prove it can be done. Dan Burnett relates that a couple of experts who said "it can't be done" walked away after seeing the completed PT-25, shaking their heads and saying, "It's still a —— lie."

Well, regardless of whether it's a lie or whether it can't be done, Dan and Bud and their boys and girls go ahead and build experimental airplanes — good ones.

Engineering provides Experimental with plans for an airplane. (There are some people who claim it's the other way around: Experimental builds the plane, then Engineering draws up the plans to suit. But you can't get an Engineer to put in with you on that).

Anyway, one of the first things Experimental does is to try to decide what they can get along **without.** Extensive tooling and equipment is expensive at best and it is just too expensive for an experimental order. So elaborate jigs and fixtures and equipment are avoided as far as possible, and in reality most experimental airplanes are, to a large extent, hand made.

Take a clamping operation on a wooden ship, for instance. In an experimental set-up, eight or ten men, or as many as can get around the work without interfering with each other, will work frantically to fasten all the clamps securely before the glue sets. In a mass production set-up, one man can do all the clamping in a few seconds by merely turning a valve. That's just one example.

Sometimes the first airplane Experimental builds is one that never flies. In fact, it never even has an engine. Its destiny is destruction. It is called the "Static Test Article" and is used to prove the strength of the design.

All structural elements are tested on the ground to determine whether they are capable of withstanding extreme flight and landing conditions. If the airplane has been properly designed and properly built, it will pass these tests.

Then, to find out just how strong the airplane really is, each structural member is loaded until it fails. Sometimes the strength of a member is found to be considerably greater than will ever be required of it. In such a case, the part is redesigned and a reduction in weight is achieved.

From flight test reports of the "Flight Test Article" Engineering discovers certain "bugs." Changes are made in the design to straighten out these "bugs" and back to Experimental goes our airplane to have these changes made. We'll hear more about this flight test procedure in the next issue of the Flying Reporter.

With new airplanes come new techniques of fabrication. With equipment and elaborate tools being limited, Experimental is faced with some pretty tough nuts to crack. There were a couple of these on the PT-25 — things that wood experts said couldn't be done in wood. But that didn't stop the Experimental crew. They went right ahead and tackled the jobs and came up with some brand new techniques.

Dan Burnett says he and his boys can do anything with wood that can be done with metal–except melt it.

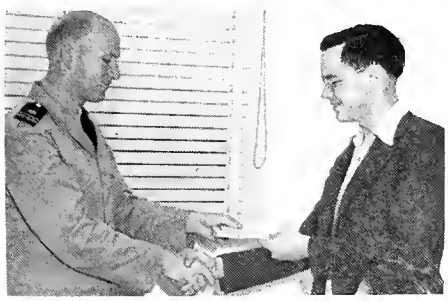
IDEAS WIN BONDS AND MEDALS

Wimmer

Brocken

Swingle

Rush



Lt. Brohtz — Fullerton

Gilmore

Ebbs

Hyatt

Bilben

The guy who invented the hairpin was no mental giant. He had a good idea at the right time—and see what he did with a simple twist of a wire.

Maybe it's not as easy as all that, but men working with machines often have ideas about how their work can be more efficiently done. The Shop Suggestion System makes it possible for all of us to present our ideas for consideration and, if practical, have them used in speeding production.

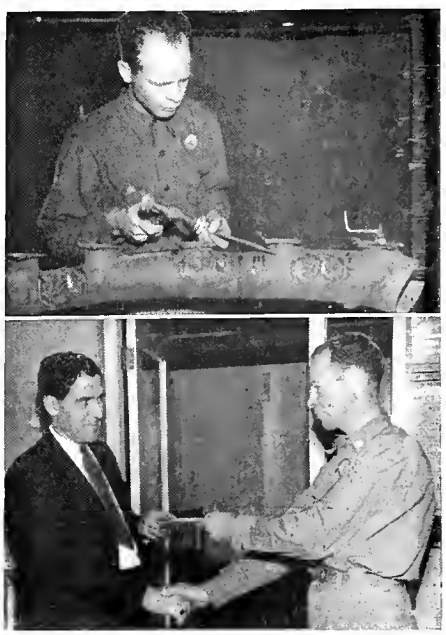
Two weeks ago nine men who have been submitting ideas through the suggestion system were honored by the joint management-labor War Production Drive committee. They received attractive medals and certificates. A week later the company added its tokens of appreciation by the presentation of War Bonds and Stamps to two of these men.

First Gold Awards ever presented for shop suggestions went to John R. Fullerton of Manifold small parts, and to Wilbur D. Wimmer, of the Manifold department. Because their suggestions proved helpful in actual shop use the management made the additional presentation of a $25 War Bond to Fullerton and $5 in War Stamps to Wimmer.

Presentation of the Production Drive Award medals and certificates was made by Lieut. J. F. Brahtz, Resident Inspector of Naval Aircraft, and the Bond and Stamps awards were made by G. E. Barton, factory manager.

Silver Medals were presented by Lieut. Brahtz to David B. Bracken for a manifold sizing machine and to J. E. Swingle for a suggestion regarding nibbler blocks. Bronze awards were made to Kenneth Rush in connection with first aid stands; T. C. Gilmore for a new system of polishing strut cylinders; E. M. Ebbs for an idea in connection with a master log book in the cutting department; and to Carl E. Hyott for a drinking fountain shield. A special Certificate of Merit went to Winfield S. Bilben.

An idea submitted by John R. Fullerton, of Manifold Small Parts, paid off in increased war production for the factory and a War Bond for Fullerton. His suggestion to tack-weld manifold port tubes by spot welding brought him a Gold Award from the Production Drive Committee and a $25 War Bond, presented by G. E. Barton, factory manager.



Wilbur D. Wimmer put his familiarity with Manifold production problems to good use by submitting two ideas through the shop suggestion system which have been adopted. Wimmer devised a holding clamp for manifold sections, and an outlet stretcher. He come away with $5 in War Stamps and a Gold Award from the management-labor Production Drive Committee.

WIND TUNNEL!

by Victor Odin

The same world-historic forces that have plunged our planet into turmail have swept through Engineering, and have dispersed us like withered leaves before an autumn tempest (boy ah boy, what a sentence!).

Last week we tailed away in the holy silence of the Secret Chamber. Today we are located at the far end of the new building, within easy commuting distance of the time clack and lunch wagon. At frequent intervals a pony expressman dashes past our corner and drops a dispatch telling us that Bill Wagner has chopped another two days off the deadline. May the Lord be good to editors and set them up in a special heaven all their own!

For those who are curious about the new building, we shall attempt to describe it, inadequate though words may be. It is a charming replica of the Petit Trianon at Versailles, although on the outside it is rather severe with the clean functionalism of the Moholy-Nagy school.

A typical establishment within it is Contract Engineering. Enthroned on a plush divan, and wearing a flowered robe, Ralph Haver murmurs into an ivory phone. Raw after row of engineers and draftsmen sit at mahogany tables, plying their nefarious trade, manipulating jeweled drafting machines to the greater glory of Ryan manifolds. In one corner, seated at a mighty console with stainless steel organ pipes, a musician plays dreamy nacturnes. Passing to and fro are dancing girls, bearing trays of cigarettes and caviar canapes. The drinking fountain bubbles Veuve Clicquot '08. What a life!

Gone too is the coke machine. Attracted by the fame of its waters, pilgrims traveled from as far away as Toal Design to enjoy its blessings; fortunes were won and lost on the turn of a coin because of it. Gone! The world crumbles under our feet . . . Truly, the old order passeth, giving place to new.

That stuff we had in the last issue about the private life of an engineer drew some comments about its sheer incredibility. You think so? Only the other day we overheard Dan Sanborn and Hayden Gordon discussing the pay load of an iceberg. That should hold you for a while. The current controversy is over the meaning of unity divided by zero. Pending the discovery of Russell & Whitehead's "Principia Mathematica" and Poincare's "Science and Hypothesis" in San Diego, the outcome still hangs in the balance. Both parties insist there can be no compromise in this burning issue.

5 years or more at Ryan

CECIL HAMLET

Cecil Hamlet is one of those ambitious young guys who burn plenty of midnight oil studying for advancement. That's one of the reasons he's been rising so steadily in the Ryan organization.

Ever since he went to work here in 1936, he's been taking University extension courses, and reading and studying at night about shop practices and processes. By 1937 he'd made a name as one of the boys who always knew the score, and he began to shoot ahead from heat-treat work to drop-hammer operator to lead man; his latest advancement, which came this month, put him in charge of the third shift in planishing.

In Cecil's latest academic venture he barged into an advanced, highly technical laboratory course given by the University of California Extension Division—skipping the basic course which precedes it. In spite of this risky move he cracked one of the only two A's given. Now, having taken all the university courses available, he is concentrating on the new, up-to-date courses being given by the Ryan company itself.

At 28, Cecil has been married nine years, owns a fruit ranch near Lakeside, and is an accomplished amateur photographer. He hopes to exhibit some of his work in photographic salons soon. "I haven't got a picture worth exhibiting yet," he says, "but one of these days I will. When I catch one, I'll know it."

We wish to apologize to Mrs. Larkin for the omission of her husband's name from last column. Here it is: KAY LARKIN.

And remind us some day to write a book called "The Rover Boys at the S.A.E. Convention."

The only other notable event of the past three weeks was the San Diego premiere of General Electric's smash hit, "Arc Welding." A brilliant and fashionably dressed audience thronged one corner of the new building to watch this simple yet stirring documentary which showed, with perhaps too bold realism, the struggle of man against unwelded joints. The restrained performance of the anonymous character who portrayed the welder has won a place beside Lillian Gish's triumph in "Broken Blossoms" and even Barrymore's "Hamlet." Intermission was enlivened by brilliant give-and-take between the engineering staff and a G.E. man. Who among us will ever forget that successful arc-welding depends on (a) current and voltage, (b) arc-length, (c) rate of travel, and (d) angle of the electrode? These facts have been burned into our memories forever.

Some Gave All They Had —What Will You Give?

Mrs. Merrill gave all she had to the war.

In the last few months she has become a Gold Star Mother—and a widow.

Her two boys were lost with the Yorktown. Her husband died in a Jap prison camp. And now the gray-haired little lady sits alone in the Merrills' modest house on Park street . . . and perhaps the mortgage on her home will soon cause her to lose that.

But there are some Americans who have not forgotten her—and the thousands of other mothers, widows and orphans in need today. To care for these casualties on the home front, Americans have organized the War Chest.

You will have the chance to contribute to the War Chest next month. If you wish, you can authorize an allotment from your payroll check, and the Ryan company will see that your contribution is made.

Under the War Chest plan, the numerous charitable groups which otherwise would make separate appeals have united in one big fund-raising campaign. Every dollar raised by the San Diego drive will be divided between 45 worthy organizations which are all doing vital jobs in welfare or war relief work.

The campaign leaders have divided these agencies into three groups: Home Front, Allied Front, and Military Front.

The Home Front takes in the Community Chest and its 35 agencies, facing greater needs than ever before.

The Allied Front cares for children in war-torn countries, who have lost their parents; for starving and freezing people whose homes have been bombed, burned or taken over by the enemy. Russian, British, Greek, Polish and Dutch War Relief will all derive their support from the War Chest.

The Military Front takes in the USO, War Prisoners' Aid, and American Social Hygiene Association. Homesick, lonely soldiers and sailors—sick or wounded men on all our fronts—will be cared for through your War Chest donations.

Between now and November 5, the 1942 War Chest hopes to raise the greatest charitable fund ever collected in San Diego. We'll all help. Won't we?

Mabel Aldahl

Outranks Her Boss In "Life" Article

Even though she got "star billing" ahead of T. Claude Ryan in LIFE's photographic review of the Southern California aircraft industry, Mabel Aldahl remains unperturbed. This 22-year-old manifold welder, who went to work for Ryan last June, takes calmly the fact that LIFE featured a quarter-page full-face view of her at work, while Mr. Ryan appeared only with his back to the camera.

"It was fun to see my picture in LIFE," Mabel says, "but I know I just happened to be chosen to symbolize hundreds of girls like me. All of us know lots of kids who've gone into the army, and we want to do whatever we can to help them."

Mabel was a San Diego waitress last spring when she made up her mind to get into the war effort. She persuaded her brother to teach her welding at home, and after two months of practice she applied at Ryan and was promptly accepted. In her four months here she's already had one transfer to a position of greater responsibility.

The Lord gave us two ends to use;
One to think with, one to sit with.
The war depends on which we choose;
Heads we win, tails we lose!

—Pennsylvania Guardsman

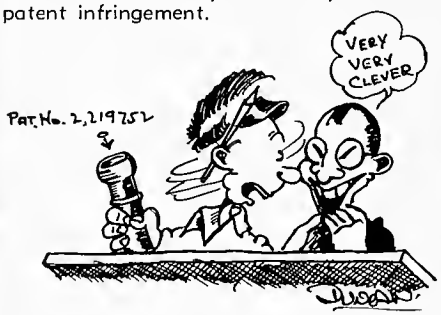
RYAN MANIFOLDS COPIED BY JAPS

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but when it comes from the Japs we don't like it!

Particularly when they copy our patented Ryan universal manifold joints for installation on the exhaust systems of the engines (also copied, from Pratt and Whitney Wasps) used on their fighters.

Sam Breder, Ralph Haver and Jack Zippwald—the Ryan manifold trio—are just back from the Society of Automotive Engineers meeting in Los Angeles. They report having seen portions of a copied Ryan universal exhaust manifold joint on a Jap engine displayed there. Probably the yellow men stole the idea from the Ryan installation on an American plane sold to Japan before Pearl Harbor.

However, if we keep sluggin' at the Nips probably we'll have the pleasure of suing 'em one of these days in a Tokyo court for patent infringement.



WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg and Mel Minor

The most interesting development in our department is the introduction into the Wing assembly of quite a number of the fairer sex. The ladies are doing very well and we are certainly glad to have them in the gang. We all have a job to perform in this all-out war of production and yours, girls, is one of the most important ones.

To date these women are Helen Butler, Bessie Wheeler, Elva DeVries, Jerry Ashworth, Gladys Miller, Irene Harris, Emma Gavin, Gladys Weppler, Leona Phillips, Beth Peltret, Ruth Connelly, Adelene Beal, Marie Valstadt, Sophie Chulakes, Sylvia Pheta, Lela Kennedy, Martha Pennington. We have one other newcomer, Mr. Dudley Pruesdill.

Things have really been humming in this department. Carpenter, Eddy and Calder are having quite a time getting the last of the large jigs finished. They are doing a good job, but I can't quite understand whether Bud was serious when he said he would put a motor on the first one finished, fly over Tokyo and drop a few monkey wrenches in the works down there . . . Messrs. Beebe, North, Schiedle, Stepp, Hersey and a few others are getting punch drunk (I think) from reading too many blue prints . . . It does my heart good to see little Tommy Fracassi really going to work. I think the strain of moving our department is too much for him, though. He looks awfully weak . . . Can anyone tell me why Booth, Simonides and Richardson are waving their hair and having their fingernails manicured?

Ryan Veterans Honored

Veteran Ryanites now wear pins like the above, with lettering and jewels to indicate whether they have been with the company 5, 10, ar 20 years.

Left to right: Paul Wilcox, (Director of Flying at Hemet, formerly chief test pilat), John van der Linde, Earl D. Prudden, T. Claude Ryan and Miss Adelaide Smith.

The evening of Saturday, October third will not be soon forgotten!

At least not by the eighty veteran Ryan employes who gathered in the banquet room of the San Diego Club on that night. They were guests of the Ryan organization and T. Claude Ryan on the occasion of the company's Twentieth Anniversary dinner.

Highlight of the evening was the presentation to employes of five- and ten-year diamond service pins

On behalf of veteran emplayees Earl Prudden presents "the boss" with the ane and only Ryan twenty-year pin.

by Claude Ryan. The climax came when Vice-President Earl Prudden "turned the tables" on the company's founder and president, putting him on the receiving end instead of the dishing-out end. On behalf of the employes, he presented Mr. Ryan with the one and only 20-year service emblem—a beautiful gold Ryan insignia pin with four diamonds, one for each five years of service.

In a brief but moving speech of thanks, the president expressed his appreciation to all the employes who had stuck with the company through hard times as well as good times, and helped it continue to grow even during the depression.

Entertainment was furnished throughout the evening by a group of talented Ryan workers who have recently been donating their services to help entertain local USO and Defense Housing groups. As a compliment to the company on its anniversary and to the veteran employes, the troupe turned out in force to present a program of sparkling entertainment.

The evening got off to a brilliant start with Jack Krauss of Manifold providing lively accordion solos as the group gathered. As soon as all were seated in the banquet room, the Ryan String Trio took over and provided a delightful background of light classical dinner music while the guests made away with the sumptuous repast. The trio, composed of El Berry, of Tooling Inspection; Dorothy Dunston, of Methods Engineering, and John Merrill, also of Methods, made a real hit with everyone.

Earl Prudden, sitting with the other "old-timers" at the beautifully decorated head table, served as toastmaster and introduced F. P. Tarry, master of ceremonies for the evening's program of entertainment, whose untimely death only ten days later was a great loss to the whole organization.

Jack Krauss returned to the center of attention with his squeeze-box solos, followed by jitterbugs Eddie Carvajal and wife who really "cut a rug"; Gerry Wright, whose dance routine is quite different from the office routine in G. E. Barton's office; and the deft sleight-of-hand work of Engineering's magician, Junie Bethke. Gerry Wright returned to the spotlight with her always fine whistling solos; Carl Umansky, Manifold's man of a thousand voices, gave out with a dozen or so of them; Del Rundquist, tenor from Time-Study, won over the audience the minute he started warbling "Star Dust," and then our old cowhand friend, Slim Coats, brought the program to a bang-up close with some fancy joking and roping, the latter causing several of the boys to scram in a hurry.

At 20th Anniversary Dinner

Mast of those receiving five-year pins are shown in this picture.

Top: Homlet, North, Jueschke, Lehton, Stonehouse, M. W. Kelley, Lehman, Clark, Litell, Rubish. Second row: Pederson, Harper, Faulwetter, Engler, Sherman, Park, Blakeney, Tomrell, Craig, Rose. Middle: McCollum, Beebe, Bunsen, Cattrell, Marchese, Beery, McFarlane, Wilcox, Descateau, Meixner, Adams. Fourth Row: van der Linde, Roy Ryan, Dever, Bossert, Cline, van den Akker, Seaton, Butler, Basil Kelley, Johnston, Bennett. Bottom: Palmer, Castien, Moore, Gardner, Thompson, Claude Ryan, Boyd, Vandermeer, Burnett, Oberbauer, Davies, Wagner.

Between numbers photographer Tommy Hixson flashed on the screen some 40 or more pictures of historical interest, which were very interestingly described by the one commentator who could really talk with authority—Claude Ryan.

At the conclusion of the fine entertainment program presented by Ryan's own show group, the evening approached its high point as Claude Ryan began the presentation of 70 five-year service pins, ond nine 10-year service awards to veteran employes.

Three members of the Ryan school staff—Adelaide Smith, Bob Kerlinger and Bert Averett—came over all the way from the new Army training school at Tucson, Arizona, to be on hand for the occasion, and from the Hemet school came three others—Paul Wilcox, Martin Weidinger and Carl Nesbitt.

Only six people in the entire organization were not able to attend the dinner. Sam Breder was in Los Angeles digging up some more manifold business; John Castien and Erich Faulwetter were out of the city; Basil Morrow and Ben Johnson had to remain at the school in Tucson; and O. R. McNeal was, of course, in Columbus on business at the Curtiss-Wright plant.

An unexpected but entirely welcome guest of the evening was Richard Trier, one of the Ryan organization's "Adopted Pilots," who spoke briefly expressing his thanks to those employes who helped him and two other potential military pilots get the medical attention necessary to qualify for training.

20-YEAR PIN

T. Claude Ryan

10-YEAR PINS

Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.
Robert J. Kerlinger
Walter O. Locke
Ed Marraw
Earl D. Prudden
E. Adelaide Smith
Mel Thampson
H. J. van der Linde
Paul Wilcox

5-YEAR PINS

Wallace H. Adoms
Bert Averett
Walter K. Balch
Douglas N. Beebe
E. E. Beery
Frank Bennett
Logan H. Bennett
Robert Blakeney
Albert C. Bassert
Millord C. Boyd
Sam C. Breder
William F. Bunsen
Kay O. Burt
James F. Butler
J. E. Castien
William M. Cattrell
Robert E. Clark
C. R. Cline
W. E. Davies
Normond V. Descoteou
Steve Dever
Howard G. Engler
Erich P. Foulwetter
Robert D. Gardner
Cecil R. Hamlet
Clarence R. Harper
G. Ben Johnson
Robert B. Johnston
Al Jueschke
Basil E. Kelley
M. W. Kelley
Wendell Ford Lehman
Charles Lehton
Jaerg Litell
Raymond C. McCallum
James C. McFarlane
Oliver R. McNeel
Sam Marchese
William A. Meixner
Ernest A. Moore
Basil Morrow
Carl Nesbitt
Wilson D. North
Edward Oberbauer
Carl E. Palmer
A. I. Park
Elbert P. Pederson
James V. Rose
Harley N. Rubish
Ray H. Ryan
James R. Seaton
Charles L. Shermon
Philip H. Stillmon
A. T. Stonehouse
Fred C. Tomrell
G. W. van den Akker
W. J. von den Akker
Will Vandermeer
William Wagner
A. Martin Weidinger
Don Wilcox
G. M. Wilcox

Five-year service awards are also to be made to Norman Edwards and Al Stone.

Jack Krauss

Junie Bethke

Gerry Wright?

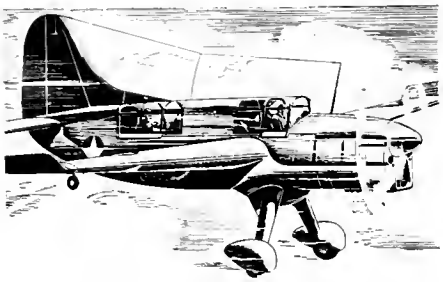
Slim Coots

The Carvajals

MORE ABOUT

SOR-1

(Continued from page 1)



The mission of these early types of the VOS and VSO classes was combined and was to extend the field of vision, destroy enemy aircraft and carry out minor offensive operations. The modern application of ship-based aircraft has led to extension of the area of operations and effective spotting of the gunfire of the surface ships. The extension of offensive operations has made it necessary to include aerial depth charge attacks on submarines, modified dive bombing on light surface vessels and smoke screen laying.

The ability of the Naval observation seaplane to carry out these missions has been incorporated in the airplanes now operating from battleships of our Fleet. Present day airplanes of this type are capable of being launched and retrieved from their parent vessels without materially affecting the course and speed of the latter. In the air, the accurate spotting of the gunfire of the battleships has materially increased effectiveness at long ranges and is indispensable during indirect fire when the target is not visible to the surface ship.

This fundamental mission is augmented by the ability of the observation seaplane to carry several depth charges for long periods of time and to accurately release them on submerged or surfaced submarines, thus providing security to battleships from submarine attack.

The added use by these planes of light bombs for modified dive bombing attacks on light surface vessels should reduce effectiveness of the latter during torpedo attacks against our battle line. Furthermore, the spotting mission requires long endurance, which in turn permits long range scouting by this type when carrier based scouting airplanes are not available.

The ship-based scouting seaplanes require the same characteristics as the observation seaplanes with, however, high speed and maximum range considered paramount.

These performance requirements must also be supported by adequate gunnery, radio and navigation installations; by protection for fuel, oil and personnel against enemy gunfire.

Attainment of these features in an airplane would be easy, were it not necessary to restrict its weight and size. Moreover, these restrictions are augmented by the necessity for exceptional ruggedness to withstand routine landings in mountainous seas. One would think that certainly the restrictions would stop at this point, but such is not the case, because the landing speed must be very slow. Also, the plane must taxi at high speeds in very rough water without damage, without undue spray and without destroying the structure by the accelerated corrosion conditions encountered.

The design of the cruiser-based seaplane is subjected to further restriction by the necessity for folding wings and a short span, non-folding horizontal tail surface.

The insistence of the Bureau of Aeronautics on the airplane engineer's compliance with the space and weight limitations of battleships and cruisers has resulted in airplanes which have proved their need as an arm of surface ships but at the same time have not restricted the handling of the latter. This avoidance of interferences during shipboard handling of the airplanes has also increased effectiveness of the planes by permitting the very short space of time now required for launching and retrieving operations.

Daily operation of the observation and scouting seaplanes during severe conditions of sea and wind without serious casualties, with a low ratio of minor damage per airplane per landing and increasing freedom from corrosion problems amply demonstrate the effective manner in which requirements have been fulfilled.

Picture Of A Man Enjoying A Good Dinner

T. Claude Ryan was just storting his salad at the 20th Anniversory Dinner when someone asked him to autograph a program. From then until dessert was cleared oway, Mr. Ryon wos kept too busy signing programs to eat hordly a mouthful.

MORE OF

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

(Continued from page 5)

William Cowper once said:
"Misses, the tale I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate
But proper time to marry."

Evidently the girls think this is the proper time to marry, as Mary Eccker just became Mrs. R. H. Hobbs; Doris Davis is now Mrs. Tony Anselmo; and Lorraine Richter is now Mrs. Allen Klimmek. Best wishes, gang, and congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pawley on the arrival of Gary Curtis, seven pounds and four ounces.

JOHNNY van der LINDE is still having trouble with his Austin. The other day while he was in a movie, the usher rushed in and announced, "Whoever owns this Austin out here had better hurry out and get it; the rats are dragging it down the sewer."

Note to JONNIE JOHNSON of Experimental: Thanks a million, kid, for the moral support. I'd begun to think I'd have to battle this out alone.

We had the pleasure of meeting DICK TRIER recently, one of our adopted pilots. He promised to send us a couple of Japs for our monkey cage. He's a swell kid and a go-getter. Best of luck to you, Dick.

Last week while looking through a box of moths for an old sweater, I ran across a Ryan Reporter dated January 9. Scanning through it I found an item stating that Don Brazee was leaving the Arc Welding Department to join the Army Air Corps. Lieut. Donald Brazee it is now, of the 6th Bombardment Squadron. Just nine months ago he was flying "Cubs" in our little flying club; now he is First Pilot of a Flying Fortress.

By the way, girls and boys, we've received many letters from the men in the service, and nearly every one of them contains a plea for letters from the gang. In the Manifold Department we have started a series of letters. Each man contributes a few lines and signs his name and passes it along to the next. When the letter has six or eight pages it is sent to the lad on the firing line or in the training camp. You probably don't realize what a lonesome feeling it is to stand in a mail line and to receive nothing while the other boys are reading mail from home.

Here are addresses of a few of the Ryan boys. We'll give you more from time to time. Drop 'em a few lines, will you. It only costs three cents to make some lonesome kid happy. Here they are: Pvt. Perry B. Jones, 408th Training School Squadron, Sheppard Field, Texas; Lieut. Donald Brazee, 6th Bombardment Squadron, Alamogordo, N. Mex.; Gale C. Moore, E.M. 3/c, Receiving

Station, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; Kenneth W. Lavell, A.S. Reg. 3, Co. 6, U. S. Naval Station, Farragut, Idaho.

Here and There in the Pipe Benders Department: ELMER "CHIEF" BRODERSON practicing with his YO-YO; RALPH GOTTSCHALK, better known as "Oil Can Pete," ailing everything in sight, including handles on machinery and tools; ETHYL BECKETT with her new Certified Welder's badge. The girls are really going to town in the Welding section. M. E. MARTINEZ was first to be certified, and FRANCES HOBSON second.

Girls from the office want to form a riding club, and would like REX SEATON, ex-bronc rider, as an instructor. No kidding.

Notice on Bulletin Board: Foremen's Club will view a splendid film on "Methods of Fileting Fish." Whoops, Gladys, is that an inducement to lure the boys from a nice cozy bar!

According to the papers, Wendell Willkie was in China still trying to open a second front. We recall when he tried to open a second front for the Republicans without much success.

Ah me, after reading this, tomorrow they'll be searching the bay for my body. But they won't find it, because I'll be home in bed.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry and Pink Lady

Surprise! Surprise! A new addition to the column is Pink Lady, better known as Genevieve Bergath, who is going to help dish the dirt from the other building.

No doubt all you old timers have noticed Faye Perryman back in tabulating, and as charming as ever. Welcome back, Faye.

Betty Wilson, also of tabuloting, is flashing a beautiful diamond ring around these days on that third finger left hand—lucky boy is Cameron Sellar.

We regret to say Georgia of Engineering has left for the north to live. Adios, Georgia.

The Marines have landed—Loretta Anderson is now answering to the name of Mrs. James Meadows. Lots of luck and happiness to you Loretta.

Pat Kregness was honored at two luncheons during her last week at Ryan—one in the conference room where she was given a beautiful bedspread by several of the Ryanettes and one at Bernardini's where she was given a sterling silver Bon Bon dish. Those who enjoyed lunch with Pat at Bernardini's were Carlie Grass, Mildred Lantz, Genevieve Bergath, and Dorothy Manning—Mary Freel was unable to attend.

Stan Manning is now the proud father of an eight-pound, one-ounce baby boy. The baby received a sterling silver cup and spoon from a group of Ryanettes.

Janetta Smith claims she now looks at stockings like the men look at tires, but she can remember when it was the men who looked at stockings.

Madcap Manifolders

As Recalled by Manny Fohlde

The gang from Manifold, headed by "Pappy" Seaton, hit for the woods and Big Stone Lodge a couple of Sundays or so ago for a picnic in order to get in a big day together before gasoline rationing. Noah Webster says, "A picnic is an outdoor pleasure party." Regardless of Mr. Webster's opinion in the matter, this picnic was an outdoor party that really was a pleasure and the folks who missed the affair certainly were cheated!

It was a very clear day with a fast track, as "Happy," the genial second shifter, will attest. Everything was going along very smoothly under the direction of "Frenchie" Foushee, when Happy, thinking he was participating in an obstacle race instead of the common garden variety, tried to run under a couple of stones and divested himself (nearly) of his trousers. A couple of the others including the writer, were of the same opinion, but our trouble was dodging the trees that insisted on taking a swing at us whenever we ventured near.

There were just oodles of people there, the largest single gang being "Tiny" Cornwell. He was very much in evidence most of the time except whenever he disappeared behind his stew pot. I wouldn't bet on it, but I'm fairly sure it was the same mug he carried around with him two years ago at Flynn Springs.

Everyone seemed to be eating when I arrived. In the original plans, everyone was supposed to bring his own lunch, pile it on the tables and eat "Texas style." No one could remember the original plans by lunch time anyway, or could it have been that there was no one there from Texas to direct traffic?

I bumped into Slim Coats, or was it vice versa? He was very busy emulating a one-armed paper-hanger at a cornhusking bee while Lou Schaffer couldn't seem to keep his mind off his stomach. This was no doubt due to the constant repetition of "The Strip Polka."

Later on in the afternoon we all adjourned to the dance hall where we swayed (and I do mean swayed) in and out of rhythm furnished by Mr. Harris and his boiler beaters. There has been a great deal of controversy since then as to whether or not the band consisted of four or eight members. All I know is, there were two drummers and a female piano player.

Willie Faulwetter requested an old-fashioned waltz but was told that the band had just been organized, consisted mainly of youngsters, with the exception of "Old Folks" Harris, of course, and therefore he would have to be satisfied with spur of the moment stuff. All kidding aside, the music was really good and all you folks who can, will have a chance to dance to the same music tomorrow (Hallowe'en) night at the same location, put on and over by the same Manifold gang.

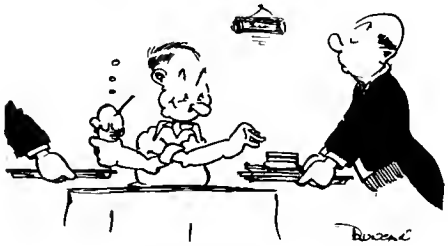
PLENTY OF ROOMS FOR RYAN'S MEN

Housing shortage in San Diego? Who said so?

There's no shortage of housing here, at least for single men. Modern, well-furnished rooms within walking distance of the Ryan plant are going begging!

Yes, room—and board—is available for only $15 per week, in the beautifully-equipped bungalow-style barracks formerly occupied by Army cadets at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Yet there are still more than a hundred vacancies in these apartments.

Each room has its own bathroom complete with shower and tub, and is furnished in the style of a first-class hotel, with desks, lamps, chairs and beds. Linens are changed twice weekly at no added cost.



Breakfast and supper are served in the large dining room in plenty of time for tenants to get to work and to keep early evening engagements.

Sounds pretty nifty, doesn't it? If you're interested, just drop in at the barracks, 3300 Indio street (corner of Sassafras, directly above the Consolidated plant) and ask for Mr. William Hermes, or visit the "Housing" desk in the Personnel Department.

Need a Pep Talk? Here's a Good One

When you get "sick of your job"—as who doesn't once in a while—try talking to yourself like this:

"If I were in the Army, or the Navy, or the Marines, I would have to get up just as early in the morning. Maybe there would be times when I would have only an 8-hour day, but there would also be times when I'd have to put in 24-hour days. I wouldn't be standing at my machine or sitting at my desk, with time off for a good lunch and something cold to drink in the middle of the morning and again in the afternoon, totally disregarding the airplanes passing over so frequently. I might be in cramped quarters, manning a machine gun, or on the heaving deck of a ship—watching the sky and knowing that every sound of aircraft warned of impending destruction; no time for food or drink for hours on end.

"I couldn't go home to my family at night, or have a day each week to work in my garden. There would be weeks or even months without word from home—with no way of knowing whether or not all was well there, unable to help if things were going wrong.

"I'm a lucky guy—I have the easy job. Yet my job is just as important as his—the fellow on the firing line. I am providing his protection from the enemy, as well as my own. I am making it possible for him to bring down those enemy planes, sink enemy subs, blast many tanks—and so keep them away from my door, and his.

"That fellow can't quit because he thinks he isn't getting enough money, the work is monotonous, or he doesn't like the boss. I could, but why the hell should I? He was willing to take the tough job, the risk, the hardship—the least I can do is back him up.

"So I'm staying — I'm working like I never worked before—and I'm praying that my job and his will pay the dividends of Peace and Security and FREEDOM."

What You Must Do To Get Your Gas Rations

What Uncle Sam doesn't know **can** hurt you. Especially when it comes to gasoline rationing.

The Office of Price Administration has requested that a preliminary registration be made to determine the transportation requirements of employees in vital industries, prior to the receipt of applications for gasoline rationing books.

These questionnaires have already been distributed to Ryanites by their foremen and supervisors. They must be filled out completely and returned immediately. **Even though you do not own a car . . . . or even though your car is stored in a garage . . . . be sure that you follow instructions and return the questionnaire given you. Notify the Transportation Desk in Personnel of any changes in the information you have given, as those changes occur.**

This is of vital importance not only to the government but to you, personally, if you wish to obtain your quota of gasoline.

Come One, Come All!

In a move to make it easier for Flying Reporter correspondents to submit material and at the same time to lure new and as yet undeveloped news sources into our magazine's columns, we have placed a contributor's box inside the plant entrance immediately under the suggestion box.

The Flying Reporter family will be happy to adopt any little brain-child you prospective Winchells, Eddie Guests, and Damon Runyans may wish to abandon in our new "branch-office."

HERE'S HOW TO SAVE GASOLINE

Correct and careful driving, with proper care of the vehicle, will enable operators of passenger cars to stretch their gasoline rations as much as 50 per cent, the Society of Automotive Engineers has found.

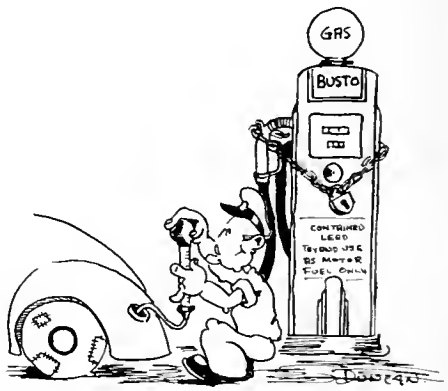
The Board asserts that every driver can effect material savings in gasoline consumption by observing these few easy-to-follow rules:

1. Drive at moderate speeds. Fuel consumption is 50 per cent lower at 30 than at 60 miles per hour.

2. Accelerate moderately. It saves gasoline and brakes.

3. Use brakes only when necessary. Save gasoline and brakes.

4. Avoid idling engine unnecessarily, "racing" the motor, "pumping" the accelerator, and excessive use of choke. It will save considerable gasoline.



5. Use lightest lubricants recommended for engine, transmission, and differential. You thus save gasoline by making the vehicle easier-running.

6. Keep chassis and parts well lubricated. It reduces friction; saves gasoline and wear.

7. Keep ignition system, spark plugs, carburetor, and air-cleaner clean and in good condition, and prevent waste of fuel.

8. Keep motor tuned, brakes in proper adjustment, wheels properly aligned. This assures greatest gasoline economy, tire mileage, and car service.

9. Keep cooling system thermostat at proper setting; gasoline economy reaches maximum when motor operates at highest recommended temperature.

10. Keep tires correctly inflated; for maximum gasoline and tire mileage, inflate to five pounds above specified pressures.

It is remarkable how much anyone may accomplish by the habit of steady reading. The secret is to use regularly the briefest intervals of the day—the quarter of an hour before dinner, or the half-hour before we go to sleep at night, or even the few minutes we may have while waiting for breakfast. The man who assumes that some day he will have plenty of time to improve his mind will probably spend his life unimproved. Uninterrupted time does not offer itself in our modern world.—John Erskine.

SPORTS

Bowling Goes Into High Gear

Mondoy, September 25th, the annual 28-team Ryan bowling league got underway at the Tower alleys. Bowling has taken on new glamour in the Ryan leagues—women are now bowling alongside the men on an equal basis.

We've always had one or two Ryanette teams, and a Ryan wives' team, but this year almost every team in the league will include at least one woman before the season closes. Surprisingly enough, some of the girl keglers can more than hold their own with the men bowlers.

The weekly standings of the league will appear on the main bulletin boards, so keep posted as to who is leading the league. You may be in for some shocks.

Industrial League

Three Ryan teams are entered in the industrial league that bowls every Wednesday night at the Pacific alleys. The league is an 800 scratch league, and from all appearances will be plenty tough. All aircraft plants in this area have at least one team entered, and when these aircrafters lock horns, look out! The pressure is really terrific. Our boys trampled right over most of the opposition on opening night. Team No. 3 won three games and lost one, and teams Nos. 1 and 2 split with two wins and two losses. This league will play 22 rounds.

Second Shifters, Industrial League

Yes sir, the second shifters, not to be outdone by the day shifters, are going to organize their own Industrial league on the same set-up that the first shift operates. This league will be getting under way soon and the company plans to sponsor three teams. There is a possibility that the girls can get together and have their Industrial league also.

These same bowling leagues will undoubtedly be the foundation for further inter-plant Golf Tournaments, Baseball, and Basketball leagues.

Looking wistfully at a new golf ball, the boys wonder how long it will last. Left to right, Eddie Oberbauer, Bud Scroggs, and Joe Rust (Ryan test pilot and free-hand cigar smoking champion).

Betty Wilson giving the ball that extra something that helped her become co-champion of Ryan mixed doubles bowling competition.

BILLS AND MORKOWSKI TOP GOLF TOURNAMENT

Over 50 golfers turned out for the October 4th Golf Tournament held on the tricky San Diego Country Club course. There were over $70 in merchandise prizes offered, with two trophies for the low gross and low net winners. Bernard Bills, running true to form, took low gross honors with a score of 80. Ray Morkowski, who was also hot, won the other trophy for low net.

This tournament winds up golf for the summer seoson. However, we plan to continue monthly tournoments through the winter season—that is, until we're rained out. The Municipal Golf Course will be the scene of our next tourney. Here's the list of winners in the last tournament:

Low Gross	Bernard Bills
Low Net	Ray Morkowski
2nd Low Net	Darwin Whetstine
2nd Low Gross	Larry Gibson
3rd Low Net	Bill Flynn
3rd Low Gross	Frank Finn
4th Low Net	Clyde Bell
4th Low Gross	Russ Nordlund
5th Low Net	George Dew
5th Low Gross	Jack Billings
6th Low Net	Bill Gray
6th Low Gross	George Leeper
Most Birdies	George Woodard
Most Pars	Ed Harris

Blind Bogey winners were as follows: Jim Brown; Howard Dill; Ralph Haver; Bob McDaniel; Bill Newman; Bob Rice; R. S. Smith; Howard Usler; Keith Whitcome; Bert Young.

There's one thing about golf—no matter how well you play, you always end up in the hole.

Ryan Nine Hits Winning Streak

The Ryan "Scouts" have won the last three games in blazing glory. After two wins over the tough ABG2 team, the boys went out and did the impossible, knocking off the powerful Fort Rosecrons team in 14 innings.

The score was 5 to 4. Much credit should be given to pitcher Bill Thomos, formerly of the San Diego Padres, and more recently a member of the Hollywood Stars. You San Diego fans will no doubt remember Bill, who went to Hollywood from San Diego, and proceeded to win nine straight games. Bill pitched the entire fourteen innings ond also contributed two timely hits to the couse. The defeat marked the first time this year the Rosecrans Soldiers have tosted defeat. Nice going, boys!

The Winter league will be getting under way soon and the Scouts appear to be the most dangerous club in the league. Two recent additions to the club are Del Ballenger, chunky catcher for the San Diego Padres, who spends his winters in No. 3 Inspection Crib. Del will be performing in the outfield and on third base for the Ryan nine this year.

Frank Kerr, last year's leading hitter, has just returned from Columbus where he participoted in The Little World Series. Frank will roam the outfield olso. Worren Kanagy and Ted Kerr are expected bock shortly. These boys will give the Ryan Scouts one of the strangest teams in the history of the company.

Watch your bulletin board and local newspapers for schedule of games.

Carmack Berryman, left, and Joe Garinger battled it out recently for the Ryan tennis chompionship. Carmack won, and is shown giving his "victory smile," while Joe looks philosophical.

RYAN BOYS ROAM WYOMING WILDS

Four Ryan boys — "Dusty" Prettyman, Experimentol Inspector, Ed Oberbouer, Assistant Chief Test Pilot, Don Wilcox, Assistont Chief Inspector, ond W. M. Cattrell, Project Engineer—left San Diego September 10 for Jockson Hole, Wyoming, in seorch of that ever-elusive oquotic creoture known to ichthyologists os "troutus giganticus."

The first agreement reoched wos that airplones or aviation was not to be mentioned. Several tops on the noggin were necessary as reminders the first day, but ofter that conversotion drifted blissfully from "aircroft" to "fishin'!"

While driving across the Wyoming proiries Dusty sighted o howk which would hove tipped the scales for seven or eight pounds. Dusty stopped and proceeded to kill the howk with one shot from his trusty .22 ot

How Ryanites look when they run wild in Wyoming. In usual order: Prettyman, Oberhauer, Wilcox, Cottrell.

a good hundred paces. This led to selection of olioses for each of the four. Dusty was given the handle of "Deod-Eye Fosdick"; Obbie, with his 10-gollon hat, "The Dude"; Wilcox, with his beard, "Silky"; and Cattrell, with western boots, levis, checkered shirt, "The Lonesome Stronger."

The porty hod made arrangements to stoy ot o privote ranch 14 miles north of Jockson. The bunk house wos o log cobin structure which hod been the honeymoon cottoge of the Mormon couple owning the ranch. A modern "flight shack" stood in woiting northwest of the bunk house. The "modern" feoture was the replacement of the troditionol Sears Roebuck catalog with o roll of Scott Tissue. (Readers interested in true horror stories should contact Silky for detoils on "Locked in the flight shack ot 2 a.m. during o snowstorm.")

Hoving found the bunk house satisfoctory and ofter meeting the Mormon family, the boys proceeded to get ready for their first Soturday night in Jockson. They checked their six-guns and dude porophernolio ond set out.

The first stop was ot the Log Cabin Club. There customers ore offered the opportunity of resting one foot on o bor-roil while swopping stories, dancing, gombling ot roulette, shooting craps, playing 21, or feeding the slot machines.

The next place visited wos the Wort Hotel. Here again is o bar, o place to dance, and numerous one-armed bandits. The following stotement is taken from the menu cover of the hotel's cafe: "The late President Theodore Roosevelt colled Jackson Hole 'the last big game country on the North American Continent'."

The last place visited on that first Saturday night wos the "Cowboy Bar." The Cowboy has gambling of oll sorts, large donce floor and local cowboy band, and o bor 75 feet long. The Dude, Dead-Eye Fosdick and Silky tried their skill at various games of chance while the Lonesome Stranger checked the dance floor ond locol cawgirl tolent.

At midnight, the gamblers took their "winnings" and went home, leaving their guide and the Lonesome Stranger to get home (15 miles) as best they could. Here is where the name "Lonesome Stranger" really fits. The other two single guys, Dude ond Silky, left the Lonesome one with three ottractive Jackson school marms.

Next morning at 7:15 (A.M.!) the Ryon boys were oroused by the guide, Bob Carmichoel (former Ryan plant policeman), and were greeetd by o scene so mognificent that none will ever forget it. The Grond Tetons were covered at the base and top with clouds, with the major portion of the mountains gleaming in the sun. Mony o foot of camero film was exposed before breakfast, a heorty meol of elk steak and hosh-brown potatoes.

The Snake River wos fished for seven days straight ond all left for home on the eighth. Once they fished during a light snow-flurry and at times it became very cold, but each, well-clothed, and in woding boots, cantinued casting and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

There are those who declore by all that's holy that the Devil comes out every night ond paints the rock bottom of the Snake with gravy. Credence is given that story by the Dude and Lonesome who slipped and went down while crossing the stream.

Never fishing the same spot together and never fishing the same spot twice, cotches were mode by using either wet or dry flies. There is no greater thrill thon to make a perfect cast of a dry fly on the woter, then see o large cut-throat roll beneath the floating fly ond inhole it. By the time you recover your senses the fish will hove mode several jumps and stripped your reel of most of your line. A two-pound cut-throat on a 4- to 5-ounce fly-rod will tax all the skill one can muster. After 15 to 20 minutes of keeping the fish out of snogs, swift current and a million other things by which a trout can get the angler into trouble, he is ready to net—maybe. If you have hooked one of the innumerable net-shy fish which inhabit the Snoke, another 10 to 15 minutes con be expected before the fish is **in** and not **by** the net.

After regaining breath and resting a mighty tired orm you find yourself again at the stream's edge putting your oll into an attempt to catch the grandpoppy of all cut-throot trout.

The lorgest fish caught weighed four pounds. Bob Carmichoel, who caught it, sent it to K. O. Burt—Maintenance. Ask K. O. if you think trout oren't good eoting!

Anyone desiring to big-game hunt or fish would find it worthwhile to go to Jackson Hole. But remember, if you do go, engoge o guide and insure yourself of getting the most out of your trip.

A plug for Carmichael, if you don't mind.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR DRAFT NOTICES

Selective Service regulations make it possible for a draft boord to reclossify any registrant anytime. In order to prepore deferment requests for necessory men, it is absolutely essential that the Selective Service desk in the Personnel office be informed immediately of any change in an employe's Selective Service status.

The employe should report to Personnel **immediately:**

1. **When he receives his questionnaire (Form DDS-40).**
2. **When he receives notice of classification, regordless of what it may be.**
3. **If he receives notice of his board's intention to reclassify him.**
4. **If he receives notice to appear for physical examination.**
5. **Thirty doys prior to the expiration of his deferment.**
6. **When he receives any kind of cammunication whatever from his droft board.**

Last Curtain Call for An Old Showman

"All the world's a stoge and oll the men and women are merely players. They hove their entronces and their exits . . . ."

A trouper was still taking his bows last week when the curtain rong down on his last earthly scene . . . . F. P. Tarry had passed away. Well known to most Ryan employees through his work in Time Study, genial Tarry with the booming laugh and the reody smile will leave in the hearts of fellow workers a vaconcy that connot be filled.

At the funeral on October 16th, his co-worker ond fellow performer on mony company shows, Del Rundquist, paid a last tribute to his departed friend by singing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" and, appropriately, "My Buddy." A collection spontaneously made among fellow employees lost week amaunted to nearly $800, and this was given to his bereaved wife who is shortly expecting a child.

Tarry's death came os a shock to everyone. The week before, he had made a striking personal success of producing the program of entertainment for the Ryan organization's Twentieth Anniversary dinner. From this Tarry hod turned his attention to the creation of a permanent Ryan entertainment troupe, and was busily ot work on it when the Cue Moster called.

For most, it will be difficult not to feel thot he is merely somewhere out in the wings, waiting to return for an encore.

PLANT ENGINEERING

By Robert E. Christy

Well, the last column got through with no casualties, so here we are again with more slander from and about Plant Engineering.

* * *

I don't suppose we ought to mention it here, but the boys who represent us in the Bowling League took a terrific beating at the hands of Wing No. 1 last week. We'll give them credit, though. They came back this week to beat M. M. (Stinky) Clancy's office team 3 to 1.

They had on their fighting shoes and plenty of determination because Clancy used to be one of us here in Plant Engineering. As a matter of fact, that's where he got the name "Stinky." Every time the lab. cooked up one of those foul odors that only the lab. is capable of, someone would ask, "What in the heck is that?" and Clancy always came back with, "It's me; ain't I dirty and rotten?"

* * *

B. R. (Rosebud) McClendon is very proud of the pretty blue hair ribbon he received for his birthday from the girls here in the office. In fact, he is so "proud" he won't wear it. You had better put it on, Mac. I hear that three of your girls are leaving because you insulted them by not wearing it. You're losing your "S. A."

* * *

Gene (Mr. Five by Five) Marsh had to move from the lab. into the space formerly occupied by the Loft Department because Van den Akker complained that two of his lab. technicians walked around behind him one morning and thought there had been a blackout and stayed there the rest of the day.

* * *

Don't take it to heart though, Marsh. Christy and McClendon are fighting for second place on the weight team. They both have gained plenty of pounds and show no signs of letting up yet.

* * *

Dean's bus service is now in full swing. He has seven passengers and is now leaving 15 minutes early so the people in the back seat can get to work on time, too. Maybe that bus isn't such a bad idea. Have you seen those three new retreads he is sporting on that stand-in for a Dachshund?

* * *

I'd like to take this opportunity to tell D. H. Palmer how we have missed him. He has not been back since the day he came in on crutches. I guess it wasn't just the world series gout after all. Seriously, I guess it has been a tough siege for him. We are all sincerely sorry and wish him a very speedy and complete recovery. The old place just isn't the same and won't be until he returns. He is more than just "the Boss" to us.

I wish to apologize for an oversight in the last issue in welcoming the newcomers to Plant Engineering. I forgot Gene Marsh. So, hello and welcome, Gene, and also to another newcomer since the last issue, Bill Houston.

Mel Payne, the fellow who is here morning, noon and night every day of the week, not only takes his work seriously but also his bowling. That book he bought on bowling is the real McCoy. Did you notice how his average moved up after he read it?

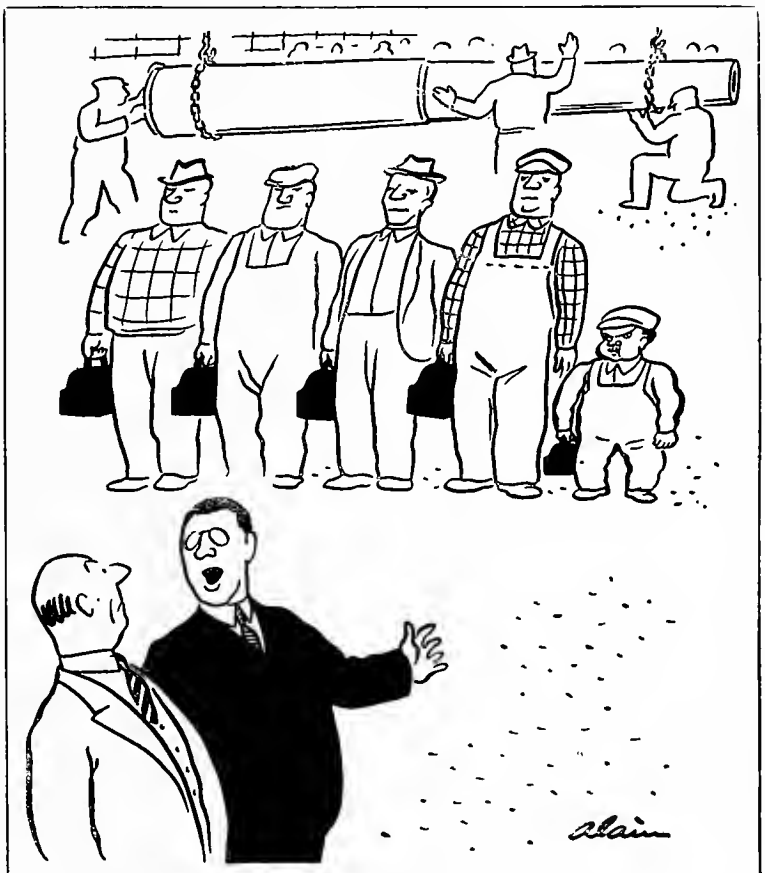
When they start building cars again, why not make them with ready-bent fenders so they'll always look like new?

Sign in a General Motors Plant:

According to the theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible.

BUT THE BUMBLEBEE, BEING IGNORANT OF THESE SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS, GOES AHEAD AND FLIES ANYWAY—AND MAKES A LITTLE HONEY EVERY DAY.

There are two kinds of men who never amount to anything; one who cannot do as he is told, and the other who can never do anything else.



"The War Manpower Commission called for a percentage increase of 4½ workers."

V-68-7/20

Drawn for Office of War Information.

MACHINE SHOP
Second Shift
By A. G. "Pop" Harris

We have several new faces in our department, as is the case throughout the plant.

* * *

Ruby Hocking joined up with us, stayed a week, ran off, got married, transferred to the day shift, and is now Mrs. Ruby Fawl of the day shift. Fast work, Ruby, and we wish you much happiness.

* * *

Helen Lym of South Dakota, Pearl Crawford of Mission Hills, W. A. Bryan from around town, George L. Bonzel of San Diego, and Richard (Dick) Boyer of someplace or other, are all newcomers.

* * *

We all join in giving these new ones a hearty welcome, and assure them that Ryan's a good place to work.

* * *

My good friend Red Reed, who was one of the main cogs on the mills, bid us goodbye on September 30th and left for parts unknown. Good luck, my friend!

* * *

Pinky also treated the gang to coca cola the other night. I never did find out what the occasion was, as he didn't seem to be in politics, didn't announce his engagement or anything else, but the coke was O.K., Pinky. (Thanks).

Helen Stubblefield said she was taking a different view of things nowadays. She was wearing colored glasses.

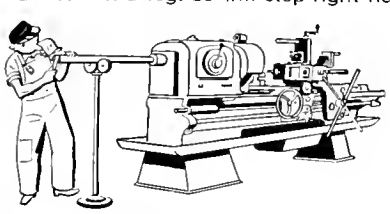
I passed Opal Hall the other night as she sat at the bench doing some burring for the third or fourth night. She was talking to herself, so I just kind of stopped to hear what she was saying. She was repeatover and over these words: "Hebrews, 13-8." I passed on, wondering what "Hebrews 13-8" had to do with burring. At home I dusted off the Book of Books, looked up "Hebrews 13-8" and here is what I found: "The same yesterday today and forever." Take courage, Opal, every cloud has a silver lining.

Chris Mueller of Tooling has been pinch-hitting for Don Miles while he (Don) has been on his much-needed and well-earned vacation. (We have missed you, Don).

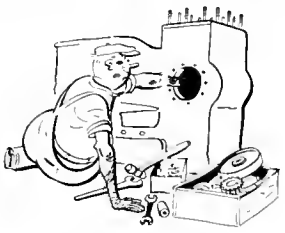
The other night I was trying to find out the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. I asked someone. My informer told me to look at Chris Mueller and Win Alderson. I was stumped and demanded an explanation.

He said: "Chris wears suspenders to hold up his pants. He is an optimist. Win wears suspenders and a belt to hold up his pants. He is a pessimist."

I am still in a fog. So will stop right here.



MAINTENANCE
by Pat Kelly



The Editors, Gawd bless 'em, have seen fit to move forward two days the deadline for copy. 'Ow in 'ell do they expect us to gather "news" a full month before publication?

By this time Elmer Russell, one of our welders, will have taken the oath of allegiance to the Navy and most probably is in "boot camp" at Norfolk, Virginia. Three of our lads, Hillberg, Eulberg and "Smilin'" Cole, have been called up for physicals. Guess I'd better begin training an understudy before the postman brings me one of those long, stampless envelopes containing a notice saying "the travel necessary is in the public service."

"Sugarfoot" Conde is the proud father of a husky 7½-pound boy. Conde is teaching "Junior" the technique of demolition, an art essential to a prospector in the hills of Arizony.

Ernest John recently purchased a $1,000 war bond. As far as we know, that sets a record for an individual. Knowing "Blackie" was a capitalist, we had almost worked up sufficient courage to attempt the negotiation of a loan, but it's too late now. Faint heart an' all that, wot?

(Say, Bill, how's about a picture of the lad like those you had in last issue?

"El Toro" Johnson was foreman of the fall round-up at his Jamul ranch a few nights ago. A roaring log fire, concealed from sea-view, welcomed the Ryanites. The latter, in turn, welcomed the fire as the mountain air was quite snappy. However, as the Great Bear pivoted on Polaris, and we made many trips to the friendly keg of beer, the blaze became less necessary. "Gilly" Gillons, whose theme song is the "Anvil Chorus," had the hills singing with him. Mrs. Bill Cundiff and Miss Betty Landon were initiated into the mysteries of the Royal Order of Cow Dunks. Mrs. Vic DuShaune and Mrs. Pat Kelly were called to testify and sentenced for not telling the truth. And while all this was going on, Mrs. Johnson was extremely busy fixing sandwiches and making coffee. Bill Cundiff fell up a hill, while "El Toro" refused to remove his sombrero and show his golden locks. The Ryanites present included Mr. and Mrs. Vic DuShaune, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cundiff, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. West, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kelly, "Gilly" Gillons, Walt Jaeger, Miss Betty Landon and Mr. Glenn Richardson. Let us not forget mine host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Wally Johnson.

We failed to mention a recent scuffle between Charlie Alexander and half a dozen others. When time was called, Charlie's mustache had miraculously changed color, due, no doubt, to over-exertion.

Just in time for this issue, Frank Zeglis announced he has signed up to become a sailor. He too will be gone when this is published, though he doesn't know where he will train. Frank is a youngster who has what it tokes to make good. We wish you the best of luck, buddy.

PRODUCTION PLANNING
By Maynard Lovell

The other evening during lunch period JOHN van der LINDE, after trying to call "Mama" for the 'nth time said, "I don't know why women talk so long on the phone." "ANGEL" HARPER spoke up and said, "I don't know why women talk so long." CHET. MUELLER added, "I don't know why women talk." "BUTCH" ORTIZ had just wandered in and put on the finishing touches, "I don't know women." Maybe not, "BUTCH," but you're not alone.

* * *

Last issue I mentioned changing names. MARY ECCHER of the print files had hers changed to HOBBS Sunday afternoon in Yuma. Our best wishes, Mary.

* * *

Because of the advanced date of copy for the Reporter, I'm afraid to again mention our newcomers. JESSIE PORTER, mentioned in our latest issue, was transferred to day shift before the Reporter came out. Our latest newcomers at this writing are VERA MELCHER, Manifold Outside Booth; BETTY CURTIS, Cutting; BARBARA WOOD and JEAN TUSA, Airplane Parts; and MAMIE EATON in Sheet Metal Booth. Also VIRGIL VIERS, who is move boy for Sheet Metal. HELEN BULLERWELL is with us on second shift for the time being, on Material Planning files, as is SARAH MALTZ. DOROTHY GIBSON is on second shift in Manifold Planning.

* * *

Through the efforts of DAVE PALASH and ALTINE BLACKSMITH, the Manifold Planning Department of both shifts has signed up for Bonds to exceed 95 per cent.

(Hope I have your names spelled correctly. I'm truly sorry about misspelling names in the last issue).

* * *

Business with the "MOTORBIKE BOYS," second shift must be slow. There have not been any reports of crashes and only one near ticket. HANSON and his motor are resting, as the motor has developed something or other. Reason is a "military secret."

TO THE RYAN EMPLOYEES:

I don't know just how to begin to offer my thanks to you and all of Ryon.

I would like everyone there to know how much I appreciate everything. Not only for the help it has given me, but to know how much everyone thought of Tarry. I will olways remember that.

My most grateful thonks to each ond every one.

Signed,
Doris M. Tarry.

Highly Experimental

By Bob Johnston and Bob Wallin

The title may not be good, but it is descriptive. This is our sala hap as successors to "Jonnie" Johnsan, wha left us ta become an Inspectar.

* * *

Jimmy Hannum and C. V. West told us that they knew we weren't the kind af guys who would dish out dirt about them, but that Johnson was. And furthermore, that the first time we did such and such, sa-and-so would happen to us. Subtle—like an earthquake.

* * *

The whale department is smoking Van Dykes. H. A. Austin started it off by passing them out with the news of the arrival af number one son. Bob Lane didn't wait for the smoke to clear before he handed them out and annaunced he was the praud papa of a six-pound baby girl.

Bab Johnston is taking a three-week leave af absence to visit the ald home town in Mississippi before gas rationing sets in.

We are glad ta see "Ozzie" Auerswald back in the Experimental taal crib after his recent illness.

* * *

Archie Garwaad and Dan Burnett have gone to Calarada an a vacatian.

* * *

Last Sunday the boys went south of the barder again in search af more barracuda. About all they gat was a lang boat ride and a gaad saaking. The water was plenty rough, but na ane gat sick. Jimmy Hannum was sitting an tap af the cabin ta keep out af the spray and swore that he could reach down and scaap water whenever the boat rolled. Elmer Gearge took the jack-pot for the biggest fish—a five and one-half pound bass.

* * *

Some of us went dawn Saturday and stayed aver. We behaved ourselves, but the details are a deep, dark secret.

Coming back Johnston's party almast gat last in the very same place they did the last time.

Several Ryan Workers Are Given The Air

A number af Ryanites have been given e air lately . . . air of the braadcasting ariety. Giving full play ta their histrionic aspiratians, these emplayes have been heard aver the radia fram stations KGB, KFMB and KFSD. One of them, Eddie Piersal, has even played opposite such well-known stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in coast-to-coast network braadcasts.

For the Traffic Education Division of the San Diega Police Department, Charlatte Kohl, Gerry Wright, Pat Bettencaurt, Jack Edmands, Jack Westler, Wally Kadel, Garrick O'Bryan and Piersal have made appearances in shows written and praduced by themselves.

Members of the same group have participated in the "Waman-pawer" broadcasts heard five days a week aver all three San Diega statians. The purpose of the braadcasts is ta encaurage San Diega women ta apply far employment in the aircraft industry.

Transcontinental radia appearances have taken place an the Navy's "Anchors Aweigh" show heard Sundays over the Mutual Broadcasting System, emanating fram the Naval Training Statian here.

More requests far radia talent fram Ryan are expected in the near future. All emplayes interested in taking part in such activity are urged ta turn their names in ta Personnel.

Folks We'd Miss

It takes a lot of falks ta run
A world as big as this;
And while we wish that some were gone,
A lot of them we'd miss.

We'd miss the bird who has a smile,
And always likes ta show it;
We'd miss the man wha likes his friends,
And lets the whale world knaw it.

We'd miss the friend wha always has
The time ta say "Hella!"
And the chap wha's always in the game,
The first ta say "Let's go!"

And if we'd miss thase kinds af men,
Well, wauldn't it be true
That folks would miss us, when we're gone,
If we were that way, taa?

—The Alhambran.

Approximately 1,000 automobiles each month are deliberately set afire by their awners in the hope af collecting a quick cash settlement from the insurance companies. While gasoline and tire shartages may be expected to cause an increase in these "accidental" fires, it should be noted that insurance investigators in the past have succeeded in solving ninety-five per cent af such cases.

— Your Life.

Final News

By Enid Larsen

Here we are again ready to cut loose with another small addition ta the Flying Reporter. We've missed a couple af issues, but hope we are an the beam again to stay.

As is the case in a number of ather departments, we are indeed fortunate in having our department personnel increased by some af the new emplayes. Speaking in behalf of the department, I extend a mast hearty welcome to Helen Blackmore, Hartense Ortiz, Carrie Winding, Alice Pullen, Marie Schaenfelder, Dorathea Bingaman, Mary Sprecker, Mona Ingram, Clara Kittelsan, Alta Saxan, Mabel Madill (farmerly af Experimental) and T. R. Lang. We hape all af yau will enjoy working with us as much as we like ta have yau in Final Assembly.

Cigars and congratulatians have been flying thick and fast around here lately. It all started when Dean Haffman dived off the deep end with his best gal, Lorraine Sata an August 30. Not ta be autdone on the congratulations, Bert Young became the praud papa af a baby daughter last manth. (Bert's feet are just beginning ta touch the graund again.) Jack Ethridge was next. His wife presented him with a brand new son and heir. G. B. Baker of the Flight Crew was the recipient af a box af cigars from some af the boys in Final, but there were na congratulations attached; just a taken af appreciation far his many kind deeds.

The grand old game af galf has quite a hald an some of the boys aut here. There is ane little grudge match I wauld like to see. Fram all reports, it is warth the price af twa ar three gaad shows. Claude Nadeau and Jerk Hilles are two af Final Assembly's best (?) galfers. When they get tagether and the divats start flying, all friendship ceases, the chips are dawn, and according to the gallery, the fellaw with the best alibi wins. The line farms ta the right.

There is quite a mystery in Final Assembly. Sameane poured it on Gerry Jackson and he would like to know wha "daad" it. He admits that he is having a wanderful time teaching our aspiring new hopefuls, but still maintains that he is na Casanava af anybady's carnfield. 'Nuff said.

I guess that will hald us for this issue. Here's haping we make the next deadline.

A ROPE'S END VIEW

By Lynn Harrington

A lot of water hos run under the bridge, and I don't meon the Sweetwoter River, since I lost wrote for the Flying Reporter. However, all good things must come to an end so I will breok my silence, led portly by o desire to hove something printed in the new, improved Reporter but mostly to tell you obout the Drop Hommer dinner donce ot the Lo Mesa Inn lost month. The porty wos o wingdinger from start to finish, ottended by forty people who hod o heluvo swell time ond were glad to know their neighbors. I believe it set o new high for net enjoyment per person.

The wife ond I accomponied "Tex" Helms ond wife to the offoir. Due to his recent encounter with o drop hommer it wos his sworn intention to leave early. Immediotely ofter the steok, in fact.

Actually, the only person who left loter than "Tex" wos Louie corrying his crutches.

Louie Spierer wos the moster-mind bock of the dinner dance. All credit to him for moking the occosion the grond success it wos.

Horley Rubish ond wife were there, ond from the way Horley hondles his refreshments it isn't hord to see why we're working for him.

Roy McCollough ond Cecil Homlet were obsent, but ore more to be pitied thon blomed. I suppose the Lord hos to have some woy of punishing people who will shoot doves.

Tom "Mod Russion" Sorich wos o hord man to hold down. He ond John H. Kinner exhibited considerobly more ogility thon they have ever shown oround the drop hommer shop.

If there hod been o woy of copturing the collection of molecules, otoms ond electrons which Lee Wolker ond Honk Hall set into motion, Ryan could shut off the electricity for o week ond still keep the mochinery running.

Poul Lane wos there, minus the girl friend, who unfortunotely had other duties. Paul wos wolking straight up ond very slowly.

Clossic remork of the evening wos Walk-'s explonotion to o Morine thot "Helms dropped 15 tons on his foot building airplones for you Morines."

When this issue of the Ryon Reporter goes to press, Eddie "the little mon who wosn't there" Herrin ond myself will hove completed o four-month swop and I will be back on the swing shift.

The second shift has its points. Cecil Homlet sometimes obscures the view but Dick Gillom never does. Little Louie, the jonitor, should be on the second shift os he could sweep in ond oround Dick without moving him out of his tracks. Incidentolly, it is the D. H. Department's considered opinion thot Louie does the slickest job of broom pushing we've seen.

Taxes will be tough but if we don't oll do our shore it will be o domsite tougher.

And to the man who doesn't think he has o responsibility to buy Wor Bonds and poy taxes—you've got to be for us or ogoinst us, brother. There oin't no middle lone on this rood.

Whatever you do, don't sell Wor Bonds to poy toxes. You will be pulling money out of one of Uncle Som's pockets to put it in the other.

Perhops some of us think we're obused and ore moking o socrifice to buy Wor Bonds ond poy taxes. We're not socrificing, friends, we're privileged.

Privileged to live at home; work for three squore meols o day ond our future freedom, while millions of our boys ore out losing eyes, limbs ond lives. If we con think of thot ond not do our best, ore we worth fighting for?

Buy more Wor Bonds—"if we don't dood it, we det o whippin'."

NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

by NOREMAC

Fronk Soye was telling me how o girl come in and applied for o job and, when asked if she had ony porticular quolifications or unusuol talents, she stoted thot she hod won severol prizes in crossword puzzle ond slogon writing contests. "Sounds good," soid Fronk, "but we wont someone who will be smart during office hours." "Oh," she explained, "this wos during office hours!"

Instructor in Toctics: "Whot is o maneuver?"

Privote (from Iowo): "Something you put in soil to moke it rich."

Jock Sprot could eot no fot,
His wife could eot no leon;
But both the Sprots now sove their fots
To moke more glycerine.

A guy osked Joe Rust whot o Chinese londing was. "One Wing Hung Low," soid Joe.

A troveler stopped in o bock-in-the-hills town in Arkonsos ond by woy of conservotion, moke the remork to the storekeeper: "MocArthur ond his boys ore doing o swell job, oren't they?" The storekeeper said: "Who is MocArthur?" "Never mind," soid the troveler, "just don't bother—give me six of those new tires and o couple socks of sugor."

"Whotssch your wife shoy when you shtoy out lote like thish?"

"Aint got o wife."

"Then whotssch ideo shtoyin' out so late?"

A toxi driver who had o blowout wos trying to toke the tire from the rim. He wos swearing steadily, but moking no progress at all.

"My good mon," soid o minister who happened olong, "You hove observed thot blosphemy hos goined you nothing in your tussle with the tire. Why not try proyer?"

The toxi driver ground out o finol imprecation . . . which did not budge the tire on inch. Then he tried the minister's woy. Magicolly the tire slipped off the rim.

The minister hod been wotching interestedly, and os the tire slipped off he exclaimed: "Well I'll be domned!"

I like the story of the man who came home ot three in the morning with o gosh over his eye.

His generolly tolerant wife, occustomed to the ways of her mote, osked whot hoppened to him.

He soid, "Sorry, dream child. I bit myself!"

Soid she, "But how could you bite yourself over your eye?"

Said he: "It was kind of tough. I had to stand on o chair."

—— Bertrond K. Hart,
Literory editor of the Providence Journal.

Drag-Net Out For Ryanite Relatives

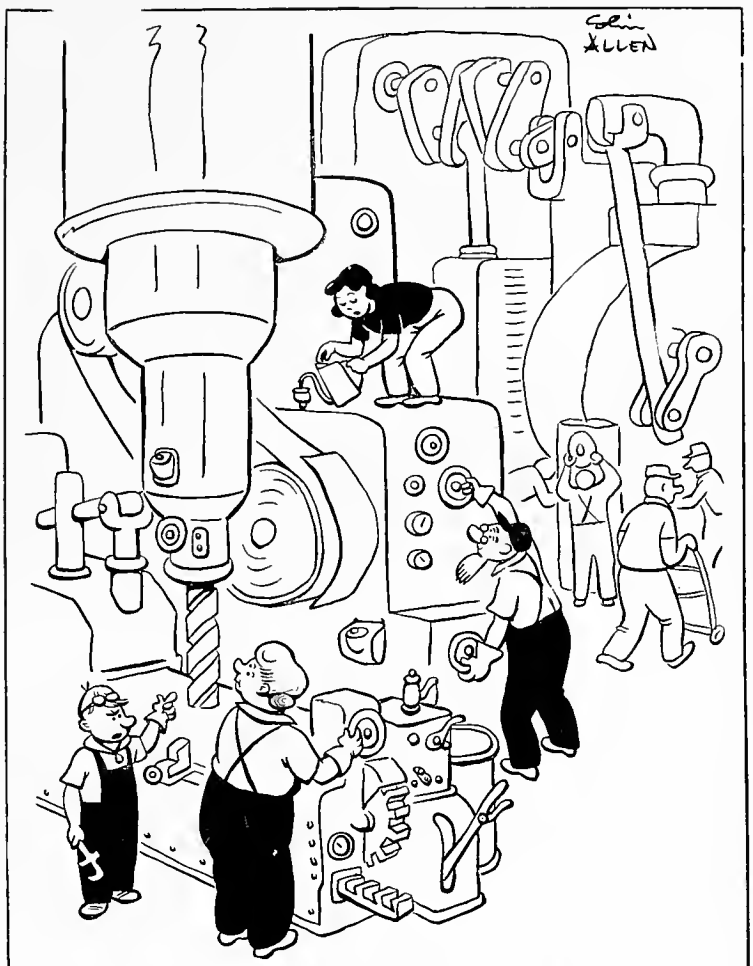
Solving three problems at once sounds like a good trick if you can do it. Fronk Saye of the Employment Department says he **is** doing it.

Here are the three problems Fronk hos been wrestling with: The problem of finding new employes for Ryan's steadily-growing factory force; the problem of helping them find housing after they're hired; and the problem of helping them get from house to factory after they're housed.

To whip these three puzzlers, Frank is conducting a hiring campaign among the relatives of present Ryon workers.

He's writing to dozens of top-notch workers he knows personally, urging them to round up their sisters, brothers, wives and parents for work at Ryan. And his letters really get results. About 30 relatives a week are coming in and signing up!

Since these Ryan families usually live together and can ride to work together, there's no need for more housing or transportation. And Frank Saye rubs his hands over three problems well on the way to solution simultaneously!



"Hey, ma! Tell grandpaw and sis to stop picking on me."

V-148-9/15

Drawn for Office of War Information.

The Mystic Order Of Short Snorters

One of the oddest clubs in aviation is an organization known as the "Short Snorters," well known among fliers, but little known to date among groundlings.

Authenticating data is vague at best, but the association of "Short Snorters" is believed to have originoted with Jerry Jones, old-time Ryan chief pilot, and other Pan American flight personnel in Alaska, probably as a means of "borrowing" a few extra dollars until pay day. Miss Adelaide Smith, well-known Ryan secretary, was one of the early Short Snorters.

Under the system with which it operates, a person who joins the Short Snorters is sure to be separated from a few one dollar bills. Initiation consists of being approached by members who will seek out a person who is interested in aviation, cajole the prospect with soft words and arguments as to the benefits to be derived from becoming a member of this brotherhood of fliers.

Agreement to join is met with the announcement that the neophyte must pay a one dollar bill to each bonafide Short Snorter present at his initiation, as a pledge of allegiance to the by-laws (which are nonexistent). In addition another one dollar bill must be produced, which will be appropriately autographed by the initiators, and retained by the new member as his official card of membership.

Like a draft registration certificate, this "card" must be carried at all times. Penalty for being found without it is payment of the customary one dollar bill to all bonafide members of the organization present on the occasion when a culprit is discovered without his card. Such "fines" have been known to amount to as much as $25 at a clip.

Membership in the Short Snorters was at first restricted to licensed pilots, but members freely admit that the "admission boards" in certain localities have relaxed restrictions to the point where they will now consider a person for membership if he has ever ridden in, or worked on, an airplone.

Miss Madeleine Carroll, popular as a movie actress, was equally popular with Pan American Clipper crews when she recently flew across the Atlantic. Dubbed a "good egg" all along the line, and a flier of sorts, she was quickly made a Short Snorter between Horta and Bermuda at 9000 feet over the Atlontic Ocean. Her initiation fee was about average—six dollars.

Said a bandit to his pal as they were about to be hanged: "I'll string along with you until the end."

Every hour lost on the production line is a respite for the enemy!
By, by . . . Buy Bonds . . .

LESSONS IN LOGIC

James E. Watson, former United States Senator from Indiana, was trying a lawsuit once, when his client became alarmed over the foct that the opposing side had two lawyers. "We oughta have another lawyer," the client whispered to Watson.

"Don't you think I'm doing oll right?" asked Watson.

"You're doing as well as you can all alone," admitted the client. "But with their two lawyers, when one of them's talking, the other con be thinking. When you're talking nobody is doing ony thinking for our side." — Coronet.

Children born in the spring months are the most intelligent, Dr. Florence L. Goodenough concludes from a study of 3,275 births. She believes this merely shows that the most intelligent parents are the ones who deliberately plan for o birth to occur at a time of year which they and the obstetricians considered most desirable.

—American Eugenics Society News Letter.

Next year, if current plans materialize, no oath will be required on income tax returns, only a simple offirmation. Taxpayers who feel like swearing moy do so in the privacy of the home.

—The New Yorker.

EYES, EARS AND A STRONG ARM — FOR THE NAVY!

DESTINED TO SEEK OUT AND STRIKE DOWN the enemy on the seven seas, new Ryan-built Navy SOR-1 warplanes will soon be rolling off our assembly lines in volume to join the growing airmados of the U.S. and United Nations.

TWENTY YEARS OF RYAN "KNOW HOW" insures both quantity and quality production of these formidable planes, built to better perform one of the biggest jobs at hand—scouting the seas to provide air protection and striking power against Axis submarines and war ships. All-out production of these Navy aircraft is but one of many Ryan assignments for victory.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

San Diego, California

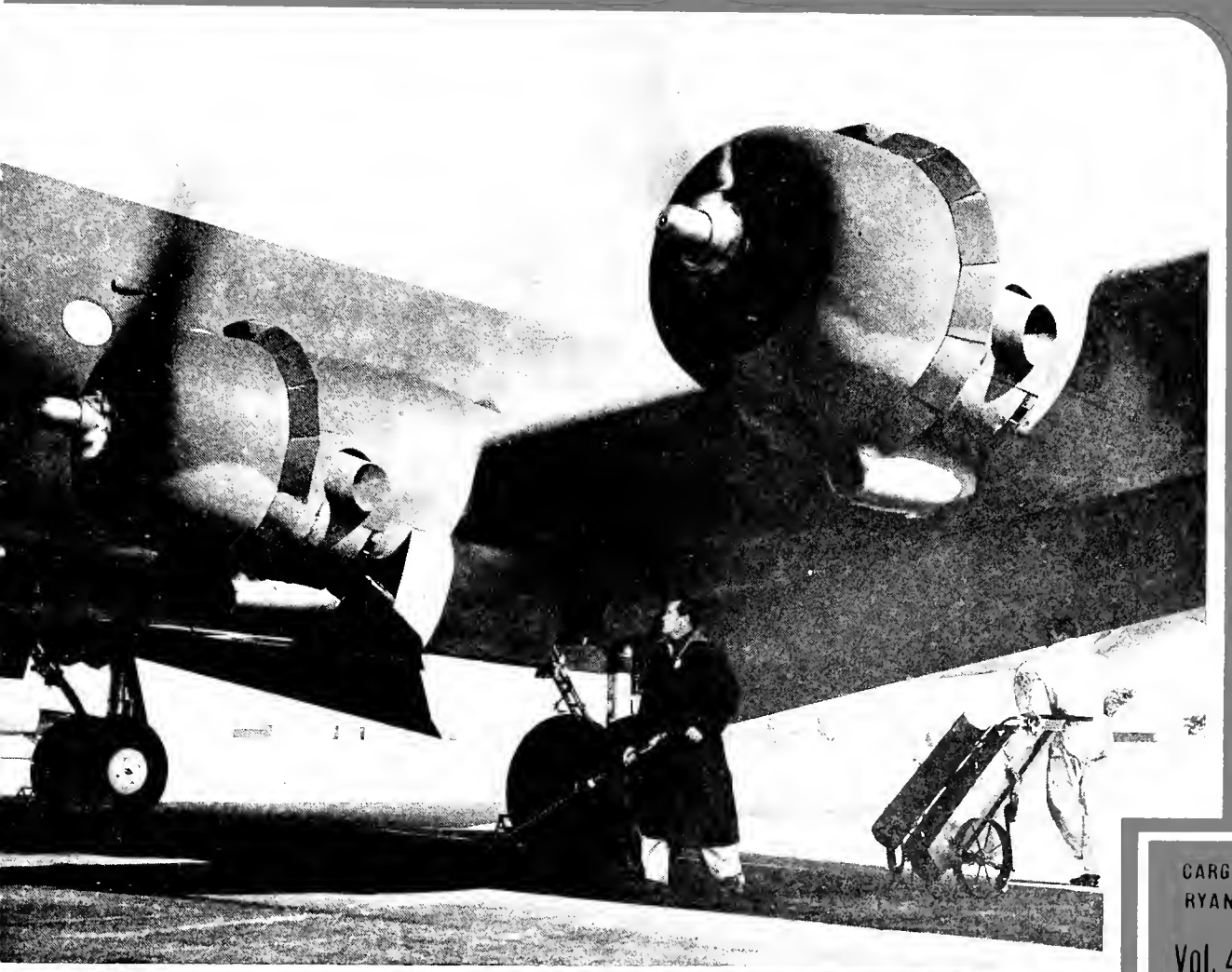
MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

RELY ON Ryan

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942

Ryan Flying Reporter



CARGO SHIP WITH RYAN MANIFOLDS

Vol. 4 No. 7

NOVEMBER 20TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

"Dear Mr. President: Please send us another airplane. Ours is full of holes."

This half-kidding, half-tragic message from the last-ditch defenders of Bataan summed up the story of the Philippine campaign. We at home couldn't supply planes to protect our boys on the fighting line.

But today in Africa it's a different story.

As you'll see in the article on the next page of Flying Reporter, the tide of war has turned in Africa largely because of the devastating work of American and British pilots with American planes and equipment. A lot of those boys, the best-trained pilots in the world, got that way in Ryan training planes built here. And soon Ryan-built combat type planes will be seeing service with the Navy.

From here on in there must be plenty of planes, spare parts and pilots for our forces—where they're needed and **when** they're needed. And it's up to us to see that "too little and too late" is never again heard from our commanders on any key battlefield of this war.

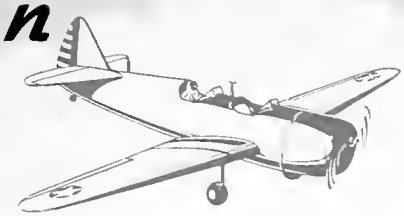
As you know, Ryan manifolds are standard equipment on many of the combat and cargo planes that have been blasting the Germans out of Africa—that are now roaming the skies over Europe and the Pacific war zone. If we had done slow or sloppy work in making those manifolds, the recent smashing successes of United Nations forces would have been made more difficult.

These thrilling facts should give us all a tremendous stiffening of determination to speed up our airplane and spare parts production and to keep on turning out those manifolds by the thousands for the planes that still have to be built before the Axis is beaten. We'll all do our best. Right?

T. Claude Ryan

P. S. About four-fifths of us here at the plant have already signed up to buy War Bonds on the payroll-allotment plan. Too bad we have to sit back and wait till the other one-fifth gets on the Bond Wagon. All the drum-beating and repeated urging to sign up applies to only 20% of our personnel. How about it, boys? Can't we get that Treasury Flag flying before Christmas?

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Ryan Manifolds At The Front

Inside information from aviators in the thick of this year's African and European fighting.

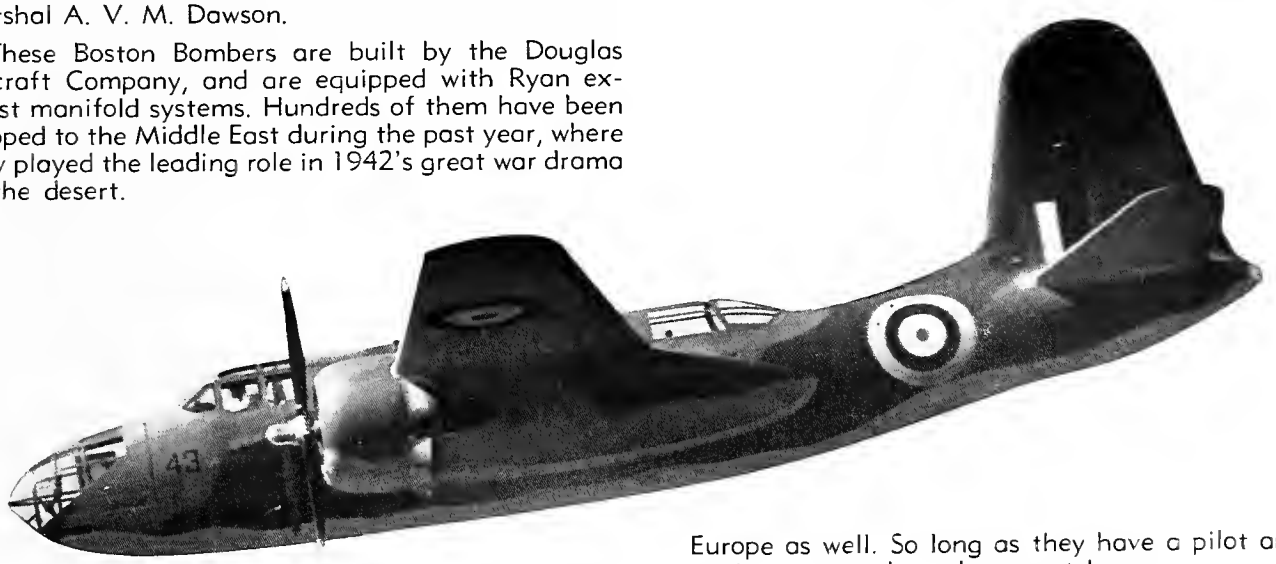
"Rommel's armies would have overrun Alexandria and Suez, and would be chasing us through Palestine today, if it weren't for our Boston Bombers!"

That is the assertion of no less an authority than the chief of the British air forces in Egypt, Air Vice-Marshal A. V. M. Dawson.

These Boston Bombers are built by the Douglas Aircraft Company, and are equipped with Ryan exhaust manifold systems. Hundreds of them have been shipped to the Middle East during the past year, where they played the leading role in 1942's great war drama of the desert.

Ryan employes get o full share of credit for the job of slowing down the onslaught of Rommel's tanks, stopping them at El Alamein this summer, and now, apparently turning the whole African campaign into such an Axis rout that some experts are already calling it the great turning point of the war.

The Boston Bombers are sturdy as well as deadly. They have proved that, not only in Africa, but in Europe as well. So long as they have a pilot and one engine intact, they always get home.



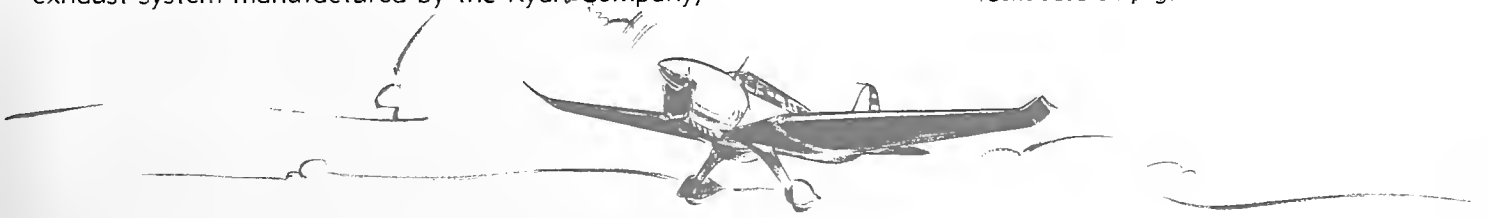
Flying so fast that German anti-aircraft batteries could not get their sights on them, and so low that they could practically set down the bombs on their targets, the Douglas planes worked in relays called the "Boston Shuttle Service."

They would take off from just ahead of the German lines, drop their bombs so close that their ground crews could hear the explosions, and race back to the supply columns to refuel and rearm. In this way dozens of sorties would be made each day.

Since a vital part of each of these planes is the exhaust system manufactured by the Ryan Company,

An amazing demonstration of the toughness of these big brutes was given in July, when Boston Bombers were chosen to strike the first AAF blow against German Europe. During that first air raid when six American-piloted Bostons attacked four German airdromes in Holland, one of the planes had a propeller and the nose section of the starboard motor shot away. With one wing afire, the plane hit the ground and knocked off a section of the burning wing. Yet the pilot was able to bounce his craft back into the air, shoot out of action an anti-aircraft tower that had concentrated all its fire power on him, and fly 300 miles back to Britain.

(Concluded on poge 21)



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Slim's Pickin's.....**Slim Coots**
Executive Interviews.....**Bob Close**
Spart News.....**Jack Billings**
An Airplane Is Barn.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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Copy Deadline for the next issue is November 30th

HOW'S YOUR TOLERANCE?

A tolerance of one thousandth of an inch isn't unusual for a precision machine in the aircraft industry.

"High tolerance," such precision is called—meaning that parts must fit each other with hairline exactness. If one part is too large or too small by even a thousandth of an inch, the other parts won't fit smoothly with it. Friction will be set up and the machine will go haywire.

A machine with high tolerance is very valuable. Such fineness of workmanship is a goal that mechanics strive for.

But a **man** or **woman** with such "high tolerance" is far from valuable.

A worker with "high tolerance" is a worker who can't cooperate with others unless they fit precisely with his ideas. Such a worker can't tolerate anybody who is too talkative, or too silent; too gay, or too serious.

There's always friction around the worker with "high tolerance." Sparks fly because he doesn't like Joe's way of doing things — or because he won't stand for Mary making a mistake — or because he got mad when Jack's tone of voice was a bit snappish.

We've all met someone who has "high tolerance." He's the one who won't cooperate unless everybody does things his way. He's the one who'll never compromise; never give way an inch; never overlook the faults or mistakes of co-workers. He wastes many precious minutes of the working day arguing with people or bawling them out for their shortcomings.

But should anyone venture to criticize him — or even suggest gently that there might be a better way of doing something than **his** way — whew! look out! There'll be hell-fire and damnation all over the department for the next half-hour.

The worker with "high tolerance" is not wanted — at Ryan, or anywhere else.

The worker with **low** tolerance is welcome wherever he goes.

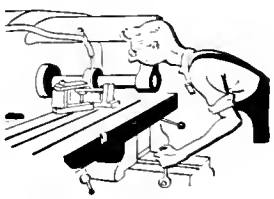
Low tolerance means ability to get along well with other people in spite of their faults.

It means working smoothly with everybody, helping to rectify their mistakes, meeting them halfway when there's a disagreement. It means efficient cooperation — avoiding friction at all times.

In war time, friction is a national danger because it slows us down. It reduces our output of arms for the fighting forces. It actually helps the enemy.

Low tolerance is bad in machines but good in men. High tolerance — in worker, supervisor or executive — is downright un-American in a time of national danger.

How's **your** tolerance?



WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 80%

ALL FIGURES AS OF NOVEMBER 15

Lobaratary	**Over 95%**
Methods Engineering	**Over 95%**
Inspection	**Over 95%**
Sheet Metal	**Over 95%**
Drop-Hammer	**Over 95%**
Wing Assembly	**Over 95%**
Sub-Assembly	**Over 95%**
Finishing	**Over 95%**
Fuselage	**Over 95%**
Final Assembly	**Over 95%**
Electrical Maintenonce	**Over 95%**
Dispatching	**Over 95%**
Plont Police	**Over 95%**
Accounting	**Over 95%**
Personnel	**Over 95%**
Supervisory	**Over 95%**
Mointenance	**Over 95%**
Manifold	**89%**
Machine Shop	**85%**
Lofting	**79%**
Experimental	**76%**
Sub and Ship Welding	**75%**
Tooling	**74%**
Stainless Steel	**70%**
Office	**68%**
Carpenter-Janitor	**65%**
Tool Design	**62%**
Stockroom	**55%**

The plant average is down from 84% lost time, largely because hundreds of new employes have joined the compony but haven't yet been signed up for regular War Bond purchases.

IF THEY CAN DO IT—

You wouldn't think the boys in the armed forces would bother much about buying War Bonds.

After all, bond-buying is up to us civilians, isn't it? In comparison with the sacrifices our soldiers and sailors are making, the least we can do is to try to take care of the dollars-and-cents angle of this war.

But if you think the boys at camp aren't buying bonds, you'd be surprised.

At army posts and naval and marine bases all over the country, better than 80% of the men have allotted part of their monthly pay to War Bond purchases. Their salaries are slender enough at best, but they're laying the cash on the line for Bonds every month.

If they can do it, can't we?

Slim's Pickin's

By Slim Coats

It is seldom that I cry in the Santa Fe Station. As a rule when I have crying to do I go either to the Greyhound Bus station or to the Plaza. But the other morning I broke down in the Santa Fe Station — put my head down on the information counter and sobbed.

Travelers' Aid workers clucked about me like old hens. Red Caps offered solace, for the standard price of ten cents a solace. The station's private detectives threatened to throw me out on the standard non-profit basis.

Tender-hearted commuters pressed gum and candy into my hands, proving either that San Diegans have a heart or don't like candy. But still I wept. When I tell you why I cried, you will agree I had a reason.

On returning from an overnight journey on the train, I discovered I had lost my suitcase. All efforts to locate it were in vain. It was a beautiful leather suitcase I had borrowed from Dan Burnett four years ago. I had a new suit in it, a couple of shirts, undergarments with the patented banjo seat, and the usual assorted ties and handkerchiefs.

My wardrobe is not so extensive that I can easily afford such a haberdasherial loss. But this was not the reason for my tears. Wrapped up in a hotel towel were the only tubes of toothpaste and shaving cream I possessed. They were nearly exhausted and were to be turned in within a few days for full tubes.

Here I was, all of a sudden, with no tubes to turn in ever again. Not until the Nazi system is crushed into the ground and the Japanese are buried alongside, would I be able to purchase another tube of toothpaste or shaving cream. It was when the full realization of my predicament hit me that I broke down and my tears began to flow. The thought of going through the years ahead with nary a tube of toothpaste and shaving cream was too much for me.

I realized there was a tube of toothpaste at home, but I also realized what this meant—never again could I go anywhere without taking the whole family. From now on it must be share and share alike. No matter where Fate called me everybody must go along so we could use the one tube of toothpaste owned by the family.

(Continued on poge 14)

Suspense is terrific when Test Pilot Joe Rust takes a new model off the ground for its trial flight.

It is a big day for all concerned when the first experimental airplane of a new model is ready for its initial flight.

After the experimental crew has made its final check-up of the ship and it is rolled out to the flight line, suspense reigns. Company executives, engineers, the experimental crew—everyone who by virtue of position or ingenuity can obtain a pass gathers to witness the product of their brains and hands take to the element for which it was designed.

They know in their hearts that all will go well, for infinite care and experience has gone into this new airplane. They know too that each part of the airplane has been extensively tested on the ground and that insofar as it is humanly possible nothing has been left to chance. Still the feeling of suspense persists.

With varied emotions they watch the test pilot climb into the ship. He is probably the calmest person present. This is his job—his sphere of action. Everyone wonders what he is thinking, but his thoughts and emotions are known only to himself.

The engine has been warmed up and now the ship is taxied out onto the field. Although a considerable amount of ground testing has already been done, the pilot must get the "feel" of the ship on the ground.

He taxies about in what appears to be an aimless fashion, turning, twisting, stopping — testing brake and shock absorption, the action of the steerable tail wheel, if there is one, and in general feeling out the ship's controllability on the ground.

Finally the ship is taxied into position for take-off. The engine rises to a sustained roar and the ship gathers speed. The tail comes up and the watchers strain their eyes to see the wheels leave the ground. The plane races down the runway, apparently reluctant to leave the ground.

"She's up! She's off the ground! She flies!" the watchers cheer in delight.

The ship has climbed a few feet off the ground. She levels off and settles back to earth. She makes another run, another short hop, then again lands and returns to the take-off position. The pilot is feeling out her take-off and landing characteristics.

Finally she cuts her bonds with the earth completely, climbing steadily up into the sky, leveling off and circling the field before landing again. The first obstacle in the long flight test procedure has been successfully passed. But this is only the beginning. Many weeks of tests are to follow.

Flight test procedure varies with the type of ship, and the agency for which the tests are being made. A plane requiring a long take-off run, for instance, may not be able to return immediately to earth after it first leaves the ground because the runway is not long enough. Certain agencies require the structural strength of the plane to be put to severe tests in the air, while another may require most of the structural testing to be done on the ground.

In any event, there is much flight testing to be done to determine flying characteristics, performance, and operation of engines and other equipment. The airspeed indicator and other instruments must be calibrated. High speed, operating speed, endurance, range, and fuel consumption must be determined.

Stability must be checked. Climbing and stalling characteristics, as well as those of landing and take-off, must be investigated. The plane may be put through acrobatic maneuvers and spins.

Operation tests are run on engine cooling and performance, engine equipment, lighting systems, radio, instruments and many other items.

Reports are made on each test—in some cases by the pilot and in others by a flight test engineer. If the test reports show up faults that can be corrected, Engineering provides Experimental with the necessary information and drawings. The changes are made and new tests run.

At Ryan, Joe Rust is Chief Test Pilot and Roy Pyle is the engineer in charge of flight testing. Together they have spent many hours testing Ryan planes, and written bushels of reports.

In the public eye this business of being a test pilot has a lot of glamor. Joe Rust figures it is just another job—but an interesting one. He is probably the kind of a guy who would write this kind of report during an unsuccessful dive test:

Speed	Altitude	Remarks
300	10,000	Right wing vibrating
350	9,500	Right aileron gone
400	8,600	Left wing vibrating
450	7,300	Left aileron gone
500	5,600	Right wing gone
550	3,500	Left wing gone
600	1,000	Believe ship unsafe bailing out.

Incidentally, this is not copied from a Ryan flight test report!

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part IV — FLIGHT TESTING

You Too Can Be a Smoke-Eater

There's action and excitement awaiting you if you sign up with Ryon's volunteer fire crew.

Shortly after midnight last February 8, Dan Driscoll had just slid into bed when he popped out again and began pulling on his clothes. The first flash of a serious fire at the Ryan factory had just come over his bedside short-wave radio, which he keeps on 24 hours a day.

The news on the radio was bad. The Ryan paint shop was blazing. And Dan knew that national records showed nearly every paint fire in a quarter-century had resulted in complete loss of building and equipment. So he didn't spare the horses on his way to the Ryan plant.

Exactly eleven minutes after he leaped from bed, the Ryan fire chief was at the plant (which is seven miles from his home). The city fire engines were just arriving. But the fire was already out!

It had been a fierce fire while it lasted. A static spark (set up by conditions which have since been eliminated) had sent a big ball of flame rolling across the floor. Paint, fabric, and airplane wings had caught fire almost instantly.

But the moment the alarm sounded, paint shop workers grabbed fire extinguishers and went to work. They were joined within a few seconds by plant police and the volunteer fire crew. Every man knew just what to do; the whole fire-protection system went into action with clockwork precision. Big portable extinguishers were rushed to all the doors of the building and played on the flames from every angle. The fire was literally smothered before it could eat its way very far through the paint shop.

"If the boys had been only ten seconds late in tackling that fire," Dan Driscoll said afterward, "the whole building would have gone up in smoke. But everybody worked so fast they stopped the fire with only a few thousand dollars worth of damage."

The miraculous quenching of the Ryan paint-shop blaze was written up in fire-insurance journals all over the country. And it gave smashing proof of the efficiency of the volunteer smoke-eaters who guard the Ryan plant night and day.

Handicapped by lack of motorized equipment—which has been on order for months, but is delayed by priority restrictions—Ryan's emergency crew volunteers nevertheless have built up a crack organization.

They are fully trained for any emergency—including air raids, incendiary bombs, and gas attacks. They know the differing uses of pyrene, foam, and carbon dioxide fire extinguishers with which the Ryan plant bristles. Many of them have put in hours of their own time attending the special Fire School given by the city fire department.

You'll find these enthusiastic fire-fighters and emergency crew-men in every department of the Ryan plant. They serve on the fire crews without pay, in addition to doing their regular work in the factory. They're amateur firemen because they enjoy it, and because they take quiet pride in the fact that they'll have the responsibility of protecting their fellow-workers' lives should the plant undergo an air raid.

New recruits are being added to the fire crews every day. Classes for elementary and advanced training will start soon. Any man who is interested, and willing to go through the grind of study and practice involved, can join.

Those who do join usually find themselves actually fighting a fire before they're much older. As in every factory, small blazes are apt to start no matter what precautions are taken. But the little ones never get to be big ones at Ryan—no matter where a flame shows itself in the factory, volunteer firemen are instantly on hand to snuff it out. There never has been a really bad fire at Ryan, even though some of the small ones were potential four-alarm killer-dillers. Fire insurance men rate the Ryan factory as one of the safest of all plants on the Pacific Coast.

The Ryan company has spent heavily for fire-protection equipment. You can't walk more than a few steps anywhere in the factory without passing a fire extinguisher. There's one on every red-painted post. In addition, sand buckets, 40-gallon foam engines and big two-wheeled 75-pound extinguishers are spotted at strategic locations throughout the plant. Furthermore, a full-size fire engine and a crash truck (designed from Driscoll's own specifications) are expected as soon as priority releases come through.

But the best equipment is useless unless firemen are eternally viligant. The Ryan crew members are always on the look-out for fire hazards. A workman careless about waste paper, a pile of rubbish in the wrong place, an obstruction blocking an aisle or exit—all these, and many hazards even smaller, are spotted at once by the Ryan volunteers. Each day Driscoll usually stands at the gate to meet the incoming shift, and as his crew members pass through they often give him suggestions for eliminating minor dangers they've noticed the day before.

Every Sunday there's a rigid clean-up of every corner and cranny of the plant, to make sure that nothing inflammable has been left lying around. Even the girders up by the ceiling are cleaned off weekly. Ryan's smoke-eaters leave nothing to chance!

A quiet Dutch boy falls in love with airplanes, comes to America, and plays a leading role in the drama of the Ryan company's rise to fame.

Meet John van der Linde

A good many years ago a barnstorming French pilot, hopping through the Dutch East Indies in one of the old-fashioned egg-beater airplanes of about 1915 vintage, set his ship down in a Java port.

A Dutch lad in the early teens eyed the crate with his brown eyes shining. It was the first airplane he had ever seen. He was not to see another for years, but the vision would never leave his mind—because with the sight of that first plane he fell in love with aviation.

The boy was John van der Linde, son of a physician in the Royal Netherlands civil service. Transferred from Holland to the East Indies when John was seven, the family moved through the islands for the next thirteen years.

As John reached twenty his father reached retirement age. "I've always wanted to see California," the old man said. "This is our chance."

So the van der Lindes—who had learned English in the Dutch schools—crossed the Pacific and came to California in 1922. They settled down for a stay in San Diego, liked it, and have been here ever since.

Both Flier and Mechanic

As soon as young John got to San Diego he began nosing around the garages and vacant lots where the infant aircraft industry was just getting started. He was equally interested in the mechanical and the piloting sides of aviation, and set out to learn about both.

He learned to fly by hiring himself out to a San Diegan who ran both a garage and a flying school. For each week's work as a garage mechanic, John was repaid with 90 minutes of flying instruction.

His big hands proved remarkably deft with machinery, and he soon developed a knack of nursing balky airplane engines or repairing rickety wings and fuselages. Finally, in 1924, young T. Claude Ryan hired him as assistant chief mechanic (and pilot on the side) for the newly-organized Ryan Flying Company.

At that time there were just twenty-five men in the Ryan organization. "T. C." worked in coveralls like the others. The "factory" was a shed with miscellaneous parts of wooden airplanes, dope cans, propellers and engine parts all over the floor.

But the factory, inefficient though it might seem in comparison with the modern high-powered Ryan plant, was making a name for itself. Through all the years of the company's rise to prominence, van der Linde was in the thick of everything it did.

Was In On Everything

With Dan Burnett, Ed Marrow, Hawley Bowlus and the other old-timers, this big quiet Dutchman played an important role in rebuilding the Douglas Cloudster and the other early ships . . . in the Ryan mail-plane building and passenger-line days . . . in the famous match race between Claude Ryan and Oakley Kelley . . . and in construction of the first Ryan S-T ship, daddy of the PT-21's and 22's now being flown by Army Air Force and Navy fledgings.

The biggest thrill in John's life came when he watched young Charles Lindbergh take off from San Diego in the special Ryan "Spirit of St. Louis" that John had helped build. "We knew right then that the ship would make it across the Atlantic," he says quietly.

Lindbergh and van der Linde saw a good deal of each other during the building of the plane. "He was an unusual chap in many ways," John reminisces. "Very quiet. Never mixed with the gang much, although he was always polite. He seemed to have very little sense of humor. Some of the boys tried to kid him a few times, but he never saw the joke. He didn't get mad, though—just shrugged it off."

John knew many other famous fliers, too—Tex Rankin, the great aerobatic stunt pilot; Frank Hawks, first of the famous speed pilots; Carranza, who made the first flight from Mexico City to Washington, D. C.; and the much-publicized "Wrong-Way" Corrigan.

Knows Corrigan Well

Of them all, he liked Corrigan best. "Doug was one of my students in the Ryan School, and also worked under me in the factory," van der Linde recalls. "He was one of the best aluminum welders I've ever seen, a fine mechanic, and an all-around good kid . . . Doug stopped in to see me just this summer. He was in the Ferry Command then, flying the big jobs between this continent and points unknown. But I heard a couple of weeks ago that the government had to take him off that assignment; wherever he landed, people recognized him and crowds gathered. Gummed up the ferry business no end. I wonder what Doug's up to now."

18 Years With Ryan

In the interim between Lindbergh's heyday and Corrigan's, John van der Linde was rising steadily in the company to which he has devoted his life. In 1926 he became chief mechanic; in 1936 he was made foreman of Final Assembly. After a period as general foreman in charge of three assembly departments, he became night superintendent of the factory on January 15 of this year.

Whatever minor factory difficulties arise during the night are straightened out without fuss or feathers by this big, placid Dutchman who never looks either excited or worried, and seldom speaks above a gentle murmur. Everyone on the night shift finds him pleasant to work with—and it works the other way too. "These fellows on the second shift are the nicest bunch to work with I've ever met," he says. . . . But then, John would probably find any group of fellows very nice to work with. He is that kind of guy.

300 to 1 Your Favor

Your chances of having an accident here are much smaller than in other factories—due to some smart strategy by M. M. Clancy and 150 helpers.

Pulling a pair of glass eyes from his pocket, the big Irishman stopped beside a worker.

"These are very fine glass eyes," he said with a friendly grin. "They'd look lovely on you. Only trouble is, you wouldn't be able to see with 'em."

The worker—who was operating a grinder without safety glasses—turned a little pale as he tried to smile. Then he hastily went in search of a pair of goggles.

The Irishman chuckled as he replaced the eyes in his pocket. He was Maurice M. Clancy, the safety expert whose job is to watch over the well-being of the thousands of workers in the Ryan factory. During Clancy's two years on the job he has helped chop the accident rate in half here—even though it was lower than average when he began work. Today this plant is recognized by insurance experts as one of the safest factories in the entire country.

In 1939 the accident rate at Ryan was 15.3 accidents per 100,000 man hours. That rate was about average for the aircraft industry, and was considered good by insurance men. Yet by February of this year, the number of injuries causing lost time (meaning a day or more off the job) had been hammered down to only 7 per 100,000 man hours! That's a phenomenally low rate—it means that if you work at Ryan the odds are about 300 to 1 against your having an accident on the job next week or any particular week.

How come such a sharp drop in accidents since 1939?

"It's all due to one thing we did," explains Clancy. "We got the employes themselves interested in safety."

This was done by organizing Plant Safety Committees to make a complete inspection tour of the plant once each week. The committee members were three workers—a different three each week, chosen by seniority.

On each tour the committee spotted conditions which could be improved — a slippery spot on the floor, a balky tool, a too-bright or too-dim light. Clancy, who accompanied the committee on every tour, checked to see that every valid suggestion was promptly put into effect.

"Once a worker has made a tour on the committee, he's made to feel that he's a permanent member from then on," Clancy says. "He keeps watching for safety hazards, and suggesting improvements. More than 300 safety suggestions have come in from employes in the last 18 months, and there've been only about two dozen of these that weren't adopted."

Continuous campaigning by the Plant Safety Committee is one of the big reasons why Ryan's accident rate has dropped steadily in spite of ever-growing numbers of new workers. But there's another committee that also has much to do with it—the Foremen's Workman Safety Committee.

This group, made up of foremen and leadmen, meets regularly with Clancy for lectures, movies and demonstrations on newest tricks to help make a factory accident-proof. Each committee member is constantly doing missionary work among the employes in his department, persuading them not to take chances with tools or machinery. And whenever a new worker comes in, he shows the recruit how to handle his job in the safest possible way.

Just as in every factory, there are some machines in the Ryan plant that are potential killers. Yet no one has ever been killed or maimed at Ryan. Occasionally a worker loses a fingertip through his own flagrant carelessness, but that's about the extent of the bad injuries. The worst accident that ever occurred in the factory took place when a worker smashed his thumb under a drop-hammer. He was back at work the next morning.

Minor first-aid cases turn up daily, of course. Nearly all of these are due to the human element of carelessness that can't be fully controlled this side of Utopia.

Clancy keeps a big cross-ruled scoresheet tabulating the cause of each first-aid case, and the department in which it took place. His sheets show that, month after month, one of the most frequent causes of cuts, bumps and bruises in every department is one you'd least suspect. As many as 250 small accidents each month are caused by workers colliding with stationary objects. Silly, isn't it?

One of the notion's greatest production men inspects the Ryan plant and is well pleased.

The General Looks Us Over

Stopping at the Ryan factory on his transcontinental tour of war-production plants, Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen made an inspection trip through the plant on October 27.

The General was accompanied by President T. Claude Ryan and Vice President Eddie Molloy on tour of the plant. It was a humorous sight to see the big Knudsen striding down plant aisles with one arm over Mr. Ryan's shoulder and the other over Mr. Molloy's—he is about twice the size of each of them, and looked like a big Papa Bear shambling home to dinner with a tasty morsel tucked under each arm.

The General has a broad Scandinavian sense of humor that made an instant hit with employes and executives alike at the Ryan plant. He put on a little comedy act at one stage of his tour, picking up a hammer and pantomiming the various awkward ways of handling a hammer shown by untrained workers before they learn to handle the tool efficiently. This bit of by-play illustrated a point he was making, in conversation with Mr. Ryan and Mr. Molloy, about industrial training—and even workers who were not close enough to hear what he was saying could see what he meant, and enjoyed his joke hugely.

"A great improvement in production since I was here last April," was the General's comment on the work at Ryan, Consolidated, and other San Diego plants he visited. "However, I expected a little more production by this time."

Since February, General Knudsen has visited more than a hundred plants all over the country. "Wherever I go," he said, "I can see workers with the will to fight, to work and to win. I know one thing—we're on the way."

General Knudsen does not believe that the manpower-shortage problem is a serious one—at least, not yet.

"I have yet to find a manpower shortage except in a few skilled trades," he said. "Many people have been extremely worried about the labor problem becoming acute in the next several months. I have found, however, that women are rapidly taking the places of men and are doing their jobs efficiently.

"A lot has been accomplished since August, 1941, when plants first began hiring women. The term 'factory girl' used to be a stigma but it certainly isn't nowadays."

Employment of women is not dependent on the locality, but on the type of production, Knudsen said he had discovered.

"You can't say that more women are employed in defense work in one part of the country than in another," he remarked. "It depends on the type of work for which they are hired. Munitions plants, for instance, hire few women."

American morale? The General thinks it's okay.

"I'm not a bit worried about morale," Knudsen announced. "What I have seen throughout the country convinced me that people will do their utmost. And I know that our soldiers will get there if we give them the stuff to fight with."

After leaving the Ryan plant, General Knudsen and his staff took off in their special plane the following morning. He spent a day going through aircraft plants in the Los Angeles area, then flew on to San Francisco for a secret conference with Henry J. Kaiser, the mass-production shipbuilder, who was flown down from Seattle to meet him.

General Knudsen gives Eddie Molloy and Cloude Ryan on illustrated lecture about right and wrong ways of using a hammer; he's seen some weird techniques, he says, on his transcontinental tour.

The guiding genius of one of our key departments has been a mechanic, salesman, and maestro of souped-up Fords.

ERNIE FIELDS

Tooling

Portrait sketch by Paul Hoffman

If he hadn't been leafing through a magazine one evening in 1937, Ernie Fields wouldn't be tooling foreman at Ryan today.

It was pure chance that brought this slender, gray-haired master mechanic to Ryan. In an idle moment he happened to pick up a magazine, and in turning the pages he noticed a photograph that made him pause.

"That picture sure looks like Millard Boyd," he thought. Boyd and Fields had been close friends in Santa Ana some years before.

Reading the caption, Ernie found that the man in the picture was in truth his old sidekick. Boyd was shown beside a Ryan plane he had designed and help build. The magazine article told of his work at the small but growing factory of the Ryan Aeronautical Company in San Diego.

"That Ryan outfit sounds like it might be a good bunch to work for," mused Ernie. "Maybe I might run down to San Diego and have a talk with Millard."

Eventually he did—and the upshot was that on January 4, 1938 he gave up his automobile sales work in Santa Ana and went to work in Ryan's machine shop under Floyd Gardner.

Gardner soon discovered that his new man, though absolutely green to aircraft work, picked up knowledge fast—and already had plenty of savvy about machinery and machine tooling.

Some of the men in the factory couldn't understand how a successful ex-salesman for Dodge and Plymouth cars could also be such a crack mechanic. What they didn't know was that Ernie Fields had spent nearly twenty years in machine shops.

Born and raised in Santa Ana, he had gone to work at 17 as the one-man shop force of the Kinslow Machine Shop. This shop grew with the years, and as new men and more complex machines were added Ernie was naturally put in charge of them. By 21 he was foreman of a crew that eventually grew to sixty men, and he had helped make the Kinslow shop known as one of the finest in that part of the state.

After ten years with Kinslow he moved around to other machine shops, and it wasn't until 1935 that he grew restless and decided to take a fling at selling automobiles.

Ernie had always loved cars. Racing automobiles were a passion of his—he'd helped build them for California race drivers, and driven them himself in time trials. Back in the days when a speed buggy was clear out of this world if it went as fast as 90, Ernie had driven one at 100 m.p.h.

He'd also built up a hefty little income on the side by rebuilding stripped-down Fords for Santa Ana hot-cha youths who wanted lots of power in their travelling scrap heaps. Underslung, souped-up jobs were fashionable among the high school set in those years, and Ernie Fields was the Old Maestro to whose door all the speed demons beat a path. Ernie knew more tricks about putting vitamins in valves, pistons and high-compression heads than anyone else in Santa Ana had ever heard of, and he loved to work on cars.

So Ernie knew all about what makes autos tick, and when he turned to the selling side he had the answers to every question a prospective purchaser could throw at him.

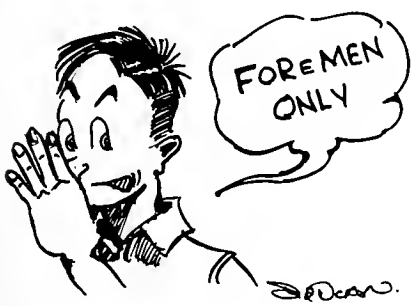
His quiet, pleasant personality had made him well-liked in Santa Ana. So he did well as a salesman, and stayed at it three years until the gathering war clouds, plus his old yen for monkeying with machine tools, set him to thinking about the aircraft industry. It was just about that time that he picked up the magazine with Millard Boyd's picture—and the rest, as the storybooks say, is history.

Ernie progressed from the Ryan machine shop to manifold tooling. He became foreman of the tooling department in time to supervise making all the tools for the YO-51 and for every Ryan plane since then.

Under him the tooling department has grown by leaps and bounds. With the department now concentrating on Ryan's new naval scout observation planes, Ernie often puts in his Sundays and evenings at the plant, as well as his daylight hours.

But he doesn't mind working hard. "I've worked hard all my life," he says, "and I expect to keep at it for a good many years to come."

At 43, Ernie looks forward to spending the rest of his working life with Ryan. "I think Ryan is a pretty darn good place," he'll tell you earnestly. "I like it here because the company seems to attract a more talented class of workmen than most other companies do; we turn out better workmanship on every job. From the top of the company right on down the line, everybody knows his business and is willing to help the next fellow too. So I think I'll stick around."



Scout observation plane of the type we're working on. Official photograph, U. S. Navy.

The Eyes of the Fleet

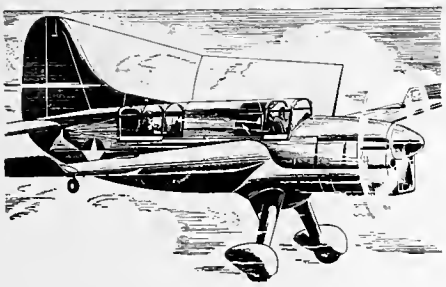
EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second in a series of two articles about scout observation planes such as we are now working on for the Navy. It is reprinted by special permission of the author, the U. S. Navy and "Flying" Magazine, in which this material first appeared.

The succession of planes operated from battleships and cruisers during the past fifteen years has constantly been accompanied by increased performance. Furthermore, the ratio of maximum speed to stalling speed has increased in spite of the severity of design requirements and the heavy air drag and weight penalty imposed by float type landing gear.

The forerunner of modern observation and scouting seaplanes was known as the UO-1 observation seaplane. This was a stick and wire biplane equipped with a flat-bottomed wooden main float. Its maximum speed of 120 m.p.h., landing speed of 60 m.p.h., endurance and ruggedness compared favorably with the fighters of that era. The rough water landing characteristics of this plane were like those of a bucking bronco. Many a pilot, after a cruise in this model, felt qualified to compete in a rodeo. In fact, the earthbound crews of the battleships derived great amusement from watching the returning airplanes bounce "as high as they flew" during rough water landings.

This era of wooden planes was, in 1928, replaced by metal models. The airplane of this period was the Vought O2U series of observation seaplanes of the trussed steel fuselage and aluminum alloy floats. These planes were operated from cruisers of the Scouting Force as well as from battleships. Improved stalling characteristics, increased ruggedness and increased radio range were definite improvements over the previous type. Occasionally, however, a pilot could reach back after a hard landing and gather up the loose fabric resulting from fuselage distortion. This was considerably lessened by the advent of the deep "V" type of main float.

The arrival of the Curtiss SOC type introduced exceptional landing qualities to this class of plane. Fur-



by Lieut. Comm. M. K. FLEMING, Jr.

Naval Academy graduate in June, 1926; designated Naval Aviator December, 1928, at Pensacola, Fla., Lieutenant Commander Fleming was active in mass flights before 1933 assignment to postgraduate work at the Academy. Was awarded master degree in aeronautical engineering by C.I.T. in 1936. Now, at 37, assigned to VOS-VSO design office, Bureau of Aeronautics.

A Navy flier gives us more background information about the sea-going scouts we're working on for the Naval air forces.

thermore, the improvement in maximum speed, range and endurance did not prevent a reduction in the stalling speed. Such improvements were not easy and were only accomplished by the application of automatic leading edge slots and manually operated trailing edge flaps. Although these planes have been in service for some time, they are in process of being equipped with the latest improvements dictated by the present war.

The recent Vought-Sikorsky OS2U seaplanes which have been sent to the Fleet units have been equipped with the very latest protection and radio features without materially reducing their performance. These replacement planes were designed solely for observation and are to be paralleled in the scouting seaplanes by the new Curtiss SO3C-1.

Pilots Must Be All-Around Experts

The performance of this latest scouting seaplane is outstanding when the severe design restrictions are considered. The fact that the ratio of maximum speed to stalling speed is above four, indicates the constant progress being made.

Capable and efficient airplanes have not lessened the problems of a modern observation and scouting seaplane pilot. The present day pilot must be a specialized "jack-of-all-trades"—expert in every duty that may be required.

He must, above all, be capable of handling his plane in all sorts of weather and seas. This requires knowledge of seamanship for making daily landings in extremely rough seas. Cross-sea and cross-wind landings require good airmanship and ability to make spot approaches on a fast moving object in heavy swells. An error can be costly and may result in injury.

Lots of Brains Needed

This type of pilot must be a good Naval officer as well as pilot. Knowledge of shipboard gunnery is essential in spotting gunfire. Scouting requires accurate navigation hundreds of miles from the parent vessel, as well as identification of all types of Naval vessels and their employment and tactics. Anti-submarine patrol requires knowledge of submarine employment as well as ability to conduct retiring search or other forms of attack.

As an aviator the pilot must be well qualified in fixed gun and flexible gun attacks. He must be proficient in modified dive bombing and in smoke screen laying. Knowledge of radio and ability to operate rapidly by key are definitely required. His knowledge of ordnance must include bombs, depth charges, smoking materials and machine guns.

Since these airplanes operate in more or less isolated groups of three or four, each aviator must be a bedfellow with his airplane and power plant. The limited facilities and material on board ship must be utilized to the utmost. The pilot must know the best assembly and repair methods, engine trouble-shooting and anti-corrosion treatment.

Only He-Men Need Apply!

Finally, physical stamina and ruggedness are necessary for all missions in order that fatigue may not dull the perceptions. This is especially true when it is remembered that physical relaxation is impossible in these small airplanes of long range and endurance.

Such rigid mental and physical requirements are attained by vigorous training in our Navy. The ability to think from a Naval viewpoint is most essential. Shipboard aviators take their turn in standing officer-of-the-deck watches in port and at sea.

Wartime operations have amply demonstrated the need of these units as a component part of the Fleet, without which operations would be definitely curtailed.

It is with pride, therefore, that the Navy views the observation and scouting planes now in operation in the Fleet, as well as those about to be produced. Furthermore, a comparison between these planes and those of other navies reveals that the superior performance of our aircraft has been continued.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Sometimes the dice roll seven

After the aircraft carrier Wasp sank, Warren Chapman was among those missing. His father, L. F. Chapman of Ryan's manifold department, received the conventional Navy notice of his death.

Three days later Chapman got a phone call from his son — alive and well in Miami. The boy had spent two days on a life raft, then been picked up by a tramp steamer.

The foreign quarter

Mexican, Irish, Chinese, Welsh and Indian — they all work in Ryan's welding department, and they're all good Americans. Somehow a regular League of Nations has been assembled in this department; maybe Hitler would say that only the Aryan race can produce good welders, but we feel differently about it here.

Stillwell blood

She doesn't have to work, but there's a patriotic urge that makes her want to. That's why the niece of the famous American general, "Uncle Joe" Stillwell, has gone to work at Ryan. She asked us not to mention her name — so all we can say is that her mother is the general's sister, and that she herself has some vivid letters Uncle Joe wrote her after his aganizing march on foot across Burma.

Just in cose

Have you noticed that there are now stairways at both ends of the secand floor factory office? Dan Driscoll, Ryan's fire chief, assisted in getting the new one built because he wanted to make sure there'd be no jam getting out of the building in case we ever have an air raid or fire.

That this nation sholl not perish . . .

Two years ago young Bob Wall decided that war was coming and that he ought to be in it from the start. He joined the Navy and saw action in both Atlantic and Pacific. He's still doing his bit for Uncle Sam — but now he does it as a worker in the Ryan factory. Reason he's no longer in the Navy: his left arm was shot off in a sea battle in the Pacific.

Any takers?

The Maintenance Department challenges any other department in the plant to a little contest in War Bond buying. The Maintenance boys believe that their total purchases of bonds are bigger than any other department's — including such huge groups as Manifold, which has hundreds more workers. Three of the Maintenance men — Ernest John, Harry Oakland and Roy White — have bought $3100 worth of bonds between them, in addition to their regular purchases on payroll allotment.

Milk of humon kindness

A quart of milk daily — that's Ryan's gift to every worker on the acid tanks. The idea sprang from the fertile brain of M. M. Clancy, Ryan's safety shark, who found that some tank workers are subject to throat troubles because of acid in the air. The milk leaves a coating on their throats which protects them from "acid throat."

More names for the honor roll

Among Ryan men who have recently enlisted in the armed forces are A. C. Ashurst, Army Air Corps; Joe Kanuho, E. W. Anderson, Jack Billings, Warren Kanagy, and Tony Jeli, all to the Navy. Good luck, boys.

Always room at the top.

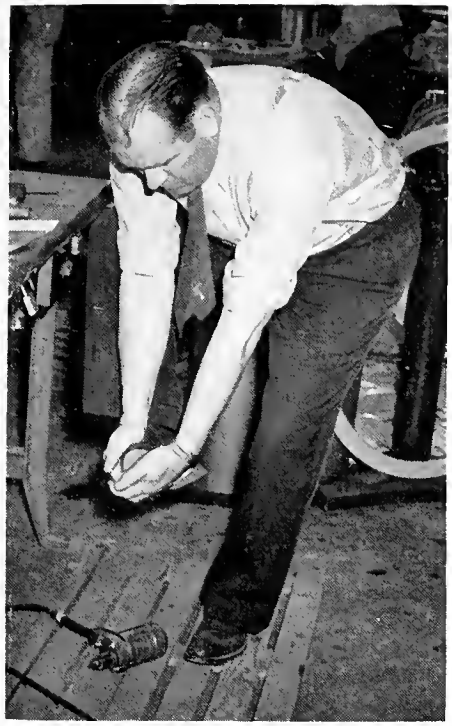
Four new leadmen were appointed this month in the Manifold Department: J. P. Westler, H. H. Simmer, E. Becker and A. Hammock. Opportunity for advancement in Ryan is open to anybody who knows his stuff. Who's next?

Members of Ryan's volunteer fire crew at practice: Dick Gillam, Terry Kell, Johnny Cramer, J. W. Cornett, D. W. Cook, H. J. Jones, G. J. Hinckley, A. W. Dudley, E. M. Magdick, and W. J. Holgate.

© Miami Herald.

Warren Chapman, left, and a fellow sailor in Miami, where they were landed by a tromp steamer, after the Navy had reported them lost at sea from the aircraft carrier "Wasp." Warren is the son of L. F. Chapman of Ryan's Manifold Department.

Robert Wall of the Lafting Department. He went to work for Ryan this month, immediately after his release from the Naval Hospital where he convalesced from injuries received in a Pacific sea battle.



M. M. Clancy, Ryan's safety expert, in a painful accident at the factary. It's all moke-believe though: he's acting in a motion picture about safety.

Foreman K. O. Burt passes out War Bonds warth $3100 to purchasers Harry C. Oakland, Ernest P. John and Ray M. White—all members of the Maintenance Department.

A miniature "League of Nations" in the Manifold Welding Department: Y. D. Wong, Chinese; Miss M. E. Martinez, Mexican; Miss A. Narcha, Indian; C. A. Ramera, Mexican; Miss G. Meyers, Indian; Miss Elena Alvarez, Mexican.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Even writers can think

War Production Drive Headquarters has honored Martin Pearson, author of Western stories, who works for the Yellow Truck and Coach Manufacturing Company, Pontiac, Mich. He made two suggestions that saved 76,000 feet of lumber in 60 days. The first, an improved method of boxing Army trucks for shipment, has been adapted by three other plants. The other idea was to stencil information labels directly on trucks instead of on boards wired to them. This saved 484 work hours in a two months' period.

Blue grass record-breakers

The Reynolds Metal Company in Louisville, Ky., is cracking production records nearly every week. The plant's War Production Drive Committee reports that the Cast House crew is now casting almost a million more pounds of alloy aluminum ingots than they did a year ago—and without the installation of any new furnaces.

Bricklayer speeds up Cadillac

When 24-year-old Sebastiano Portuguese went from laying bricks to cutting cam shafts for the Cadillac Motor Car Division of General Motors Corporation, Detroit, Mich., he brought along some ideas that won for him the WPB Certificate of Individual Production Merit. One suggestion was that two operations could be done by one man instead of two if a bar were used to tie together two handles on spindles used in drilling cotter key holes. This operation is expected to save 4,000 man-hours a year.

Recoils from Gigl

Joseph L. Gigl, heat treater at American Type Founders, Inc., Elizabeth, N.J., designed a special fixture for machining 57 mm. recoil parts, which saves 260 manhours per year and much valuable machine time.

What price safety goggles?

Charles Owens of Boeing Aircraft declares he'll be glad to give a lecture any time on the value of safety goggles. When he came to work at Boeing last April, he was told to wear safety glasses at all times in the factory area because of a poor right eye. Should anything happen to his left eye, said Boeing safety men, Owens would be virtually blind. Recently his drill broke and a piece of it smashed into the left lens of his goggles. Because of a thickness of safety glass, Owens still can see and work today.

Oldsmobile gets in the scrap

The Labor-Management Committee at General Motors' Oldsmobile division in Lansing, Michigan, sends word that the plant has contributed more than 1,000,000 pounds of scrap metal to the War Department.

From tables to torpedoes

Torpedo tubes for the Navy are coming at a faster rate from the Nordberg Manufacturing Company plant, Milwaukee, Wis., since Ralph E. Miller found a simpler way to grind their surfaces, saving 2,500 man-hours per year. His device, a portable motor-driven grinder, gives a smooth finish to the surface and blends the steel barrel of the tube with the riveted brass and flange used in the torpedo door. It can be operated by unskilled workers. War Production Drive Headquarters has awarded Mr. Miller a Certificate of Individual Production Merit.

Musician cuts out scales

Scaling and other defects in the finishing of ammunition shells have been eliminated by an invention of Herbert James, former organist now employed at the National Tube Company, McKeesport, Pa. He rigged up a multiple acetylene torch arrangement for brazing tool tips to tool shanks which has replaced the old hand torch method and greatly increased the quality of the product. Mr. James has been awarded a Certificate of Individual Production Merit by War Production Drive Headquarters.

FR-37. 10-42. 1M-101

War Production Drive
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
SHOP SUGGESTION FORM

No 1535

Subject *Winning the Battle of Production* **Date** *NOW!*

Purpose (state briefly what it is expected to accomplish) *To uncover new methods and ideas for speeding production and increase the part of every worker in the War Effort.*

Details of plan or machine to accomplish this objective are: *that each employee take full advantage of the Suggestion System to submit ideas for increasing production. We shouldn't keep our ideas to ourselves. Bring them to the attention of those who can do something about them. Use the War Production Drive Shop Suggestion System. Use it now! Use it often!*

MORE ABOUT

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

(Continued from page 3)

Well, you see my predicament. The whole picture is dismal. A lean, long, lanky, sinewy, sunburned son of the sizzling sand, trovelling orcund the country with his entire household accomponying him.

By now you must know whot I have set my heart on—the theft of a tube of shoving cream ond a tube of toothpaste. There isn't a medicine closet that is safe from me. I warn you now, if you invite me to your home, you hod better keep on eye on me and give me a quick frisk when I leove.

Who would have thought that one of the proud Cootses, who have never stolen anything smaller than a horse, would stoop to petty thievery?

A quick glance at a local rag (newspoper) turns up severol interesting items. For instonce, it says that Henry Kaiser launches a Liberty ship in ten days. I guess when you work for him, you drive a couple of rivets, and then duck or you'll get hit cn the head with a chompogne bottle.

According to recent wire news, Postmaster Generol Frank C. Walker says that the plan to have women carry the mail is procticolly in the bag. Well, it's okay by me, girls. And should the time come when you desire a real cord to ploy postoffice with, call me up.

Officer ROPER of the Plant Police, besides being a bee expert, is a recognized outhority cn mosquitos. He soys it is the femole mosquito that does the stinging. However, the observation by Rudyord Kipling that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" was made about beors. From this point I could probobly swing into a discussion regording femoles in generol. But I will postpone thot. I am in enough trouble with the feminine subscribers os it is.

A couple of the inmates did a little work on the current craze "Proise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." EDDIE PIERSOL points out that for yeors in Germony it has been "Pass the Lord ond Proise the Ammunition." But Nurse FITZSIMMONS thinks a wonderful theme song for the income tox time would be "Praise the Lord and Pass the Malnutrition."

It certainly is a pleosure to hove some of the boys who ore now in the service drop around from time to time to visit us. Believe me, you'd hordly recognize some of them in their neot ond trim uniforms, ofter having seen them in sweat shirts ond overolls. During the post week AL WEBER, JACK "WEASEL" EVANS, and E. W. ANDERSON dropped in to see us in Novy blues, and Lieut. J. B. HARRIS of the Air Corps. Harris was in the battle of Jova, ond saw plenty of action. He wos formerly a welder working under CLAUDE COPPOCK. Claude hos just received a letter from another former welder, Orville P. Laughlin, 1050 Kinou St., Honolulu, Hawaii. Mony of you probobly remember him. He'd like to heor from some of the old gong. Drop him a line, will you?

Speaking of letters, one of the boys stotioned in Ireland wrote home, "Dear Dad: Gue$$ what I need mo$t of all? That'$ right. $end it along. Be$t wihe. Your $on, Tom." The father replied: "Dear Tom: NOthing ever hoppens here. Write us oNOther letter oNOn. Jimmie wos asking about you Monday. NOw we hove to soy good bye. Dod."

Congrotulotions to BILL (Ye Ed.) and HAZEL WAGNER on the orrivol of little Sheilo. For care of the newcomer, refer to our recent column or coll on cartoonists GEORGE DUNCAN and GUY GIFFORD.

Remember MARIE RAU, the beoutiful brunette telephone operotor ot the school? She took a trip for about a year and come back Mrs. Benbough. We ought to be sore about thot, hadn't we, fellas? Lots of vacationists ore rushing hither and thither to see the home folks before the gos rationing tokes effect. WALT JUHL and C. M. BROWN are just back from Colorado, and must have passed JUANITA SHEPPARD on the way as she is headed for Texos. RALPH THOMAS is back ogain and CARL KRUEGER and C. SHADEGG are back from Yosemite Park.

Which reminds me, now that the Tool Crib has been enlarged to about five times its size you can take a long trip every doy. You go to one window and if the clerk doesn't know where it is he'll say, "Go down to the other window." You get the same answer at window number two.

If we had time we'd tell you the story of GENE SYRIOS and the Blonde, but we just hove time to remind you what General Joseph Stillwell said when he took his troops out of Burmo. Just in cose you've forgotten, he soid, "We took a hell of a beating in Burmo. But," he added, with true American spirit, "we're going back."

Ryan Offers To Buy You Training Course

How would you like to get a complete course of training in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance—exactly the same course now being sold to the public for $120—and have the entire cost of the training paid by the Ryan Aeronautical Company?

Well, you can!

Yes, the company is willing to provide the full 28-lesson home study course given by its affiliate, the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, for all employes who are willing to take the course and put in some serious study on it.

Here's the deal:

When you sign up for the course, you agree to pay $2.50 each week until you've put up $25.00. This twenty-five dollars, deducted from your pay checks in weekly installments, is all you are asked to pay at any time—and every cent of it is refunded to you if you complete the course and pass the final examination with a grade of 90% or better.

If your score on the final exam is between 80% and 90%, you are refunded $22.50. If you score between 70% and 80%, you get $20 back. Since the final examination is not a difficult one, the company figures that everybody who seriously studies the course can easily do better than 70% on the test. If you fall below 70% it will be a sure sign that you haven't put forth sufficient effort, and you won't be entitled to any refund.

If you're seriously interested in getting ahead in the aircraft industry, this training should be just your dish. It gives you the broad understanding of the whole field, and the up-to-date grasp of all technical fundamentals, that you need to speed you along the road to success as a skilled aircraft worker, mechanic, pilot, factory supervisor, or an aircraft executive.

No time is better than the present for getting ahead in aviation. When a major upheaval occurs in the business world new careers and new opportunities are thrown open. The whole industrial picture changes. There's a crying need for trained men and women, and opportunity for quick advancement as they prove their knowledge.

The Ryan Aeronautical Company expects to need hundreds of employes who can step into higher grades of work with the company. Such employes must have a wider understanding of aviation work than they can ever get by doing one or two specialized jobs. That's why the Ryan company has worked out this bargain deal to enable you to get exactly the training you need to take advantage of future opportunities. However, the offer won't be open long, so hurry and sign up at any one of the nine following enrollment stations:

Personnel Office—Don Dewey
Production Superintendent's Office—Miss Koenig
Production Dept.—Mr. Cunningham's office
Final Assembly—desk
Wing Assembly—desk
Manifold Dept.—desk
Tooling Dept.—desk
Drop Hammer Dept.—desk
Engineering Dept.—Palmer Wentworth

"To help its own workers obtain training is definitely to the company's interest. There will continually be opportunities for the men and women in our organization who are willing to study and prepare themselves for greater responsibilities."
T. Claude Ryan.

"Having a training course such as this made available is evidence that employes of the company are individuals, not just clock numbers. It's another justification of our slogan, "Keep Ryan's a Better Place to Work."
Gary Adams, Personnel Mgr.

"An examination of Ryan Institute grades shows most above 90%, with few below 70%. If you care to undertake this study you can make the most what you like."
L. E. Plummer, Training Dir.

"Understanding of the fundamentals of airplane construction and maintenance is desirable for everyone in this company. This Ryan Institute training course is designed to give that understanding."
E. A. Moore, Production Supt.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET IN TRAINING COURSE

When you sign up for the Ryan Aeronautical Institute's home study course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, here's what you get:

You get a series of eight textbooks, size 8½ by 11 inches, averaging 65 pages each, neatly boxed in an attractive shelf container. These books cover the whole field of aircraft construction and maintenance in simple, easy-to-understand language. They're printed in large type that's easy on the eyes, and illustrated with hundreds of big drawings and diagrams.

Book 1 covers Types of Aircraft and Principles of Physics; Book 2, Theory of Flight, Aerodynamics and Mechanics; Book 3, Types of Construction; Book 4, Wing Construction; Book 5, Control Surfaces and Their Operation; Book 6, Landing Gears; Book 7, Aircraft Engines and Engine Accessories; Book 8, Propellers.

In addition, you get a large Data Sheet Manual containing dozens of mathematical tables, formulae and other reference material that will come in handy throughout a lifetime career in aviation. You also get a pad of special Work Sheets—and as many extra pads as you need—on which to work out the interesting problems and assignments that come with each lesson.

All your papers will be read, graded, and returned to you with personal comments from the faculty of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute—all highly-trained technical educators. As you get each of your corrected papers back, you'll also get a sheet showing the ideal "perfect answer" to each assignment.

As soon as you complete this home study course, you receive a handsome diploma from the Ryan Aeronautical Institute.

Your course, assignments and books are exactly the same as those the outside student must pay $120 for. Everything he gets, you get—including the personal, sympathetic help that the Institute gives each pupil via correspondence.

How can the Institute afford to sell you this course at such a low price? It's the old story of big quantities making low prices possible. Because hundreds of Ryan workers are enrolling at the same time (as are thousands of Consolidated workers) a large print order on the textbooks, together with other mass-production economies in mailing and record-keeping, enables the Institute to slash the price.

However, all company-underwritten students must enroll at approximately the same time in order to make these economies possible. Therefore, a deadline has been set for Ryan factory enrollments—and the deadline is fast approaching. So, sign up today at one of the 9 enrollment stations listed on this page.

SPORTS

Ryan Bowlers In Crucial Clash With Consolidated; League Lead At Stake

When a bunch of B-24 Bombers collide with a group of Ryans what happens?

A collision in the air might be one thing. But a collision on the bowling alleys is something else again. Bowling team No. 2 from Ryan tangled last Wednesday night with a Consolidated team calling itself the B-24 Bombers. Ah, brethren, that was a battle!

At stake was the leadership of the Industrial League. The Bombers were flying high at the top of the league, having won 22 out of their 24 games. The Ryan delegation had moved up from second place to challenge for the lead. The chips were down, the heat was on, and the clutch was in. Everything was strictly terrific.

Who won? Sorry, we can't tell you.

No kidding, we really can't tell you. It so happens that this is being written a week before the match takes place, although you gentle readers will not feast your eyes upon it until two days after the battle is over.

The Flying Reporter printers, eccentric fellows that they are, insist upon all material for this magazine being submitted ten days prior to publication. So all we can tell you is that the Ryan-Consolidated duel for the League leadership took place last Wednesday night at the Pacific alleys, and that it was veddy veddy brutal.

We might add that the Ryan delegation was under the chairmanship of Mr. Buck Kelley (who is also president of the league), ably assisted by colleagues Jimmy Key, George Christian, Joe Gehringer and Jose Barrios.

We might further add that two other Ryan teams are also in the Industrial League race, but at last advice were moving in reverse gear. Back among the tail-enders somewhere are Ryan team No. 3, under Mr. M. M. "Modified Mayhem" Cloncy, with Messrs. Schulte, Reese, Nadeau and Walker as co-stars; and likewise Ryan team No. 1, led by George Dew and supported by the firm of Wilkewich, Billings, Sly & Hutchinson.

Outside the glare of the limelight, but still having a lot of fun, the lads and lassies in the 28-team Ryan Bowling League are going strong. Our spies tell us that the leading teams are the Hot Shots, captained by Buck Kelley (egad, is this man Kelley everywhere?) and the Thunderbolts, with Jack Westler as head thunderer.

Good Luck, Jack!

Jack Billings, sports editor of the Flying Reporter, recreation director, popular athlete and all-around good guy, is gone for the duration.

He's passing up Ryan sports in order to play in the world's toughest league—he has signed up with Uncle Sam's team. Jack enlisted in the Navy early this month.

Jack's droves of friends at Ryan all wish him good luck and a safe return. Be seein' ya, Jack!

Oh, The Pity Of It! Ryan Drops 6-1 Tilt

Rumor hath it that the members of the Ryan baseball team are wearing sackcloth and ashes, meanwhile heaping coals of fire on their heads. In other words, the boys don't feel good.

They have ample reason not to feel good. They got sixteen men on base, yet could score only one run, in their opening winter game on Navy Field against the ABG team No. 2.

While Ryan boys were dying on the socks, Marine players kept crossing the plate. They plastered Bill Thomas, the Ryan Scout pitcher, for twelve hits and six runs. Consequently the final score—for those of our readers who are a bit rusty on second-year arithmetic—was 6 to 1 in favor of the Marines.

The Marlott brothers collaborated on Ryan's lone tally. Jack found himself on first as the result of a fielder's choice. When Erv Marlott came to bat the enemy catcher fumbled one pitch, allowing Jack to take second; then Erv came through with a single and Jack came home. Frank Kerr and Erv Marlott, incidentally, were the only two-hit men of the day on Ryan's side.

With Jack Billings, Warren Kanagy and Tony Jeli all forsaking baseball to join the Navy, it looks like a hard winter for the Ryan Scouts. However, one never knows—our line-up still contains some pretty capable customers.

BERNARD BILLS— THE MAN TO BEAT

Can no one conquer this man Bernard Bills?

In every Ryan golf tournament of recent report, the name Bills appears to be a fixture at the top of the list of winners. He is the perennial occupant of the "Low Gross Winner" spot.

As usual, he turned in the lowest card in the latest Ryan tourney, held October 25 at Balboa Park. He thereby came into possession of three brand new golf balls—prizes worth their weight in scrap iron these days.

Closest to Bills in the gross scoring was Russ Nordlund, a newcomer to the prize-winner list. He got a sport shirt for his feat (no puns, please, about wearing shirts on the feet). Frank Finn, who wins the second or third Low Gross prize with clock-work regularity, again turned up in third place and thereby annexed a tee shirt.

Among the handicap boys, Ralph Callow came home with three golf balls for Low Net score. Second low net prize went to Floyd Dungan (although uncomfirmed rumors say this is only an alias, and that George Dungan is his real name). "Killer" Krouse knocked off the third low net prize.

George Leeper and Clint Hillis came in with Most Pars and Most Birdies respectively. The Blind Bogey winners were Fred Ford, Eddie Baumgarten, Beau Bilben, Jack Billings, Jim Bunnell, Bill Cameron, Hutch Hutchison, Kirk Kirkpatrick, Wolf Larsen, Jack Westler, Windy Winmill, and R. E. Walker. (Nice touch, that R. E., don't you think? A pair of initials add a certain quiet dignity to the hurly-burly listing of mere first names and nicknames. But we hope that next time somebody will give us Monsieur Walker's full name. The matter is preying on our mind.)

Next Golf Tourney Set For December 6

Ryan's doughty golfers, to the number of fifty or thereabouts, will have at each other again on Sunday, December 6.

The question of the hour among Ryan golfers is: "Who can beat Bernard Bills?" Bernard is a tough man to shoulder aside in the scramble for Low Gross honors, but maybe this coming tourney will uncover a White Hope who can turn the trick.

The usual prizes of golf balls, sport shirts, tee shirts, tobacco pouches and other items coveted by manly linksters will presumably be at stake. Anybody who works for Ryan and wants to bash a ball around the Balboa Park course is welcome to join the gang on December 6.

WIND TUNNEL

By Victor Odin

Well, we're all pretty well settled in that new building now — that beehive of activity, to coin a phrase. True enough, a size 4 earthquake tried to shake it down, but as long as the quake didn't go back home to fetch its big brother, we are as the rock of Gibraltar. Occasionally people wonder to and fro, looking like Evangeline seeking Sebastian, or like Salvage Bin looking for Salvage Engineering, but mostly everybody knows where everybody else is.

Our neighbors, the Stresses, are lovely people, as are the Armaments, but are inclined to look askance at Joe Thein's reptilian love for fresh—and cold—hurricanes, such as can be obtained by opening your correspondent's window. He loves to see drafting machines, blueprints and illustrators flapping in the breeze. Anybody want to buy a wind tunnel, cheap?

Soft lights and sweet music filled one corner of Engineering a couple of Thursdays ago when they broke out a radio and presented it to our distinguished colleague, Bob Close, in honor of his marriage. That's another one gone, girls.

Ted Fellowes, chess kibitzer par excellence (we don't really mean that, Ted), has made an outstanding contribution to ornithology; his detailed and exact drawing of the Kee bird just about finishes Audubon's "Birds of America" series. Ask to see it sometime. Ted has also demonstrated brilliantly that that accumulation of topsail on your drawing table is cunning sabotage wrought by the Japanese Sandman. Here is your G-Man badge, sir.

Since he is probably too modest to mention it at all, let us by all means congratulate Bill Wagner on his newly-arrived daughter. Long years of patient fatherhood lie before you, Bill; but be firm with her, and school her with wisdom in the craft of editing. Teach her to hate a contributor's punctuation until it is almost instinct; teach her to pounce like a hawk on a hapless paragraph until the feathers fly; teach her to handle the haemostats and sutures carefully, so that she may dissect out the point of a story nimbly; buy her a paragraph-stretcher and a lead-compressor; for such is the kingdom of editing. We are already on our way to buy her a stout black pencil, scissors, and paste-pot for her first Magian gifts.

Now take Andy McReynolds, for instance. He has no editorial sense at all. He cooks up a picnic for Engineering at just such a time when an announcement thereof is too late for any issue, and when the report of the picnic is ancient history by the time it gets printed. All right, three weeks hence we'll tell you what happened four weeks ago. Or should we anticipate and say it now? A Good Time Was Had By All.

Neither rain nor sleet nor snow (Native Sons can find definitions of these words in Webster's Unabridged) can stay us from our monomaniac crusade against various gentlemen (jake) and ladies (jake) who are unwilling to expose their automobile cushions to undue wear and tear. We have made a scientific study of various types of motorists with a view to Linnaean classification, and hereby submit our preliminary report to the Institute of Microbiabic Research. The generic name of these species, pediculus, is abbreviated "p."

p. nature-lover: this type, on catching up with you on that endless road, finds solace in the beauties of San Diego Bay, and therefore does not see you; how then can he offer you a lift? This excuses him in the eyes of God. (He thinks.)

p. holy-on-Tuesdays: this type rides in solitory splendor all week, except on the day that he suspects that the guards are collecting statistics on cars and passengers; on such a day there are people sitting in each others laps in his car. A very low form.

p. misanthropis: This hardy and rugged type never, under any circumstances, gives a ride to anyone. An honest but deplorably sour type.

p. misagynis: This type includes those who gives rides only to other males: no male pedestrians, no riders. Quite as absurd a form as the female variant, p. lysistratis.

p. Don Juan: This type accumulates riders only if they are female, pretty and talktive. A ridiculous but common form. There is no female variant to speak of.

p. departmentis: This type offers lifts only to those within his own department, probably from fear of being thought rude. A variant even more curious is

p. Damon-Pythias: this type offers rides to acquaintances in any department, as long as they know his name or have traffic with him. A truly illogical and inconsistent form, probably suffering from companianship-deficiency, type A.

Scientists interested in these phenomena are urged to submit their discoveries to this periodical, in hope of attaining full knowledge of this small but pestiferous genius.

Our Editor Caught Writing For Esquire

Keith Monroe, who joined Ryan October 1 as editor of the Flying Reporter and chief stooge to Bill Wagner in the public relations department, has been exposed as leading a double life.

Monroe has been caught writing for national magazines in his spare time. The Christmas edition of **Esquire**, now on the news-stands, contains an article "Preview In Dreamland" by Monroe, and there are rumors that he also writes occasionally for other well-known periodicals.

RYANETTES

by Tom and Gerry and Pink Lady

Bill Wagner has become the proud papa of a baby girl. Congratulations, Bill, and Mrs. Wagner.

Romance seems to be running amuck. Bob Close is married. "Sue" of Laboratory will take her vows December 31st. The lucky Marine is Tommie Reese. And then, without mentioning any names, have you noticed Engineering and Inspection getting quite chummy of late? Um-m-m.

Everette (Tommy Manville) Sherman was honored with a surprise birthday party at the San Diego Hotel on the 27th by (get this) thirteen of his glamour girls from the Accounting Department. Just so none of their boy friends or husbands will get jealous, we're not going to name the girls. After everybody was seated the lovelies serenaded with him "Happy Birthday."

San Francisco seems to be the place to go for one reason or another. Delfie Gemmel flew to S. F. to attend her sister's wedding . . . Dorothy Manning and Genevieve Bergoth spent the week-end there visiting . . . and Jean Wright spent a few weeks with her husband there.

Won't Somebody Take This War Bond Prize?

A $25 War Bond is going begging! The Ryan Production Drive Committee wants to make a gift of it to someone, but can't find a worthy recipient.

The War Bond was put up as the prize in a company-wide "Slogan Contest" for the best short phrase or sentence about the war. But so far only a few entries have been submitted—none considered worthy of a prize.

The November 23 deadline for the contest is drawing nigh, and still there's no one in sight to win that War Bond. How about you? Why not dream up a slogan and send it in?

Your slogan entry should deal with our nation's war effort, our company's part in the war, value of War Bond purchases, importance of cooperating in scrap collection drives, or some similar war theme. All entries will be judged by the Management-Labor War Production Drive Committee.

Remember, next Monday is the deadline for submitting slogan entries, so hurry! You can use the form below for convenience —or, if you don't want to tear your Flying Reporter, just use a plain piece of paper. You can turn in as many entries as you wish.

Turn in your entries to the Personnel office. But don't delay—your entry must be in Monday.

Name .....

Dept..... Badge No.....

My slogan is: .....

.....

PLANT ENGINEERING

By Robert E. Christy

Did any of you notice the fanfare that preceded Durward Palmer's return to work after a month's illness? Old Mather Earth provided it in the form of a sharp earthquake and immediately afterward Mr. Palmer made his grand entrance. Just one thing puzzles me—how did he manage to walk during the shake on those crutches?

Mrs. Watson has discovered it is impractical to drive across a new fill, especially that fill to the south of Bernardini's. You might sue for non-support, Alex.

Our bowling team seems to have its ups and down. Every week there's a change of pace. Mr. Payne was the spark-plug of lost week's games with a high game of 198. We won't mention the games of the week before, except to say that without Mel Payne we didn't do so well.

Plant Engineering's picnic at Pine Valley was a huge success, so huge that we had to throw another party the following Monday night to get rid of all the food provided for the picnic and to include those who were unable to attend the Sunday's outing.

As a result of Sunday's picnic we have a new champion in Plant Engineering. Introducing Fred Bortzmeyer, Mumbledy-Peg Champion. That boy really slings a wicked knife.

Bill Dean, that well-known bargoin hunter, went hog-wild this week and invested $50 in a brand new second-hand washer. He spent the better part of the day hauling it back and forth. It seems that after he got it home the dorn thing chased him all through the house and scared him so he took it back. I guess the salesmon forgot to tell him that those spin dryers on washing machines vibrate violently. Bill thought the machine was haunted.

A welcome to Mrs. Mildred Smith, the new member of the Plant Engineering Department.

"Say! Aren't you supposed to be making planes with the rest of the boys at Ryan?"

V-230-11-3 Drawn for Office of War Information

MAINTENANCE

By Pat Kelly

At a recent meeting of a local lodge, Bill Bourland's attention was caught by the trenchant words of a speaker. Bourland conceived a splendid idea, which, with K. O. Burt's assistance, he immediately put into execution.

All the men of this department participated in the plan. A fund of better than $100 was quickly subscribed, and 1,000 magazines were collected. The cash was converted into "fags," gum, candy and "smoose," and with the magazines was delivered to a group of soldiers, sailors and marines in the Naval Hospital recovering from wounds r e c e i v e d in the Solomon Islands.

Bourland, after returning from his mission, had this to say: "The boys were quite glad, and pleasantly surprised, to see us. It seems that we were the first civilians to greet them. Most of the boys were without sufficient funds to purchase the little things we took them. The morale of all we met was extremely high, and while they were happy to be here, a grim determination to get back in the fight was evident. We expect to repeat this gesture. We wish to thank the Commandant of the Hospital for the privilege of doing this bit for the lads who gladly risked their all."

Apropos, we have lost another of our men to the service. L. H. "Larry" Eulberg, charter member of the Bull Gang, has enlisted in the Coast Guard. Lady Luck smiled on him and, for the present, he will be stationed here in Dago. As is our custom, we all wish you, "Fair weather, Sailor." Hillberg, also of the Bull Gong, has left for a visit with his parents in Minnesota before entering the Army. E. M. Monk, mechanic, has been notified that the Army doctors will be delighted to give him the once-over twice.

Ever hear of the "Grenadine" Guards? Nor did we until the morning after a recent Hallowe'en celebration, which was also a send-off for C. R. Anderson, now on leave of absence. This unique organization has a rare and versatile composition. As evidence, we present the following:

"Blackie" John won a jitter-bug contest and a week's supply of vegetables; Millikan rendered (severely) several vocal selections; Wagner danced with a broom-stick until he ran out of nickels; DuShaune was snarled in his own spurs and didn't reach a nearby "package" stare until after the new tax became effective; "Casanova" Bourland danced with all the ladies present but allowed no man near his wife; "Smilin'" Cole's laughter set up vibrations that fascinated the local seismologist; Starkweather took it upon himself to see that everyone was well lubricated; Tom Ford was early this time—early at the bar and early in the morning getting home; "Kid" Reece drank his coke like a little man; "Cap" McCune, skipper of the Malolo, divulged no military secret when he admitted that a school of tuna was apt to alter his course; Kindall, Gillons, Hulbert and Reynolds used all the free drink tickets they could lay hands on. It was some bunch of roughnecks that reported for duty the next morning. Boy, howdy! If this gang of cutthroats ever gets anything on me, I'll look like a Jap plane carrier after the Battle of Midway.

IN A FOG ABOUT GAS RATIONS? HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL RULES

What to do after gasoline ration registration day if you have your "A" or "D" book and you do **not** require supplementary gasoline:

A. Keep your book in a safe place.

B. Write your license number on the back of each coupon. Each coupon must be torn out of the book **by the Service Station Attendant** when the gasoline is purchased.

C. Keep your sticker in place. It will be difficult to get another.

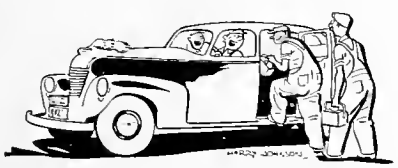
D. Keep within your ration from week to week, leaving some gasoline in the tank for emergencies.

E. The coupons in each of the "A" or "D" books will be good during a period of two months. Coupons not used during the proper two month period cannot be used afterwards.

If you have your "A" or "D" book and find it **necessary to obtain additional gasoline** your next step will be to apply for an "Application for Supplemental Gasoline" and fill in that form correctly.

You will be required to prove that: (1) Because of a lack of public transportation it is necessary for you to drive to and from work, or in connection with your work, a distance greater than the basic monthly allotment for Occupational mileage (150 miles). (2) You are using your car in a Share the Ride plan or have been unable to do so for special reasons. In order that you can list your car as being part of the Share the Ride plan you will have to show that it is carrying four persons including the driver, or the capacity of the car. It is considered that two persons is the capacity of the front seat.

You must also obtain on the application form the signatures of the persons who ride to work with you. If several of you are pooling your cars on a rotating schedule, you must all apply for your supplemental rations at the same time.



There is a top limit to the supplemental ration available through the combined "A" and "B" books. This limit is 470 miles a month. Should it be determined that your occupational mileage exceeds this top limit, your ration will be allotted by combination of your "A" book with a "C" book.

When your application for supplemental mileage ration is filled out, return it to the Transportation Desk in the Personnel Department. There it will be carefully checked and then forwarded to the Government ration board for final disposition. You will be notified of this disposition through the Transportation Desk as soon as possible.

War Chest Gets $12,000 In Ryanite Donations

Ryanites reached deep in their hearts and pockets last week. They came up with a $12,000 contribution to the San Diego War Chest, as management and labor joined hands to bring to employes the story of the Chest's humanitarian services.

By means of voluntary payroll deduction authorizations and cash contributions, 70% of the company's employes helped fill the coffers from which will come aid for the USO, Navy Relief, War prisoners, American Social Hygiene, Community Chests, and the Russian, Greek, Dutch, Polish and British War Reliefs.

The unprecedented success of this year's campaign was attributed to war activity and the increased generosity and sympathy it has brought. This spirit was reflected outside the plant as well, where the San Diego city and county War Chest was able to surpass the $648,000 quota for this area.

A LETTER TO YOU FROM ONE OF RYAN'S ADOPTED PILOTS

Kenneth C. Hart
3407 Portola Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ryan Aeronautical Co.
Lindbergh Field,
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Ryan Employes:

I received Mr. Wagner's letter and was very glad to hear from your company. I also appreciate your sending me your employes magazine and am looking forward to the next issue. It's very interesting and I really enjoy reading it.

I was born in Norfolk, Nebraska and came to California five years ago. Two years ago I started to learn to fly. It was very slow, because a private flying instructor is expensive for a fellow making the amount of money I was. From then on I have always wanted to fly for the Army.

I passed my mental examination at the Grand Central Airport in Glendale. The next day I returned for my physical examination. In that examination I passed everything up to the very last test which was nose, ears, and throat. Then the Army doctor me that I had a deflection of the septum.

This is a condition where the bone down the middle of the nose is out of place. This never had bothered me—in fact I didn't know anything was wrong with my nose. When the Captain told me what it would cost to rectify this condition I thought I would have to give up flying.

He then sent me to the American Flying Services Foundation—who, before I knew it, with the financial help of Ryan employes, had me in the Queen of the Angels Hospital with my nose blown up like a balloon. The next day I left the hospital and much to my approval my nose began to come back to normal size.

Less than two weeks after the operation I went back to the Captain who passed me saying that the operation was well done and was a great success. On September 30 I was sworn into the Army Air Force and am now waiting until they are ready for me.

The American Flying Services Foundation handled everything very nicely and made things as pleasant and convenient for me as possible. They are a fine organization and doing a wonderful job.

I am a poor letter writer but I will keep you informed and I hope that I can always send you good news. I am going to work very hard to make the grade in my training. Again I wish to thank you fellows for helping me and I am hoping that I can do justice to the interest you have shown in me. You are doing a wonderful thing and we all appreciate it.

Very truly yours,
Kenneth C. Hart.

Mo Loft Sez

By Gilbert Cusey

The first thought coming to mind as I sat down to try to beat the deadline was the change that has taken place in our Department during the last year.

It seems but a short time ago we numbered only a comparatively few men; and women were those creatures working in the offices. Now look at us. . . .

Those were the days when the men did the filing and if someone took the liberty of going through a line we could say what we thought instead of saying, "That's all right. We can always lay it out again." It used to be a consoling fact that if things became too bad we could always go into the Army but with all the women joining the services in one form or another (no pun intended) even the Army has lost its appeal. (Vi and Lil: Now don't take Cusey seriously, like you did Slim. These guys are only kidding.—Editor.)

Writing about the Army brings up the fact that three of our fellow workers have recently left our Department to join the services. Tommy Hunt and Jimmy Record were the first to leave, soon followed by Finis Jolly. It's rumored they wanted to get in first so they could give orders to individuals like your reporter and H. Crouch, who still feel the chill breath of the draft board around the corners.

Getting around to the material contributed by another member of the loft who prefers to remain unknown (the sissy) a note stands out about Pat Carter and his experiences as a sailor.

Pat had quite a time sailing last Sunday, after work. It seems that after sailing for a couple of hours he decided to come back and tie up. He was very surprised to find he had not moved from the place he started. It seems the tide was going out faster than Pat's boat is able to travel, and why didn't he notice it sooner? Charlotte was with him. Need more be said?

Available Orbon is now one of the bums and to hear him argue it will not be long 'till he is one of the finest in the Department.

Our dear Herbert Crouch is still with us and will be for at least the next six months. We hope Uncle Sam can get along without him because we can't. It seems that he is making up for last time as he not only spends all day working in the Department but we hear from reliable sources that he's also burning the midnight oil for the Department. What happened, Herb, did the nurse leave town?

Lee is with us after spending an exciting week in Phoenix. Some of us are still wondering how Lee and the expense account came out.

We have four visitors in the Department from where . . . sh-sh- military secret. One of them, namely, D Miller, got awfully excited. In fact, he drooled when some of our engineering staff walked by. Girls, beware, he is a wolf from the plains of Arizona. Anyway, fellows, welcome to Ryan and we sure hope you enjoy your stay. If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

At this same time I think we should extend the welcoming hand to the lads who are down here from Engineering helping us out when we really need the help. But how is it that Leonard Gore is still upstairs? Better send him down.

After seeing all the names mentioned in this column I think that next issue I had better share honors (?) with the man who provides these side glances into the intimate doings of our fellow workers. Frankly, I don't think I will feel strong enough to write it alone.

I had a scheme for getting information out of D. Sarver by blackmailing him in regards to a deal in "hot goods" he was trying to peddle but he out-waited me so it will have to wait for the next issue.

96 Ryan Men Finish J. I. T. Courses Here

The newest and best methods for teaching beginners how to do their jobs—that's what many Ryanites have been studying in the "Job Instruction Training" courses given here by Louis E. Plummer, Ryan's Director of Industrial Training.

These courses are part of the federal government's program for Training Within Industry — they're designed to make the most of America's shrinking manpower by showing supervisors how to convert green hands into trained, efficient workers as quickly as possible.

The following men have earned J. I. T. certificates, and are now using J. I. T. methods to train newcomers in their departments:

R. E. O'Keefe	N. W. Johnson	Erich Foulwetter
A. W. Kilmer	D. L. Harrington	C. L. Baker
L. H. Steinauer	C. C. Sullivan	R. Brownyer
T. G. Lunsford	H. C. Callins	R. W. Barthol
F. L. Marsh	J. C. McFarlane	J. C. Nicks
J. W. Larsen	W. E. Akey	C. E. Hunt
F. Dungon	D. Eddy	J. C. Love
C. W. Kellogg	C. Hamlet	Floyd Bennett
D. L. Blount	G. Humphrey	Steve Dever
F. E. Simonides	M. Hutchinson	D. N. Beebe
E. Atkinson	O. D. Woodruff	O. W. Kupilik
L. W. Speier	T. L. Reiminger	C. W. Rosmussen
W. F. Helmer	T. Sarich	W. Meixner
L. E. Unser	Carl Palmer	Ernie Fields
R. G. Wells	Roy Ryan	C. D. Wilcox
J. Rose	Dick Williams	C. W. Frantz
R. W. Elliott	Bud Beery	C. F. Meyer
J. M. Bussard	Harley Rubish	L. W. White
S. C. Hilles	Rex Seaton	H. Honggi
Wm. Davies	E. A. Moore	F. Burke
C. R. Bowman	H. F. Scheidle	L. C. Larson
R. J. Harvey	K. L. Ankrum	S. V. Olson
L. J. Gould	A. F. Loube	P. Carpenter
R. O. Blakeney	C. J. Jensen	A. Bennett
J. E. Allen	J. Hale	E. F. Raehmholot
C. W. Kirby	C. Wayte	C. A. Lehton
C. C. Ryker	V. E. Humphrey	C. E. Jeffery
L. M. Moore	C. A. Sachs	C. L. Sherman
J. L. Roth	M. Wilder	H. Crouch
M. Siraton	E. Simonson	H. H. Simmer
C. Scates	G. Bell	H. O. Baker
C. H. Doy	G. Harris	Palmer Wentworth

NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

by NOREMAC

Save your tires when you drive,
Don't go over thirty-five.

Let's give Hitler some B-19 vitamins.

A news dispatch says Uncle Sam takes the wool of 20 sheep to clothe one soldier. And the hides of 20 taxpayers?

The minister stopped to chat as he left the church. "Sorry about your wife, Mr. Jones," he said. "I noted that she had several bad attacks of coughing during the sermon and everyone turned to look at her. It must have been gravely embarrassing." "That's what you think," returned Jones. "She was wearing her new fall hat."

St. Peter and St. Andrew were having a golf game one heavenly day. St. Peter's first drive was right up to the cup for a hole in one. St. Andrew, brandishing his celestial club, stepped up to the tee and drove a hole in one also. "All right," said Peter, "now let's cut out the miracles and get down to work."

A smart kid said to his daddy, "If you give me a dime I'll tell you what the milkman said to Mamma." Daddy (all agog): "All right, son, here's your dime. What did he say?" "Want any milk today, lady?"

Boy, phoning his gal from a drug store: "Where can I get hold of you?" "I don't know," replied the gal, "I'm awfully ticklish."

M. M. Clancy was knocked down by an automobile and was carried into a drug store. The druggist gave him an effective restorative. As Clancy opened his eyes the druggist said, "I just brought you to." "Bring me two more," requested M. M.

The gentleman was much surprised when the good-looking young lady greeted him. He could not remember having seen her before. She evidently realized that she had made a mistake, for she apologized and explained: "I'm so sorry. When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

She walked on while the man stared after her. She did not realize, of course, that he was unaware that she was a school teacher.

Another view of the giant Douglas C-54 cargo plane shown on the cover.

MORE ABOUT

MANIFOLDS

(Continued from page 1)

Wing Commander Harris, leader of an RAF squadron of Bostons, recently reported that on five separate occasions his pilots had brought their planes home with one engine and landed them safely despite damaged landing gear.

Another famous Douglas fighting plane equipped with Ryan exhaust manifolds is the Havoc — the night fighter edition of the Bostons. These Havocs are given credit by the British for driving German airdromes forty miles back from the Channel, thus giving interceptors more time to get into the air to repel Nazi attacks. How the Havocs did it is a story in itself.

They were painted black and sent out to circle above German airfields at night, waiting to prey on returning bombers. One of these Havocs — which are equipped with terrific fire power — is credited with shooting down seven of a squadron of ten and then dropping bombs on the three that had managed to land. Many times they have caused such confusion among returning pilots that the Nazi airmen have opened fire on each other. They also have forced many crashes among enemy planes by driving them from one field to another and preventing their landing until their tanks were dry. The net result of all these Havoc operations is that the Luftwaffe has been forced to move its bases back from the Channel coast.

American members of the Air Transport Auxiliary, returning from England, have said many times: "British and American pilots will take a Havoc or a Boston any day in the week and pit it against anything in the air."

Ryan manifolds are also part of the equipment of another Douglas plane which will be heard from more and more as the war progresses — the C-54 cargo transport.

This is the only super cargo-plane in large scale production in America (and presumably in the world). The quantities of these "flying boxcars" coming off the assembly lines is a military secret; but it can be said that more than one of the vast Douglas plants is concentrating on their manufacture.

Some of these planes are already in Army service. They are delivering freight-car capacities of men and war equipment, completely assembled artillery and trucks, food and other supplies to battlefields thousands of miles from their sources. They will get the job of supplying such expeditionary forces as the Marines in the Solomon Islands, American air units in Africa and India, and the spearhead forces of the second front. The C-54's will probably be called on to carry paratroops that will fight for the footholds on that second front. When the Army decides to move in on conquered Europe, there will be enough of the giant Douglas cargo planes — each equipped with its Ryan exhaust system — to do the job and do it right.

How Times Change!

Conservation between two men of —— (let's not mention the Department) overheard on the morning of Nov. 4th:

"Well, I put out a big washing last night. Landlady lent me her washing machine. Filled up forty feet of clothesline. Quite a wash."

"'Zat so? I put out one, too."

"Didja iron that shirt ya got on?"

"Sure."

"Pretty good job. Ya use starch?"

"No."

"I don't trust myself with dress shirts yet. Send 'em to the laundry. Stick to work shirts."

Your Golden Wedding

Your chances of celebrating a golden wedding with your wife or husband are twice as good as your grandparents' were. They had one chance in ten of completing 50 years of married life together; your chances are one in five—provided that you are a bride of 21 marrying a man of 26.

Highly Experimental

By Bob Johnston and Bob Wallin

The motto of the S. I. I. C. (Society for the Internment of Inquisitive Columnists) is: "If you dig up enough dirt about us, we'll bury you in it."

Some of our more ambitious wood butchers are really in a rush helping Santa Claus. They are building some very nice doll beds in their spare time. We feel they deserve a pat on the back for helping with the work that our toy factories have had to give up in order to go into the production of war material.

I think this department deserves orchids for going 100% for the War Chest. However, something will have to be done about the 76% listed for Experimental on the Bond-buying score board.

Dan Burnett and Archie Garwood seem to be in very good spirits. They just returned from a very nice trip to Archie's home in Colorado.

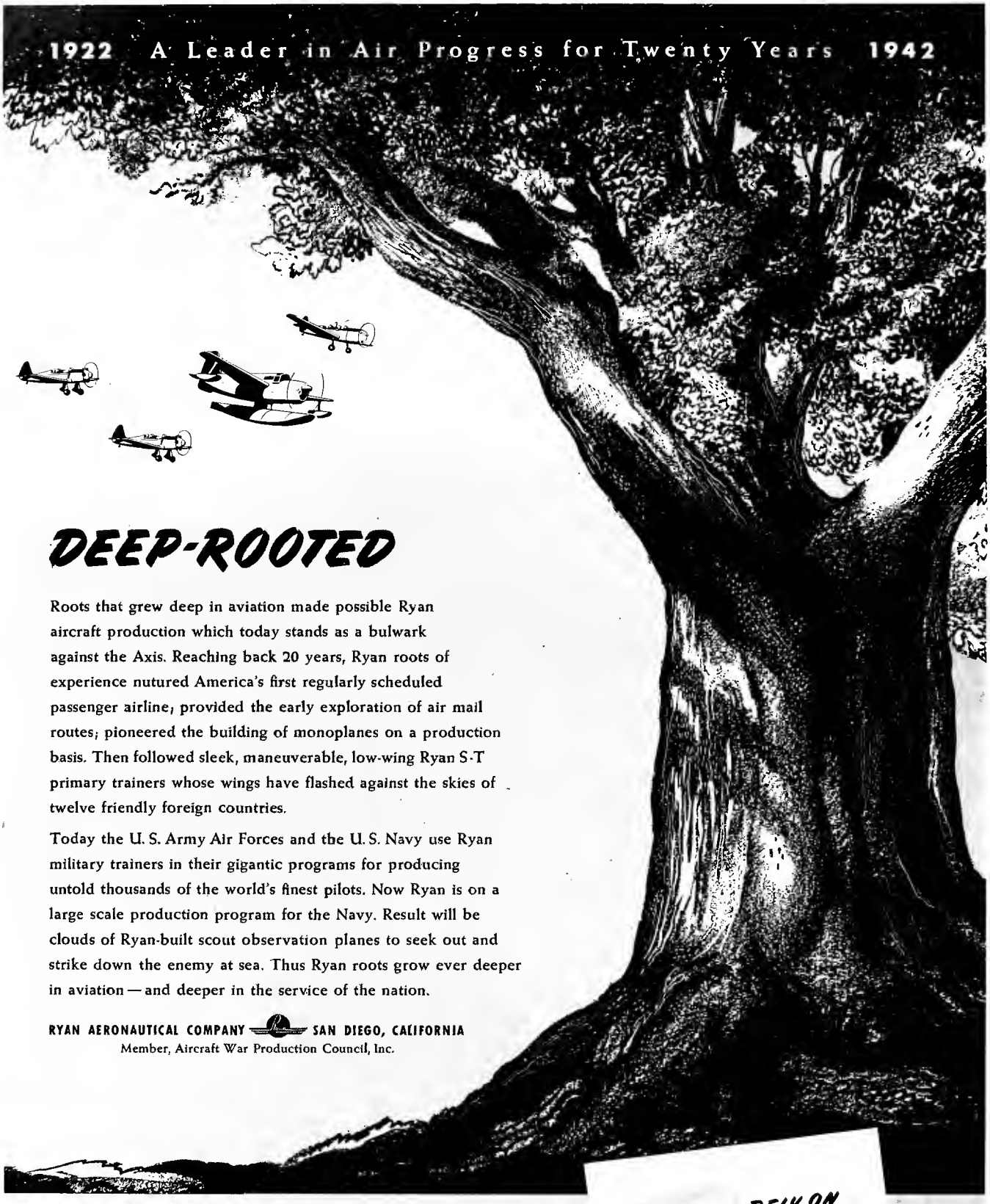
Humphrey transferred to the Sheet Metal Department, but last week he came back to pass out cigars. Reason, a seven pound baby girl.

Now that Humphrey is gone, Carl Achenbach will have to find someone else to duel with at forty feet. Carl is a dead eye with a sling-shot and a grape.

We are having trouble with Mr. Achenbach on another charge, too. He's going around with a self-satisfied smile on his face just because he has a new car and **four new tires!**

One night not so long ago, W. B. Jones really went on a spree without spending a dime. Jonesy went to an Elks' smoker on a ticket that was given to him, had two drinks on said ticket, and then took a slot machine for thirty-five cents before he went home.

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942



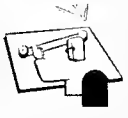
DEEP-ROOTED

Roots that grew deep in aviation made possible Ryan aircraft production which today stands as a bulwark against the Axis. Reaching back 20 years, Ryan roots of experience nutured America's first regularly scheduled passenger airline; provided the early exploration of air mail routes; pioneered the building of monoplanes on a production basis. Then followed sleek, maneuverable, low-wing Ryan S-T primary trainers whose wings have flashed against the skies of twelve friendly foreign countries.

Today the U. S. Army Air Forces and the U. S. Navy use Ryan military trainers in their gigantic programs for producing untold thousands of the world's finest pilots. Now Ryan is on a large scale production program for the Navy. Result will be clouds of Ryan-built scout observation planes to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea. Thus Ryan roots grow ever deeper in aviation — and deeper in the service of the nation.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

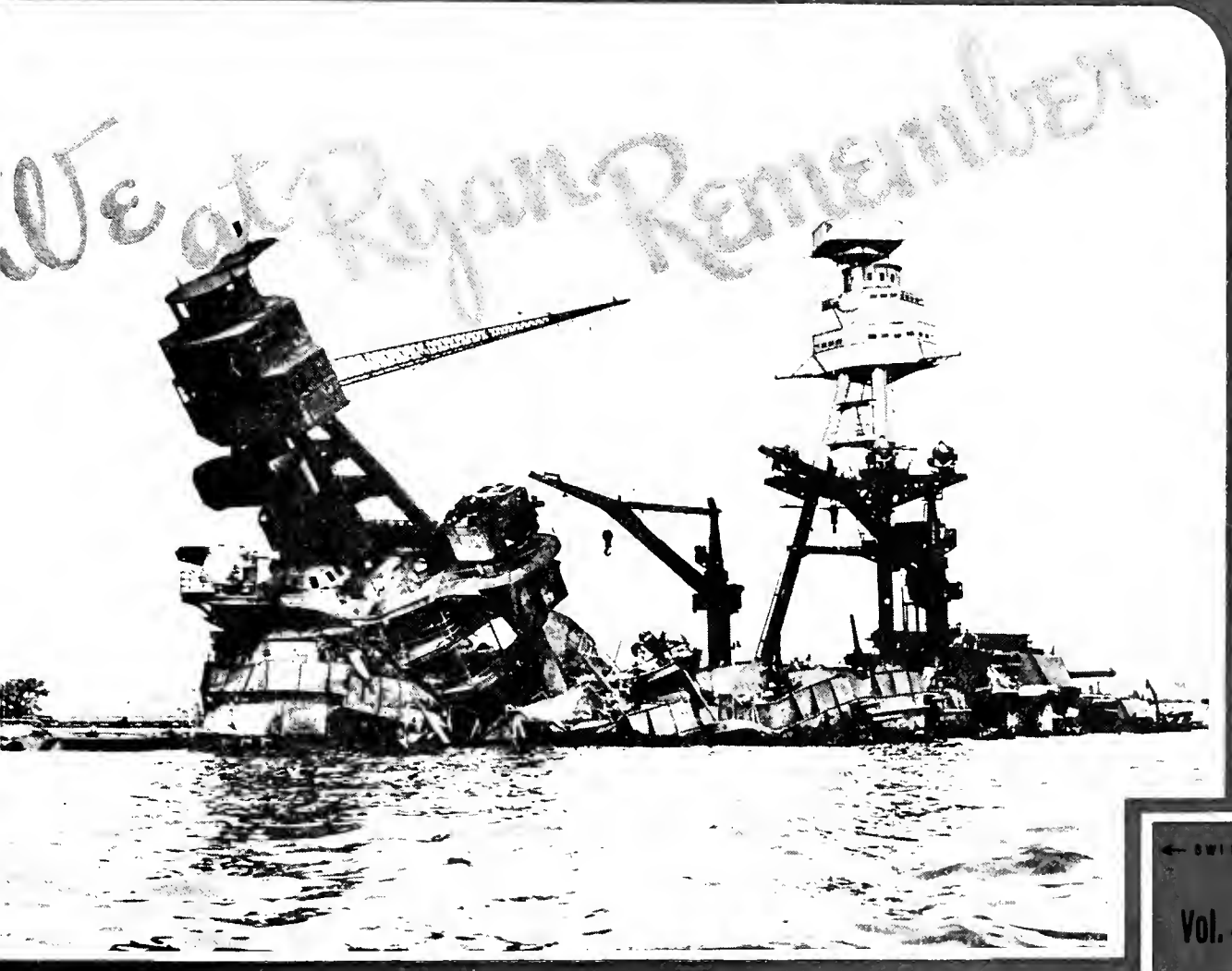


The modern Ryan factory provides every facility for producing all types of advanced military aircraft. Ryan engineering and development set highest standards. The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division has perfected flow production of manifolds.

RELY ON

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

Ryan Flying Reporter



← U.S.N. PHOTO

Vol. 4 No. 8

DECEMBER 11TH 1942

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

We've all seen that picture on the front cover before. It was snapped at Pearl Harbor, on the Sunday that none of us will ever forget.

A year has passed since the Japs attacked us. Now that we've reached the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, it's a good time to look at our box score here at Ryan. How have we done in the year since America started fighting?

Of course we can talk only in generalities about our accomplishments. We know we have turned out twice the volume of products for our armed services we did during the twelve months preceding December 7th; that we have taken steps which will enable us to produce a great deal more during the next twelve months; and that we have adjusted our work to produce the things which the armed services consider most important for us to make.

Most of our people have shown real fighting spirit. They are working harder and longer hours, and most of them are buying War Bonds — in the majority of the departments 95% or more of the employees have authorized allotments for Bonds. We won the special thanks of the San Diego War Chest leaders for the spirit shown by Ryan employees in contributing approximately $17,000 to this all-inclusive charity.

Large numbers of our training planes are in service with the Army and Navy. Our exhaust manifolds are standard equipment on many of the most famous combat planes in active fighting over Europe, Africa and the Pacific war zone. Our Ryan-built scout observation planes will soon be at sea with the fleet.

That's one side of the ledger. How about the other?

We're still losing one day's scheduled work time out of every eleven because of absentees. A record of 9% of production time lost through absenteeism is more than triple the figure which illness and other legitimate reasons for absence could justify. That's our worst black eye.

We scrap too many parts through carelessness and avoidable errors. We are breaking too many tools, wasting too much material and sometimes wasting the most valuable thing of all — time. There is much room for improvement.

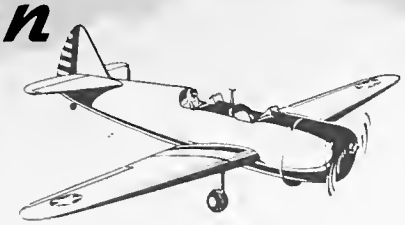
So there's where we stand one year after Pearl Harbor. Our score could be worse, but it could be a lot better. Anyhow, I think you'll all agree that this is not the time to rest on our oars.

It appears that we Americans all have a long, hard pull ahead. In spirit we are willing to accept the sacrifices that must be made in wartime, but through thoughtlessness we are falling considerably short of doing collectively the best in our power. We can and must do more by applying ourselves more intensely.

Isn't this, above all times, the time to go all the way and give the very last bit of energy in a united effort to do everything we can to win the war? If we really "Remember Pearl Harbor" this is the way each of us can do the most about it. If you agree—show it!

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

How We Break Bottlenecks

Ryan's teamwork with other plane monufocturers helps avert shortoges and slowdowns.

Al Kwasigroch was in a tight spot.

The Ryan Aeronautical Company's first YPT-25 was being rushed to completion, so that flight testing could begin in a few days. But now construction had struck a snag, and Kwasigroch, head of the outside production department, had been called on to help smooth things out.

Certain parts for the new experimental plane could only be completed with a machine tool which Ryan didn't have. Kwasigroch had been trying for days to locate a machine shop with the necessary tool to make the parts. He had contacted every single one of the machine shop companies on Ryan's list, but not one of them had a tool of the kind needed.

Kwasigroch went into a huddle with Ace Edmiston, Ryan's assistant factory superintendent. Ace scratched his head in dismay. If he ordered the tool made in Ryan's own plant, the delay involved would mean postponement of the YPT-25 test flights. It would also be tremendously expensive—the cost of making the tool would be about fifty times the cost of the few parts which were needed.

Ryan Men Don't Give Up

Instead of reaching for arsenic or even for aspirin, Ace reached for the telephone. He called Jack Wilson, equipment supervisor at Consolidated, and explained Ryan's predicament.

"Sure, we've got the size tool you need," Wilson responded. "Send your stuff over to us, and we'll have the finished parts back to you by this time tomorrow." Which he did.

Hundreds of such transactions have taken place between Ryan and other companies in recent months. Behind each exchange of materials, machine-time, or methods information, lies the story of a bottleneck broken, a slow-down or stoppage of work averted by unselfish cooperation between competing companies.

A year ago, it would have been pretty surprising for one aircraft company to ask help from another. The Southern California companies were keen, independent rivals, and each kept strictly to itself, jealously guarding its trade secrets, material stockpiles, and manpower supply against any leakage to other plane manufacturers.

6000 Bottlenecks Broken

Today that is all changed. Ryan and the seven other major aircraft companies in Southern California have voluntarily pooled all their resources and inventions until the war is won. Borrowings and exchanges among the eight companies now total more than 6000. That means 6000 jams or slowdowns averted, and hundreds of planes and parts delivered on time because aircraft plants are now cooperating instead of competing.

This pool has been formally incorporated, with the title of the Aircraft War Production Council, Inc. It has offices in Hollywood and a staff of fourteen full-time workers, laboring amid a vast array of files in which are the briefed reports of everything the members know about building airplanes.

Some of the reports in these files, such as the Douglas research into the aerodynamics of wing, fuselage and tail surfaces, are secrets representing years of experiments and millions of dollars of expense. For the duration, all the inventions and research of all the AWPC member companies (including Ryan's specialized work on plastic-bonded plywood planes) are available without cost to anybody building warplanes for the United Nations.

Our Laborotory Backs Up Consolidated

It has already saved months of precious time in delivering desperately needed planes to critical battle fronts. Consolidated recently had a group of almost completed Liberator bombers standing idle on the field; they could not be flight-tested because enough calibrated multiple thermocouples, which were needed for the testing, were not available. Consolidated telephoned the Ryan laboratory, which lent its calibrated thermocouples and leadwires to the Consair testers; within a few days the Liberators were on their way to a fighting front half-way across the world.

(Concluded on page 25)

Dec. 11
1942

Vol. 4
No. 8

Flying Reporter

Published every third Friday for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor .....**Keith Monroe**
Art Editors.....**Joe Thein; George Duncan**
Staff Photographers.....**Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin**

☆ ☆ ☆

Special Features

Slim's Pickin's .....**Slim Coats**
An Airplane Is Born.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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Fashions & Furbelows.....Frances Statler
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Humor .....Will Cameron
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Lofting ..... Gilbert Cusey
Machine Shop .....Bette Landon; Win Aldersan and A. G. Harris
Maintenance .....Pat Kelly
Manifold.....G. "Bob" Harris George Duncan, Dick Ribley
Manifold Small Parts.....Josephine R. Viall
Modeling..... Mel Minor
Personnel.....Edward W. Piersal
Plant Engineering .....Robt. E. Christy
Production Planning.....Maynard Lavell
Purchasing..... Pat Eden
Receiving Inspection.....Irene Travis
Ryanettes .....Gerry Wright; Margaret Fusan and Genevieve Bergath
Safety .....M. M. Clancy
Sheet Metal.....Emil Magdick
Tabulating .....Billy Howard
Time Study .....Chas. W. Brown
Tooling.....Chas. B. Anderson, Jerry Transgard
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellogg

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Copy Deadline for the next issue is December 21st

WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 83%

ALL FIGURES AS OF NOVEMBER 27th

Modeling	**Over 95%**
Laboratory	**Over 95%**
Methods Engineering	**Over 95%**
Experimental	**Over 95%**
Lofting	**Over 95%**
Personnel	**Over 95%**
Supervisory	**Over 95%**
Final Assembly	**92%**
Electrical Maintenance	**92%**
Manifold	**89%**
Accounting	**87%**
Plant Police	**85%**
Tooling	**82%**
Wing Assembly	**85%**
Sub-Assembly	**85%**
Inspection	**84%**
Drop-Hammer	**82%**
Office	**82%**
Finishing	**80%**
Maintenance	**80%**
Sheet Metal	**79%**
Dispatching	**75%**
Machine Shop	**75%**
Sub and Ship Welding	**75%**
Fuselage	**72%**
Stainless Steel	**70%**
Carpenter-Janitor	**70%**
Stockroom	**69%**
Tool Design	**50%**

Several departments have taken big drops this time, largely because hundreds of new employes have joined the company but haven't yet been signed up for regular War Bond purchases.

5 years or more at Ryan

SPANKY McFARLAND

To look at Spanky McFarland, or to talk to him, you would never guess that he is the self-confessed stormy petrel of the Lofting Department. This big, good-looking, slow-moving young fellow with the soft Mississippi drawl hardly seems the type who would get into many arguments with his co-workers; yet Spanky insists that he is one of the leading orators in the Loft Open Forum and Debating Society.

"When I do a job, I like to do it right," Spanky murmurs in his liquid Southern tones. "Every now and then I think of a better way to do some part of my job—but it usually means getting other guys to make some changes too. So I guess I'm always arguin'."

Of the Ryan plant's many hotbeds of new ideas, the Lofting Department is reputed to be one of the hottest. There are twelve or fifteen veteran workers in the department who are continually sparking suggestions for new and better ways of doing things — and Spanky McFarland is one of the ring-leaders of this group. "Sometimes I get an idea that means pokin' my nose into somebody else's work, or steppin' on his toes — but I guess we all do a little of that in Lofting," he admits.

James Crocker McFarland — to give him his full name, an impressive mouthful which is seldom heard in the plant — is one of Ryan's youngest veterans, having an 8-year record with the company although he is only 26.

He came to California to get rid of sinus trouble and to study aviation. Friends had recommended the Ryan School of Aeronautics to him, so he headed straight for San Diego and enrolled in the school. He learned to be both an aircraft mechanic and a flier—he held a pilot's license until a couple of years ago—and moved from the school directly into the factory.

His nickname of Spanky was tacked onto him in the illogical manner in which many other great historical events have taken place. Attending a movie one night with other Ryanites, he immediately became the target of their ribbing when an "Our Gang" comedy was shown with a fat boy named Spanky McFarland as one of the leading characters. They began calling him Spanky that evening and have never stopped; today no one in the factory calls him anything else.

As a matter of fact, when Claude Ryan was presenting five-year service pins recently, he came to the name of "J. C. McFarland" and looked utterly baffled.

"This must be a mistake—I don't know anybody by that name," he whispered to aides. However, he finally called the name.

When Spanky wandered up, Claude's face cleared. "Oh, Spanky," he murmured. "This list didn't give your real name."

Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

I know a good many of you people are interested in writing. Maybe lots of you would have become columnists if you hadn't become involved in the sordid business of making money. In case you are still interested in writing, I am going to tell you today just how a column like this is turned out.

First! Call in Miss Geevil, my secretary (remember I always dictate this thing, it gives me a feeling of power), she's not ready yet, so I get a drink of water and read a magazine. Ah . . . now she's ready, but I have to finish the article in the magazine. Good article. Finish article, discover flight of P-38's overhead. Get into argument about airplanes.

Argument so heated have to go out with Butch and Red for cokes. Have to drink beer. (No cokes today.) Shoes look kind of shabby, ought to get a shine. Get reading magazine article in shoeshine parlor, have to finish same. Back to the office, but Miss G has gone out for a coke(?) Get letter to my Dad started until Miss G. comes back. Have to finish letter.

Finally all set for column. Clock says ten minutes of 5, have to dash column off in ten minutes, boys in our bus system leave for home promptly at 5. Sure wish I had more time to spend on these columns.

I put off going after my gas rationing book until the very last minute. All of my friends came back with tales of standing in line for two hours. And when they heard that . . . at that time . . . I hadn't even gone after my book, they said I'd have to wait for three hours.

But I walked into the school that was handling the rationing in our neck of the woods, just ten minutes before closing time. Behold! There was no one in there except the people who pass out the books. I was the only customer in the place, and it took me about five minutes to get my book.

Now I'm looking forward to the evening of December 24th when I'll probably start my Christmas shopping. I've always been hoping that I'd wait too long and the store would be closed and I wouldn't have to do it. I don't recommend this procedure for everyone, however; it doesn't often work.

(Continued on page 23)

Hair-line occuracy, plus hell-for-leather speed, ore required in tooling up for a new model

Following the completian af its flight tests and the changes resulting therefram, the experimental plane is turned aver ta the customer for further testing — particularly service tests.

Finally, if it appears that the airplane will do the jab that the customer desires done, an order is placed with the manufacturer far o certain number af ships ta be delivered an specified dates.

Before any af the planes called far in the contract can be built, however, there is the tremendaus jab af "tooling up" to be done.

From a new set af drawings issued by the Engineering Department in which the "hand made" experimental ship is modified far mass praduction, taal engineers find out just what has ta be made and decide what tools and equipment will be required ta make it.

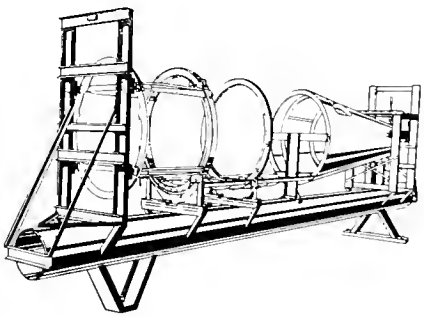
Tooling would be pretty simple if all that was required was just to turn aut airplanes. But don't farget the items af quantity, speed, cast, and quality. Current contracts call far tremendaus numbers af planes ta be delivered in a hurry, built at a reasonable cost—each part af ane airplane interchangeable with the same part an all af the ather planes built.

So right at the outset the problem becames complicated. The tools used in building the airplane must, in the first place, be rugged enaugh ta stand up under continuous use. They must be as simple as possible, even although their function be extremely complicated, in order ta lend themselves to speedy production. The cost af the taal itself, as well as its aperation, must nat be excessive—even taday cast is still a factor.

Last af all, these tools must be accurate. The airplane is a precisian machine and its parts must be made to very clase talerances in arder to fit together properly. Furthermore, parts must be interchangeable. When a new part is needed far an airplane at the fighting frant, there is no time ta file and hammer ta make the part fit. It has to be right—and right the first time.

If a particular part af an airplane must be built accurately within a half af a thousandth af an inch, haw about the tools and appliances used in building that part? Obviously they must be built to even closer talerances in arder ta insure accuracy af the part.

Fuselage production jig for Ryan troiners.



So it is easy ta see that the design and building af fabrication taals and equipment is no simple matter.

Eli Whitney, who is better known far his invention af the cattan gin, is the father of modern interchangeable manufacturing. In 1798 Whitney received a cantract ta furnish the United States Gavernment with ten thausand muskets in two years. It took him eight years to complete the cantract, but in sa doing he first conceived the idea af and put into successful operation "jigs and fixtures" far the duplications af parts with sufficient uniformity ta permit them to be interchangeable.

In case yau don't knaw what is meant by "jigs and fixtures"—they are tools used to hold the wark which act as guides to insure uniformity in drilling, cutting, etc. A fixture is fixed permanently ta a machine, while a jig is usually partable.

At Ryan, S. A. Maore is in charge af all activities connected with tooling. Under his direction are the following departments; **tool plonning**, where the type af tooling is decided upan; **tool design,** in which tools and equipment are designed; **tooling,** in which the same tools and equipment are built; **methods engineering,** where the "travellers" are made up that indicate the sequence af the tooling aperations which each part undergoes.

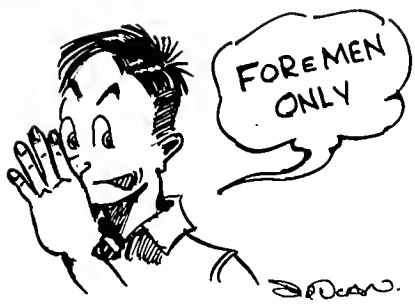
Tooling is the first step in the actual praduction af airplanes. The subsequent speed, quality, and cast of production depend ta a great extent upon this first step.

The United States is now completing the greatest "tooling up" for praduction the world has ever witnessed. To the layman it seemed an interminable process. But it will be completely justified when we reach our peak production and are turning aut airplanes, tanks, guns and ather war weapans of the finest quality in quantities that will be almost unbelievable.

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part V—TOOLING



JOHN CASTIEN

Modeling

A jack of all trades turns out to be one of Ryan's top idea men and teachers

Not long ago John Castien, foreman of the Ryan modeling department, got a telegram. It was from one of America's biggest manufacturing corporations, offering him a job supervising the company's modeling operations.

"No thanks," Castien replied, or words to that effect. "I'm happy here at Ryan."

To be offered attractive jobs by other companies is no new experience for Castien. He is known throughout the country as one of America's top-flight modeling men; many of the ideas he originated are now nationally used. Only last month Wings magazine selected him for its monthly award, because of one of his recent inventions—a wide-jawed vise that eliminates vibration, chattering and slipping during filing of templates.

The Wings award, incidentally, was a complete surprise to Castien. "Ernie Moore wrote to Wings about my idea," he says. I didn't even know the magazine had heard about it until Ernie told me."

Hollow plaster patterns, now widely used, were originated by Castien here at Ryan. So were running plaster and spinning plaster techniques, which cut modeling time to a fraction of what it used to be.

John Castien can not only create new modeling ideas, but he can also create good modeling men. Many of the foremen and leadmen in the modeling departments of other leading aircraft companies learned their trade under him.

"Teaching takes patience," he says. "I claim that a good modeling man can't be developed in less than three years. However, when we have to get thousands of tools modeled in a few weeks, we can't take time out for three years to train all the green workers we hire. So we've found ways to break down every job into a lot of smaller, simpler jobs, so we can train people to do one thing at a time. This Job Instruction Training course that the Ryan company gives has helped me a lot in finding quicker and easier ways to teach modeling."

For a man who is a top-flight expert in such a highly-specialized field as aircraft modeling, John Castien has led a widely varied life. Born and raised in San Diego (he played three years of football for Point Loma High School as a tackle, though weighing only 154 pounds) he got his first job on a San Diego road-construction gang. The crew was working in front of his own house, and he simply walked out in the street and asked for a job.

He was soon promoted from the road gang to truck driver. From there he began moving from one job to another. He spent four years with Linda & Little, a large architectural firm, where he learned the modeling fundamentals that he was later to apply to aircraft work. Later he did much of the modeling work on the Ford Building for the San Diego Exposition.

During the bottom years of the depression he was a dishwasher, fry cook and pastry cook (even today he can still whip up a wonderfully tasty meal), worked for a miscellaneous collection of other companies such as a meat-packing company, a gold-mining outfit in Northern California, and the El Capitan dam contractors.

After another stretch with Linda & Little (during which time he first began to build his reputation as a modeler, and was sent to Mexico for a time to do the modeling on the palatial mansion of Governor Rodriguez) he began to see that the aircraft industry had a glowing future.

He decided that he'd like to get into aviation before the rush began, so he went to work for Solar, accepting a lower salary than he'd been previously making because he believed it would pay him in the long run.

After four months with Solar he switched to Ryan—in May, 1936. When he came here he alone was the total membership of the modeling department. The one-man department soon began to grow, however, and as new workers were added they naturally looked to him for leadership. His foremanship was a foregone conclusion from the first. At 31 he is one of Ryan's youngest foremen.

Today, with scores of men working under him (the size of the department has doubled in the last year) he is at the plant ten or eleven hours a day, often seven days a week. Tired-looking but mild-mannered and even-tempered, he is well-liked by those who work under him. And he personally is well pleased with his job.

"I've moved around a lot in the past," he says, "but I'm satisfied to stick with Ryan from here on out. The top-kicks running this company believe in giving their men a square deal, and I like to work for that kind of outfit."

Portrait sketch by Paul Hoffman

It's Up to the Women

Former glamour gals and debs now decorate many departments at Ryan

A war-time treasure hunt, whose tally-ho cry is "Cherchez la femme," is now in full swing all over San Diego.

San Diego's ever-expanding war industries, faced with a man-power shortage made worse by crowded housing and transportation facilities, are completing a city-wide drive under the direction of the War Manpower Committee to recruit the women of San Diego for war work. Boy Scouts are making a complete survey of the city's feminine population, and aircraft executives hope that the canvass will reveal names of thousands of women who can be persuaded to take war jobs.

"The women who already live in this city are the ones we must look to for help," Eddie Molloy, vice-president in charge of manufacturing at Ryan, and local member of the War Manpower Committee, asserts. "We can't ask people from other communities to come here, because there is not sufficient housing for them and no additional transportation. But women who now live here already hove homes, of course, and our present transportotion facilities can accommodote them."

Every day scores of San Diego women are now signing up for work at Ryan and other local war plants. Many of them don't need the money, and are working only through patriotism. Army ond navy wives, university graduates, professional women and social leaders—they're volunteering daily for war production work, and thereby helping wipe out the last traces of the social stigma that used to be attached, years ago, to the "factory girl."

For example, Mrs. Roland H. Brock, former president of the University Women's Club and wife of a San Diego Gas & Electric Company official, is now working at Ryan—the first and only time in her life that she has taken a job. The mother of two children and the grandmother of one, she has given up her former active social life in order to help build airplanes. "I enjoy every minute of the work," she says. "Of course it's made me buckle down and organize my life a lot more efficiently than I ever did before, but I'm glad to feel that I'm doing something useful in war-time."

Likewise, Mrs. Richard Benbough, whose husband has been with H. L. Benbough Company but who recently joined the army to train as a flight instructor, has also taken a job at Ryan. She dislikes inactivity, and enjoys being busy at a worth-while war job while her husband is in the service.

The granddaughter of the U. S. Ambassador to Russio, Admiral William H. Standley, is another Ryan worker. She is May Lou Wincote, who also has taken a job for the first time in her life. "I was a little timid about going to work," she admits, "but now that I'm in I like it fine. Everyone here has been simply splendid to me."

Billy Howard, daughter of General Arch F. Howard, a Morine commander "somewhere in the Pacific," postponed her plans for an advanced college degree and a possible career as a short-story writer when the war broke out. "I thought it would be horrible," she says of her job at Ryan, "but I've met a lot of interesting and pleasant people I would otherwise never have known, and I'm really glad to be working here."

Another Marine relative now working at Ryan is Mrs. Josephine R. Viall, former editor of a Marine Corps magazine and wife of Major Robert S. Viall,

Here are a few of the well-known San Diego women now working for Ryan: Left to right, May Lou Wincote, engineering draftswoman and granddaughter of the U. S. Ambassador to Russia; Mrs. Richard Benbough, telephone operator and wife of a prominent San Diego business man; Mrs. Josephine R. Viall, manifold worker and wife of a Marine major; Mrs. Roland H. Brock, engineering draftswoman and former president of the University Women's Club; Billy Howard, tabuloting machine operator and daughter of a Marine generol. Below—Mrs. Dorothy Bingham, manifold inspector and wife of a Navy medical officer.

who is also in the Pacific battle zone. "No one can tell me that aircraft workers aren't the nicest people on earth," she insists. "The men in the factory have been wonderfully patient in teaching me my job — and even in showing me around the factory so I'd see how my little operation fits in with the whole big picture. I've heard a little ungrammatical talk, but no profane or even impatient language; the men and women in this factory are more courteous and helpful than some I've met in more pretentious surroundings. . . . There's no reason for any woman to feel anything but proud of being a worker in a plant like this."

Women who have members of their families in active military service often seem far more willing to take a personal part in war industry work than housewives and young single women without the usual worldly cares, according to Ryan officials. "Undoubtedly they realize because of purely personal reasons that their help is wanted and urgently needed by their own men on the battle lines," commented one executive. "With them it's a highly personal obligation. On the other hand, women who are still leading the carefree lives they did before Pearl Harbor must now realize that they'll have to pitch in quickly, as others have."

But the wives, sisters and daughters of men in the armed forces are flocking into aircraft work these days. They find that it takes their minds off their worries and helps make the time go faster; and, of course, they like to feel that they're making the armaments that may save their men-folks' lives. Relatives of every military rank from seaman and buck private

(Continued on page 11)

Meet O. F. Rigley

When O. F. Rigley collides with a slow freight train something has to give—and it isn't Rigley!

It was five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon and O. F. "Rig" Rigley wanted very much to go home. But if he went home the aircraft factory for which he worked would have no high-specification Sitka spruce for wing spars, and whole departments would have to shut down.

Rigley had been burning up the long-distance telephone wires all day trying to locate the missing spruce shipment which he had on order. Finally he had located it—on a slow freight which was stopping every few miles on its way across the state.

Some purchasing agents might have said, "Oh well, I guess we'll just have to wait till it shows up," and gone peacefully home to slippers and fireside. But not Orin Frederick Rigley!

Never Caused a Shut-Down

"No man in the factory has ever lost a day's work because I couldn't get the materials for him to work with," Rigley has often said. "If any department should have to shut down even temporarily because of a shortage of supplies, I'd never forgive myself."

It takes more than a slow freight train to stump a man with that kind of philosophy. Rigley strode from his office that Saturday afternoon, plumped himself down behind the wheel of a big company truck, and drove out in search of the freight train.

Late that night he met the train, did some tall talking, and got a truckload of the Sitka spruce moved from the freight car onto his truck. This required fast work by the railroad hands, since the train had stopped only long enough to change engines and uncouple a few cars. But Rigley turned on his jovial personality and hearty laugh, traded a few wise-cracks with the boys, and jollied them into unloading his lumber. After which he triumphantly made the long cross-country drive home, arriving in plenty of time to keep the factory going full blast. The train arrived days later.

Hasn't Missed Yet

During his twenty-odd years as a purchasing agent O. F. Rigley has always maintained that there is no such word as "can't." He has never yet been proven wrong.

Even today, Ryan's purchasing agent manages to get the materials and supplies his company needs. By hook or by crook, in spite of priorities and shortages and transportation tie-ups and hell and high water, Rigley always brings home the bacon.

Everlasting follow-up is the secret of his success. "When I order a shipment of goods and the supplier notifies me that he's sent it, I don't let the matter drop there," he explains. "I follow that shipment every step of the way. If it gets side-tracked anywhere, I grab the telephone and keep calling people until those goods are moving again."

Judges Character By Telephone

When Rigley goes to work on the telephone, he starts at the bottom of the personnel list and works up, if necessary, to the president of the company that is holding up shipment. "You have to be able to size up a man's psychology, even if you have nothing to judge by except how he sounds over the phone," Rigley explains. "Some fellows give you best cooperation if you kid them along. With others, the only way to get action is to yell at 'em good and loud."

Once a pompous young Army officer, furious because Rigley had dared to call him at seven o'clock in the evening in an effort to locate a delayed shipment, began administering a blistering oral reprimand.

"Listen, brother," Rigley cut in, "my job is to get materials so my company can keep on building airplanes for the Army. I want to request some help from you, but if you don't want to listen just say so and I'll call your superior officer. I know he'll listen." From then on the young Army man gave Rigley most courteous cooperation.

Keeps His Friends

"Usually I can keep everything on a friendly basis, though," the purchasing agent says. "In twenty years I've made a lot of friends in business offices all over the country . . . and when I'm in a tight spot I can usually find a friend who can pull the right string to help me out."

Rigley spent 18 years in the purchasing department of the Graham-Paige automobile company in Detroit. He left there to became a purchaser for Stinson Aircraft, then moved to Vultee and came to Ryan in December, 1940. Under him the staff of the Ryan purchasing department has grown to five times its former size; his expediters and follow-up men are at work night and day coaxing and bullying, telegraphing and telephoning to keep shipments of supplies moving into the plant. Every one of the dozens of men and women under O. J. Rigley is a smart, persistent, tireless worker, thoroughly trained in the Rigley philosophy that, when there's a question of getting materials for the Ryan Aeronautical Company, "there's no such word as can't."

Rigley in action

"There's no such word as can't"

Your Victory Tax

by J. C. Noakes

A 5% tax, known as the "Victory Tax," is to be imposed an all individuals having a grass income af $624.00 ar more per year—thot's ane af the pravisions of the new U. S. Revenue Act.

To provide for the payment of the Victory Tax emplayers are required to deduct 5% af the wages af all emplayees in excess af $12 per week and pay it into the United States Treasury. Accordingly, beginning with the first pay in January, 1943, the Ryan Aeronautical Campany will deduct for the Tax in accardance with the following table:

WEEKLY PAYROLL PERIOD

Over	Not Over	Tax
$ 12	$ 16	$ .10
16	20	.30
20	24	.50
24	28	.70
28	32	.90
32	36	1.10
36	40	1.30
40	50	1.60
50	60	2.10
60	70	2.60
70	80	3.10
80	90	3.60
90	100	4.10

SEMI-MONTHLY PAYROLL PERIOD

Over	Not Over	Tax
$ 26	$ 30	$ .10
30	40	.40
40	50	.90
50	60	1.40
60	70	1.90
70	80	2.40
80	100	3.20
100	120	4.20
120	140	5.20
140	160	6.20
160	180	7.20
180	200	8.20
200	220	9.20

Although this tax is in addition to the regular income tax, the law contains a provision for the refund of a part of the Victory Tax paid for each taxable year as soon as practicable after cessation of hostilities in the present war. The amount of refund (or credit against taxes owing) for each year will be determined as follows:

(a) In the case of a single person or a married person not living with husband or wife, 25% of the Victory Tax or $500, whichever is lesser.

(b) In the case of the head of a family, 40% of the Victory Tax or $1000, whichever is the lesser.

(c) In the case of a married person living with husband or wife where separate returns are filed by each spouse, 40% of the Victory Tox or $500, whichever is the lesser.

(d) In the case of o married person living with husband or wife where a separate return is filed by one spouse and no return is filed by the other or, in the case of a husband and wife filing a joint return, only one such credit shall be allowed and shall not exceed 40% of the Victory Tax or $1000, whichever is the lesser.

(e) For each dependent, 2% of the Victory Tax or $100, whichever is the lesser.

There will also be an additional refund or credit, to be computed at the end of 1943, for allowable tax deductions. For example, if

Get ready to dig deep in your sock—the Victory Tax officially starts January, 1943

your pay checks amount to $2000 a year, this is your gross income—and you'll pay 5% of it in Victory Tax. However, you will have certain allowable expenses and deductions which may reduce your taxable income for the year to some such figure as $1806.72 (choosing an amount at random for the purposes of this explanation). Then the Victory Tax you would owe the government for the year would be 5% of $1806.72—and since you would already have paid 5% of $2000, you would have a refund coming. This refund is to be applied as a credit against your regular income tax.

However, you won't know what your actual taxable income for 1943 was until you compute deductions at the end of 1943—and you won't get the benefit of the refund until you make your income tax payment in March, 1944. So why worry about it now?

Money and Happiness

Studies of marital adjustment fail to show a relationship between size of income and degree of happiness or success. In the study of 200 individuals made by G. V. Hamilton (A Research in Marriage), 50 husbands whose annual income was more than $5,000 were compared with 50 whose income was less than that amount. As to the happiness in marriage, they were distributed approximately the same.

—Your Life.

☆

American war commitments since June 1940 amount to more than 228 **billions** ($228,811,233,542)—nearly half again as much as the United States spent from the day it was founded until June 30, 1940, including its five major wars: the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the first World War. —United Press.

Don't be out when opportunity knocks — take advantage of Ryan's offer to buy you a home study course.

Only Four Days Left!

There are only four days left to take advantage of the Ryan Institute's offer of a complete home study training course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance. Any Ryan worker can still have the opportunity to obtain this training course without charge—providing he enrolls by December 15.

Under the new plan, sponsored by the Ryan Aeronautical Company and utilizing the facilities of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, company employees may enroll at a cost of only $25 for the entire course. If they complete the course with a satisfactory final examination grade, they will have all or part of their tuition refunded.

The refund schedule is as follows: If your final examination grade is 90% or over, you get the entire $25 back. If your grade is between 80 and 90, your refund is $22.50; if between 70 and 80, your refund is $20.

Enrollments will be accepted on this basis only until December 15. Each student will immediately thereafter receive the complete course, consisting of eight separate volumes, attractively bound and packaged in a convenient shelf box container. The student will also receive the Ryan Institute Data Sheet Manual, the Institute Study Guide, and a supply of specially prepared work paper. This material immediately becomes the property of the student and will form a most valuable reference source.

Each employee enrolling for this course will be entitled to have all his papers and "home-work" checked and corrected by the expert instructors of the Ryan Institute. Upon satisfactory completion of the course, he will receive the handsome Ryan Institute diploma.

How can the Institute afford to sell you this course at such a low price? It's the old story of big quantities making low prices possible. Because hundreds of Ryan workers are enrolling at the same time (as are thousands of Consolidated workers) a large print order on the textbooks, together with other mass-production economies in mailing and record-keeping, enables the Institute to hammer down the price to rock bottom.

However, all company-underwritten students must enroll at approximately the same time in order to make these economies possible. Therefore, a deadline has been set for Ryan factory enrollments. That deadline is next Tuesday, December 15, and you must sign up by midnight of that day in order to obtain the training on the same basis as other Ryan employees. So hurry and sign up tomorrow at any one of the nine following enrollment stations:

Personnel Office—Don Dewey

Production Superintendent's Office—Miss Koenig

Production Dept.—Mr. Cunningham's Office

Final Assembly—desk

Wing Assembly—desk

Manifold Dept.—desk

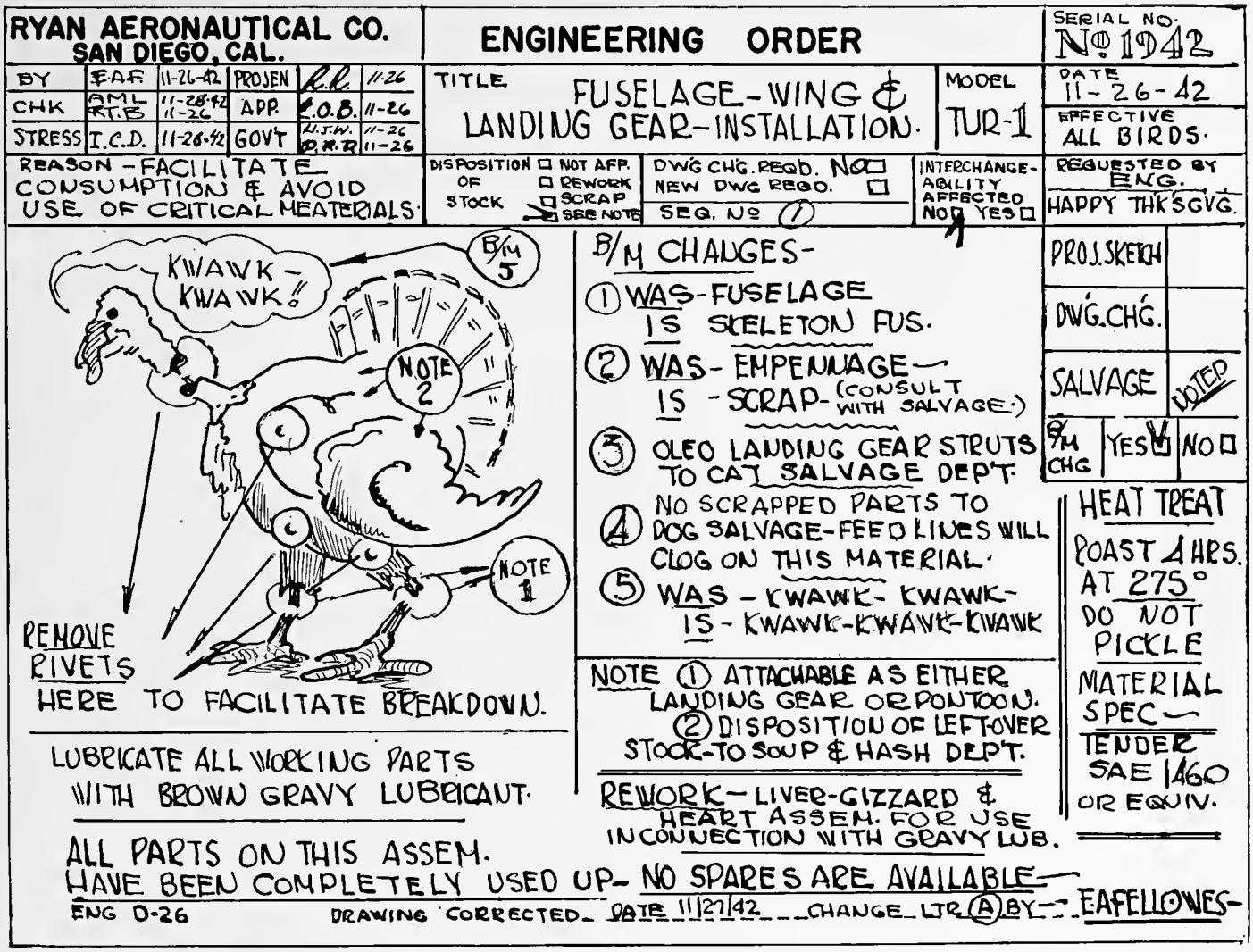
Tooling Dept.—desk

Drop Hammer Dept.—desk

Engineering Dept. — Palmer Wentworth

This training course is enthusiastically endorsed by Ernie Moore, Gary Adams, L. E. Plummer, Claude Ryan and other company executives. The Ryan Aeronautical Company expects to need hundreds of employees who can step into higher grades of work with the company. Such employees must have a wider understanding of aircraft work than they can ever get by doing one or two specialized jobs. That's why the Ryan Company has worked out this bargain deal to enable you to get exactly the training you need to take advantage of future opportunities. However, the offer cannot be held open any later than next Tuesday—so, if you're interested, don't fail to sign up within the next four days at one of the nine enrollment stations.

Thousands of texts of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute courses have already been printed for aircraft workers who have enrolled. Here are some of them being unloaded for distribution.



Drawing by E. A. Fellows, retired Marine Corps Major, in Armament Group in Engineering Dept.

MORE ABOUT

WOMEN

(Continued from page 7)

to admiral and general can be found on the Ryan production lines.

There is Mrs. Virginia M. Comstock, whose Navy husband has been on two torpedoed ships and twice escaped with his life. There is Evelyn Lewis, whose aunt, an Army nurse, was last heard from on Corregidor. She also has a brother in the Army Air Forces and a cousin with MacArthur in Australia. There is Mrs. Marie Sieczkowski, who sold exclusive women's wear in a downtown store, but gave up her job and came to work at Ryan when her son joined the Navy. There is Mrs. Dorothy Landon, who has worked only twice in her life — in World War I and now in World War II. Her husband was in the Navy in 1917; her son is now an Army flier. There is Mrs. Dorothy Bingham, wife of a Navy medical officer.

And besides all these, there is a daughter of an Admiral — a niece of one of America's best-known and highest-ranking Generals — and many others who are unwilling to have their names printed. But, with or without publicity, they're all doing a swell job of helping Ryan build airplanes!

A NEW SERVICE FOR YOU

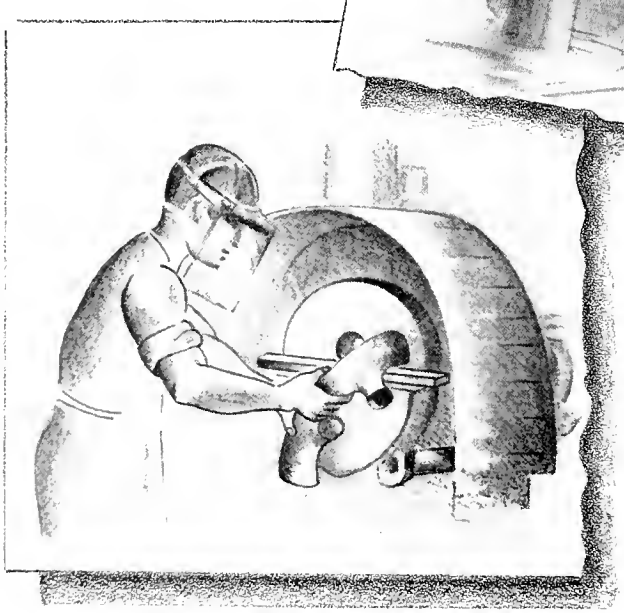
A new free service for Ryan employees will be introduced by the Flying Reporter in its next issue — free want ads. Any Ryanite who wants to insert a classified advertisement in the Flying Reporter may do so free of charge.

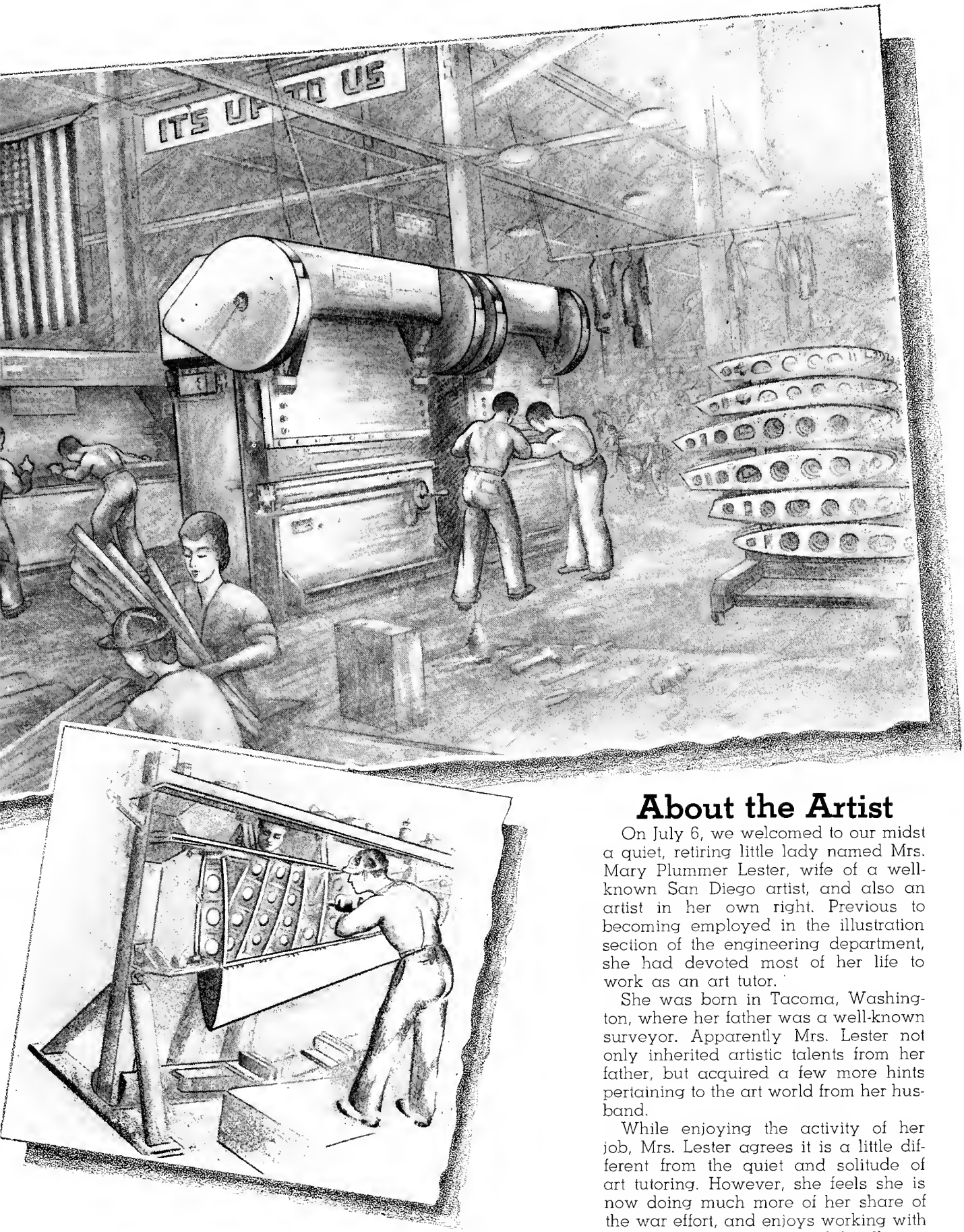
If you have something for sale or for rent, if you have lost or found something of value, if there is something you are seeking to buy — if you have any legitimate problem, in fact, which a want ad might help to solve, you can use this new free service. Write your ad plainly and drop it in the Flying Reporter box at the main factory entrance no later than Dec. 21.

And if our lines should form then break,
Because of things you failed to make—
The extra tank or ship or plane
For which we waited all in vain,
And the supplies that never came—
Will you come then and take the blame?
For we, not you, will pay the cost
Of battles you, not we, have lost.

Plant Sketches

Mrs. Mary Plummer Lester





About the Artist

On July 6, we welcomed to our midst a quiet, retiring little lady named Mrs. Mary Plummer Lester, wife of a well-known San Diego artist, and also an artist in her own right. Previous to becoming employed in the illustration section of the engineering department, she had devoted most of her life to work as an art tutor.

She was born in Tacoma, Washington, where her father was a well-known surveyor. Apparently Mrs. Lester not only inherited artistic talents from her father, but acquired a few more hints pertaining to the art world from her husband.

While enjoying the activity of her job, Mrs. Lester agrees it is a little different from the quiet and solitude of art tutoring. However, she feels she is now doing much more of her share of the war effort, and enjoys working with the engineers and artists of the illustration section.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Secret service

One of the Ryan executives, who dictates letters at machine-gun speed, had a little misunderstanding with his secretary the other day. He started dictating a letter to the supply department of a certain manufacturing company, but before he had even gotten to "Dear Sirs" his secretary stopped and gazed at him in amazement.

"Are you kidding me?" she demanded.

"Of course not. I'm trying to give you a letter for the Smith Company's Supply Department."

"You mean there really is such a department?" she gasped, her eyes growing round with astonishment.

"Certainly," he snapped. "Now, please, let's get on with the letter." Not until later in the day, when the secretary had typed the letter and laid it on his desk, did the fast-talking boss grasp the reason for her bewilderment. She had addressed the letter to the Smith Company's Spy Department.

Holland and Dew move up

Ryan's chief inspector, Bert Holland, steps up another notch this month to the position of Quality Manager. His former assistant, George Dew, takes over Bert's former post. Congratulations, gentlemen.

Sheet metal promotions

Congratulations are also in order for thirteen men who've received promotions to foreman or assistant foreman in sheet metal. Erich Faulwetter is to be general foreman in charge of the assembly, cutting and routing, and parts departments in sheet metal. Clarence Harper becomes foreman of assembly; Howard Engler, foreman of parts; Elbert Pederson, foreman of cutting and routing; Samuel Pinney, night foreman of assembly, second shift; Walter Stringer, night foreman of parts, second shift; Leroy Steinhaur, night foreman of cutting and routing, second shift; Tom Gaston "Jake" Lunsford, assistant foreman of assembly, first shift; Robert O'Keefe, assistant foreman of parts, first shift; Wallace Knight, assistant foreman of cutting and routing, first shift; Richard Wells, assistant foreman of assembly, second shift; Vernon Humphrey, assistant foreman of parts, second shift; Albert Tario, assistant foreman of cutting and routing, second shift.

From Dutch Flat to Washington

Another Ryan old-timer hit the headlines last week when Hap Russell (Captain Harold B. Russell to those who have known him less than two minutes) flew the first run on American Airlines' new transcontinental route from San Diego to Phoenix, Tucson, Dayton, Columbus, Washington and points east. Hap has more than two million air-miles to his credit on the commercial skylanes. He flew for Ryan way back in the days of the Dutch Flat airport about twenty years ago.

Man with a past

From Blood Alley in Shanghai to the Ryan production line—that's the jump made by Frank Curran, who is now a cutter in the sheet metal department. He was general manager of the Far Eastern Amusement Syndicate, in which position he knew every showman, prize-fighter, and underworld character in Asia. He was a sergeant in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the gallant little group which in 1939 held the Japs out of the International Settlement for 40 days until reinforcements arrived from Hong Kong and Singapore. He recently wound up an American lecture tour with an appearance before 2000 people in Russ Auditorium; then forsook the entertainment world for war production work.

Adams gives out with cigars again

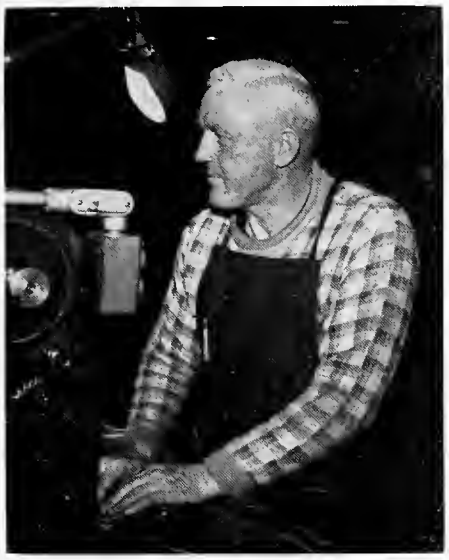
That broad smile on the cherubic face of Personnel Manager Gary Adams is because wife Wanda has just presented him with a bouncing 6½ pound baby daughter. This is the second Adams model, the previous one — son David — having been introduced three years ago.

Shown on arrival of the first American Airlines' Flagship of the new daily flights to serve San Diego, Captain Harold B. "Hap" Russell (right) is greeted by Earl Prudden, vice president of Ryan Aeronautical Company, who is chairman of the Aviation Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego. In center is Acting Mayor Fred Simpson with Stewardess Letha Penhollow of the airline.

This is Kathryn Cummings of Receiving—living proof that a woman driver can brave the heavy traffic inside Ryan's factory and not even get her hair ruffled.

Confucius say a picture is worth a thousand words, and Confucius correct. This shot was snapped after closing time one night; since then the bench has been clean as a billiard table at the end of the day. However, our roaming camera-men still have in mind a few other work-benches in various parts of the factory.

Ever wondered where our PT-22's go when you finish working on them? This one, and more than a hundred others like it, are in service in the desert 16 miles from Tucson, at the Ryan School of Aeronautics of Arizona.



Frank Curran used to be well acquainted with all the sinister characters on Shanghai's Blood Alley, "wickedest street in the world." Formerly the king of Asia's show business, he now feels that shows are unimportant. So he is a cutter in Ryan's sheet metal department.

It's a big job to sort and bind the thousands of copies of the Ryan correspondence course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, now being printed for aircraft workers in this and other companies. The busy scene shown here is at Frye & Smith, local printers, as their girls go into action on the Ryan Aeronautical Institute texts.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Does this apply to you?

In a scathing indictment of his own workers and Americans-at-home in general, George MacDonald, Boeing aircraft engineer, just home from war fronts on the other side of the globe, today blistered the people at home for their indolence.

Writing in the Boeing News after his trip servicing Flying Fortresses in action in the Orient and Egypt, MacDonald said:

"I've seen mechanics fly 4000 miles to rob one downed plane of parts to put another damaged ship into the air again. I've seen them put an A-20 propellor on a B-17—anything to keep every possible plane flying. I've heard pilots who hadn't eaten for a couple of days whose sole topic of conversation was "when, oh when, will we get those planes we've been promised?"

"I find it hard to fall in with the smug attitude of most American workers and business men that 'we're doing all right.' There's no such thing yet.

"In China I saw 12- to 15-year-old boys with rifles taller than they, who had been through two campaigns. I came home to find congress debating for weeks over drafting 18- and 19-year-old men.

"In Egypt I've seen mechanics sweating over a plane in 130-degree heat until some have cracked and run blindly around until they dropped. I come home and find comfortably clothed American workers complaining because a factory is too stuffy some days or isn't up to room temperature and they have to wear a sweater.

"In India and Burma and China and the Near East I've seen mechanics work steadily for days until they were ready to drop from fatigue—and I come home to discover that even with a 6-day week, American plants have absentee records that run from 8 per cent a day to as high as 25 to 30 per cent week ends."

Employees buy blood bank

Employees of the New Britain Machine Company, New Britain, Conn., recently purchased a blood bank at a cost of $900. The Hartford Red Cross sent a mobile blood unit to the plant and 600 employees answered the call for blood donations.

How England handles "pay-day richness"

In Britain a worker who cannot provide good excuse for being absent can be imprisoned for up to two years or fined 500 pounds.

Pearl Harbor remembers

The workers at Pearl Harbor Navy Yard sent a unique check for $70,000 to President Roosevelt recently. It was their pay for working last Labor Day, and the check, drawn on the Bank of Hawaii, is written on a fragment of a Jap plane which was shot down in the December 7 raid. The President turned it over to the Treasury to help finance the war. The Army-Navy "E" Production Award was presented to the Yard on Labor Day, nine months after the Jap raid. Under Secretary of the Navy, James V. Forrestal, made the presentation.

The V-P on "Russian Women"

"Those who have visited Russia recently say that about 40 per cent of the work in the factories is being done by women. The average woman does about as much as the average man and is paid as much.

Thousands of Russian women are in uniform, either actively fighting or standing guard. We in the United States have not yet in the same way as the Russians called on the tremendous reserve power which is in our women, but before this war is over, we may be forced to give women their opportunity to demonstrate that with proper training they are equal to man in most kinds of work."— Vice-President Henry A. Wallace.

TIME STUDY

by Charles W. Brown

It looks like I might be able to get this little copy to the paper in time for it to get into print. Seems as though the last little item met up with the bane of all who strive to please, that well-known deadline.

Well, the turkey is beginning to wear off now and we can all settle down and get back into shape for more to come. It seems as though I can't get very much dope on you good people since I am on the well-known third shift but will tell all I do know.

We wish to welcome the new and popular additions to the family of, guess who? Twins, born to Mrs. Anderson last Sunday, Nov. 22. Poppy Anderson, project man second shift, Crib 6, is doing well and it is believed he will recover. Congrats from the third shift, Andy.

The boys of the department wish to welcome all of the new employees in our department. The list is too numerous to mention. Furthermore, I feel like the last boy. I don't even know the names of half the new people. When I see a new face I just have to ask it which department it is in, and am informed, Time Study.

Ken Colvin, the new head of Time Study, has now found a new place of abode. I wonder how he did it, what with all the shortage of houses in this town.

Seems as though Jerry Hansen had a nice little trip through Mexico on his vacation, but had a little bad luck on the last day. No one was injured but Jerry's feelings and his car.

How about it, Majors, seems as if you kinda like the free trips to L. A. given on a week-end by the U. S. Army. Tough luck, but we know how you feel about it.

I think I will re-name this little column so that I may cover the third shift. Suggestions, please.

Rogers of Small Parts, third shift, has promised all you boys that if you will buy your Xmas cards he will be very glad to cut that little dark toothbrush off for the duration. Step right up, boys, and leave your orders for those nice Xmas cards with George Rogers, Small Parts, third shift.

Tom Swift of Inspection is looking for that little card any day now. Gordon Johns, foreman Small Parts, third shift, does not like to miss a nice, big juicy goose for Thanksgiving, especially when it's only a few feet from the end of his gun barrel. Oh well, maybe the duck was just as good for dinner. Where, oh where does Gordon get the ammo for his shotgun at this late date. Couldn't be hoarding it, could you, Gordon?

I wonder how Steve Dever likes to be back on that good old day shift by now. Well, Steve, you can still go to the grunt and groan matches with Floyd Bennett every Tuesday night. Or can you, since your wife got back from that nice long vacation?

Mo Loft Sez

By Gilbert Cusey

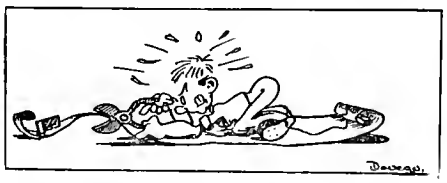
If there is anyone in the Department interested in tearing his car down for the enjoyment, Chappy would be glad to help. He was going to fix Razzy's new car—at least Choppy said he knew how to fix it. The car was then taken down, fixed and put back together. Believe it or not, it still howls as bad as ever. Congratulations, Chappy, that's a Chevvy for you.

Luke seems to be worrying lately at the size of Tom Exley's sandwiches. The record to date is two and one-half inches from mold line to mold line. It may be a funny coincidence but they seem to get thicker just around pay day.

We have had some requests for James Crocker McFarlane III to wear his McFarlane plaid tie. We hear it caused quite a sensation with the folks in Ohio.

Just for the fun of it sometime I would like to compare the sandwiches of Tom Exley and H. Cromwell. I understand that Howard makes his own and his wife refuses to stay in the house while he is in action. It is a fact that he moved away from civilization but he still maintains it wasn't in the interest of public safety.

Rag Weed is now an experienced shear man. After shearing a few of his templates down to a sliver he has decided Sully's men (not all men anymore) can do the job and still save the templates.



We can welcome Bill Kuplick, Welding Foreman, on to the third shift. Yup, he ran out of pupils on the day shift.

Ty Satterfield thinks the paper cutter is for the use of anyone who has fingers that are too long. At least that seems to be his most useful thought for the month, as suggested to one of our most able captains on the police force. No thanks for ours.

We wish to thank the boys of the second shift for that swell mince pie. It seems as though it was just too much for the boys who had their big dinner here on Thanksgiving Day. Oh yes, turkey cooked by Mattson's mother and pies baked by others. I really think that I should have a list of the persons attending the repast. I know that John van der Linde and Maynard Lavell, Gene Mattson and Stevens of Inspection were looking very well fed and rather uncomfortable. Some of the girls in the plant sure can bake those mince pies. The sample was mighty good. Any time you feel ambitious we will be glad to enjoy more of the same. John van der Linde did a fine job of carving, but just couldn't seem to make the drumsticks go around.

Enough of this rambling or I won't have anything left for the next issue. Which I promise not to miss.

Receiving Inspection

by Irene Travis

Howdy Folks:

Mighty glad to be in San Diego again after spending a month back in the hills of Tennessee.

My, what a lot of new faces I see that have come into our midst here at Ryan's—begins to look like our personnel and planes are really growing up from the trainer plane field.

Want to welcome to our crib Lorraine School from St. Louis, Mo., Ann Hulbert from Consolidated Aircraft, P. F. Wollensak and D. L. Goulet, both of Chicago. We hope you all will like working with us. Sorry to lose Hatcher to machine shop. Ruth Higgins is taking his place. Fred McCartney is back from his vacation in Oklahoma and Kansas, but he didn't bring the family home and he says his baby daughter hasn't learned to write yet. Bob Cornett had a birthday—the crib gave him a gift but failed to find out how old he was.

Got a new Navy Inspector—Bill Skinner. Too bad, girls he is married. Don't know what this crib will do for romance, since Catherine Switzer got married after being in this crib for only a week. Her new name is Catherine Cooper.

Believe it or not, while down in Tennessee I knew a fellow who swapped an inner tube that needed four patches for a large barn and chicken house.

LEARN TO LET GO

If you want to be healthy morally, mentally and physically, just let go. Let go of the little bothers of everyday life, the irritations and petty vexations that cross your path daily.

Don't take them up and brood over them. They aren't worth the time taken for worrying over them; let them go. That little hurt which you get from a friend—perhaps it was not intended, perhaps it was, but never mind—let it go. Refuse to think about it.

Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another; the jealousy, the malice, the envy. You will be surprised what a rejuvenating effect it will have upon you, both physically and mentally.

But the big trouble, the bitter disappointment, the deep wrongs, and heartbreaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them? Why, just let them go too. Drop them softly maybe, but firmly.

Put away all regret and bitterness, and let sorrow be only a softening influence. Yes, let them go, too, and make the most of the future. It isn't hard, after once we get the habit of letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of things that mar and embitter life, that you will enjoy letting them go. You will find the world a beautiful place. You will find it beautiful because you will be free to enjoy it—free in mind and body. So let's all, LEARN TO LET GO.

WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg

I want everyane ta know, at the start af this article, that I am suffering under a great handicap. Nat anly have I lost my partner in the writing of this article, Mel Minar, but am also nat feeling sa well because af a big black cigar which was given ta me by Harald Zaak when his wife had a baby last week. The baby is all right—, so I guess everything is O.K. Congratulations, Zaak.

Outside of a small accident which I will describe in the following paragraph, we have had only ane casualty in aur department. This accurred when one af aur lady workers was pushed into a bench by the congestion around aur present time clack. This was purely an accident and I hape it will nat happen again.

What a life we men af today lead! Mr. Bennett af aur department feels this fact very strangly. Three wamen (he says) and a small girl walked aver his fragile body yesterday to reach a time clack. He is suffering from a few cuts and bruises. Hawever he is naw conscious and recovering rapidly.

It must seem strange ta the peaple wha have been emplayed by this company for a few years to see the changes that have been made af late. Our department, as an example, naw consists of considerably more women emplayees than men. We know this is quite a change from twa years aga, when a girl in the factory was something we never even thaught about.

I don't want to be misunderstaad in any comments that I make an this subject, hawever. I know, and I think everyane else does, that the battle af praductian must and will be wan by these girls wha are giving up their time at hame to came dawn here ta the factory and help put aut aur quota af airplanes and parts.

In aur last issue, I gave the names of all aur newcamers. By naw they are old and experienced hands. Here is a list af same af the more recent members of aur department. They are: Peggy Dillon, Myrtle Barker, Brucie Harton, Lillian Gordon, Celeste Lynch, Evelyn Jacksan, Vivian Davis, Gennell Ragers, Quincy White, Gladys Seatan, Gertrude Becker, Lucille Faughn, Lillian Hill, Alice Scates, Thelma White, Lillian Firquain, Margaret O'Dannell, Ethel Shants, June David, Beverly Pendleton, Nellie Marshell, Mamie Huff, Elma Hinkle, Minnie Banham, Viala Haetsfield, Zelma Dye, Bernice Buchals, Bessie Wilson, Laura De Armond, Blanche Heil, Edyth Dillsworth, Hughie Janes, Pat Bennett, Ruth Halte, Martha Kegley.

We also have six new men: Bab Phelan, Jess Miramantez, Ansley Carvey, Dane McDanald, Raymand Carley, and Vernan Carver.

At this point I think I had better say samething about my bass (foreman Bud Berry) being sent ta Columbus. If I didn't, I would probably be demated ta janitar's helper when he comes back. We all hape he has a goad trip and is back saan.

Speaking of trips, I think we are glad to see Al Jueschke back from his trip where he shat abaut three hundred elk and at least a thousand deer (he says).

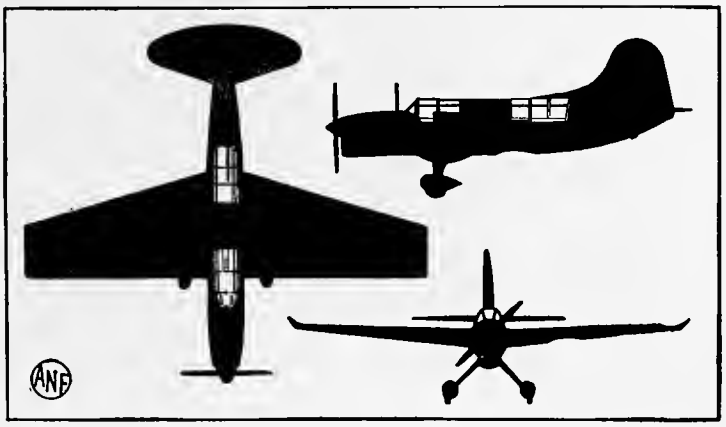
There is a small item that I had averlooked far this edition, but I received it just in time from a reliable saurce. This is the news. Tammy Shaws is at last contented with his jab. It seems the change accurred just when he gat his new partner. Could that be the reason?

The janitars have been camplaining of the amount af peanuts found an the flaar lately, and have asked me ta please tell Calder ta eat candy bars without peanuts, as he knaws that anything hard to chew is taa much for him these days.

This is the news from Wing Assembly for now. But I might add that it laaks bad from here far anyone wha doesn't like the gaod ald U.S.A.

A SILHOUETTE YOU'LL BE SEEING

Type of Scout Observation Plane We're Building



Shown here by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America is the silhouette of the type of Naval scout observation plane which Ryan has contracted to produce in large quantities. This plane, the basic design for which was worked out for the Navy by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, will be known as the SOR-1. It is a single-engine monoplane which can be readily identified by its high rudder and tail surfaces. The leading edge of its wing is straight, the trailing edge tapered sharply and the wing tips squared and turned up at sharp angles. Its elongated fuselage carries a considerable area of transparent surface, and in its sharp nose is a Ranger in-line air-cooled engine. The non-retractable landing gear is streamlined.

RYANETTES

by Tom, Gerry and Pink Lady

Eileen Benson has just returned from a quiet vacatian "at home" where she completed her Christmas shopping—wish I was as lucky!

Pat Sanfard had just the opposite vacation in San Francisca—they bath look like they can stand anather year.

Ray Ryan, foreman of Final Assembly is passing out cigars. His wife presented him with a baby bay November 18.

Have you noticed Mr. Holland's beautiful new secretary? Jene Miller is the name.

Steve Dever, assistant foreman of manifald hopes to have a secretary af his awn same day—Haw abaut that?

Jae Love is back at work now after a short absence with the mumps. Yes, his face is back to narmal.

Wha was the yaung lady wha went to manifald small parts laoking far a left handed mankey wrench—and the lady who went to final assembly and asked far 1/3 cut af the final assembly line.

Highly Experimental

by Bob Johnston and Bob Wallin

That paragraph in the last issue abaut aur War Band standing bore fruit in a hurry. In three days everyane was signed up and a 95% banner was hanging an the wall. If they ever dish aut any 100% banners we will take one of them taa.

Jahnny "Bugs Bunny" Cramer has been transferred back ta the Main factary. Lately he has been eating mare carrats than the famous rabbit. It seems he wants ta make the Ferry Service.

The other day everybody started the day by asking Kenny Krull for a helper. Reason—a little red-head by the name of Thelma Castner had just punched the time clack for the first time. Several mare women will be caming in saan to work an ST-3 spares. Pretty saan we wan't be able to cuss when we hit aur thumb with a hammer.

It has been a lang time since we have heard from Marian Hasar. She went ta the hospital far an aperation same time aga. We hape she will be back an the jab again saan.

Jonnie Johnsan is working an this side af the field again. She is naw an inspectar an the wing spars.

Thelma Franklin, the department secretary, is in the hospital far an aperatian. She will prabably be back at wark again in a week ar sa.

That seems to be all the news sa we will sign aff with this little thaught—the best way to make gas ratianing a success is for everyane to put his shoulder to the wheel and push.

"Buy More War Bonds"

. . . Keep 'Em Flying!

Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

One of the most amusing, yet interesting things, is the pet saying or phrase of different individuals in the Purchasing Department. I wonder if you can guess to whom the following phrases belong? To avoid embarrassment all names have been eliminated.

"It's none of my business but * * * *"

"You're goin' to look funny with all your teeth knocked down."

"I think I'll marry J * * * todoy."

"Just take my word for it honey chile, I know what I'm talking about."

"Well kid—did you say you wanted two copies to go to * * *"

"That husband of mine is always calling me from * * *"

"I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Don't you think somebody should tell Mr. R * * * about this?"

"I'm fetching to do this right away R***"

"That H * * *, you can't tell what he's going to do next."

"Well, I wonder how this happened!"

"Well, Alabam, don't give me any trouble."

"Did you hear this one?"

"That S * * * just slays me. My J* * * is coming down Saturday."

"V * * * have you got this order? I guess I'll just have to do the whole thing myself."

"It makes me so G * * D * * * mad."

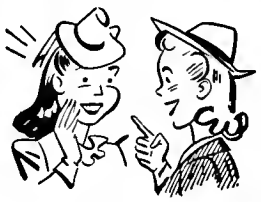
"Take three steps back and see how it looks from behind."

If you want to pitch any puns just engage a conversational cocktail with Hank - - legally speaking, Henry Piper. * * * For southern drawl there is a newcomer in steel buying, "Have you seen Mr. Wilkinsan this mawning?" * * * We have a bevy of bureaucracies which comprise the purchasing populace, but try to listen to the typewriters, files, telephones, office machines, and hikers as they attempt to give competition to the aerial take-offs. While the engines idle we keep production producing! * * * Have you ever tried to out-chew a certain "Corn-Husker" who might be challenged from the purchase-follow up branch? (Drew Sutton always has priority on chewing gum!)

Well There Are Walks

1. A spicy, shuffling step (Mr. Rigley)
2. A touring speed (Mildred)
3. A hurried rush (Mr. Williams)
4. A quiet, short step (Maxine)
5. A wedged sandal (Chris)
6. A spiked heel swing (Morie)
7. A steady saunter (Gladys)
8. A hesitant briskness (Vivian)
9. A calm clip (Edie)
10. An unrushed stroll (Lil)
11. A swinging sure-footness (Nancy)
12. A skating stroke (Mr. Cox)
13. A bouncing gallop (Ernie)
14. A tip-toe tread (Mr. Beck)
15. A dreamy drag (Mr. Wilkinson)
16. A staccato tap (Pauline)
17. A loping bounce (Betty)
18. A Texas trod (Rosie)
19. A rubber-heeled glide (Doris)
20. A lithsame lift (Jean)
21. A French-heel click (Ginger)

Fashions & Furbelows



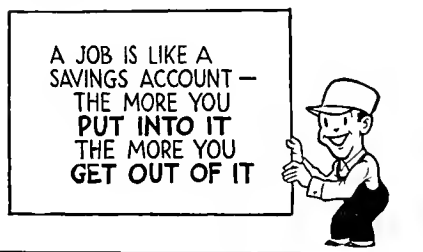
by Frances Statler

Hello! girls. Honest to "pete" do you have as much trouble resisting the urge to buy that new dress as I do? Of course, I always use the sour-grape psychology, I don't need a new dress anyway. After all, with gasoline being rationed, I won't be going any place to speak of and if I do, it will be on the bus. And, chickens (there is no innuendo meant by the term chickens; honest, I didn't mean hens) if you do have to ride the bus, you know as well as I, that all you need is your spurs and saddle.

Fashion Flash! . . . Just got out my old red flannel nightgown and you'd be surprised how easy it is to cover those moth-holes with multi-colored sequins. Or if you prefer, you can edge each hole with the bottom-hole stitch in a contrasting colored yarn. This is an ideal outfit for those quite chummy dinner parties at home after a hard day's work at ye olde plante. Wearing this ensemble, you can also reduce the necessary heating facilities by about ½. Another point in this ensemble's favor is that after tiring of it, hubby can use it as a Santa Claus costume in future years.

Have you noticed those innumerable hints published in the majority of our women's magazines? The hints and such they give for the conservation and brightening-up of ancient clothes are really snazzy. These directions are usually obtainable from the magazine company for a few cents. Then with a few minutes handiwork you'll have a new bit of fluff with which to change the countenance of your dress or what-have-you. Honest, if a new bit of wearing apparel picks up your morale as much as it does mine, well, girls what are we waiting for?

Good-bye for now, but I'll be seeing you next month.



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22. A languid clank (Joe)
23. A high-heeled stalker (Thelma)
24. The step of distinction (Sara)
25. A springing swing (Esther)
26. A steady stroll (Flora)
27. A slow clump (Bob G.)
28. A corn-husking hiker (Drew)
29. A California canter (Henry)
30. A sauntering glide (Bob S.)
31. A quick airishness (Hilda)
32. A poetic potter (Ruth)
33. A rhythmical manner (Eleanor)

Tappin's From Toolin'

by Jerry Tronsgard

Move over Slim—I'm pinch-hitting for Andy, who, by the way, speaks of cabbages and kings and every romance but his own. But then romance does funny things. It caused Andy to take a sneak to L. A. last Sunday and get the knot tied to one Lois Lightcap. So congratulations are in order. Perhaps it was romance that has caused Toolin' to be neglected the last three issues.

We all miss Margie, Field's gal Friday who was called home to Brooklyn because of illness, but she has a fair substitute, another Margie. And speaking of gals, Ruth Johnston is new on the Do-All. She is a bride. Welcome, both of you.

Shorty Watters says, "I'm dern glad to be back in Toolin.' It's too dern cold in Washington, D. C. for me, even to be a soldier." Well, Shorty, we're dern glad to have you back.

Bill Danyluk passed out cigars, too. This time it was a boy. Congratulations, Bill.

What's the matter, Lonnie? You seem to be on the spot. I could tell you how to get even with Carl, but it will cost you.

Thanks, Slim . . .

Jerry Tronsgard.

PLANT ENGINEERING

by Robert E. Christy

As old as Father Time is he still moves terribly fast. It seems only yesterday I was racking my brain for news for the last issue and now another deadline has arrived.

Fred "Flash" Bartzmeyer moved his desk out of the doorway clear back into the corner of the room before he found out that 1-A in the Draft had nothing to do with the way the wind blows through a drafting room. It does, however, depend on which way the wind blows at your local board, Fred. You might try rearranging desks there.

Gene Marsh says he will never again mention turkey dinner in the presence of a Texan. He claims that this is the first Thanksgiving he hasn't been able to have turkey sandwiches in his lunch the following day. Well, you asked for it, Gene.

Webb Treahy took the lid off his bowling last Monday. His 116 average was hard to believe after that 478 series, as a matter of fact. The Lob still doesn't believe it.

McClendon is starting a school on poker playing with his wife as teacher and take it from either Mr. or Mrs. Palmer, my wife, or me, or Mac, she is the little girl who can do it. We learned the hard way. Our only consolation was the grand dinner Mrs. Palmer served before the class took up.

Miss Hood has been spending all her spare time recently trying to figure out what became of the half dollar Mrs. Watson had changed for her. Mrs. Watson claims she gave her the full and correct change, but try as she may, Miss Hood couldn't make it add up to fifty cents. Moral: Don't let Alex Watson make change for you in amounts over one penny.

MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

The armed farces of our magnificent country continue to deplete the ranks of this deportment. The following named lasses and lads have entered the portals through which all heraes must pass.

Mrs. Alice Colby, wha met us most graciously at the stock room counter, will soon be a member of the W. A. A. C. We believe she is the first Ryanite to achieve this distinctian. She has left for Des Moines, Iawa, where she will take up the study of communications. She has been succeeded in the stock room by the bewitching Mrs. Eleanor Hilsinger.

J. A. "Kid" Reece, stalwart bull-ganger, boxer, bowler and splendid sport, should be in the Navy ere this is published. The "Kid" expected to spend a few days with his parents in Galt, California, before entering the service.

E. M. Monk's name also will be added to the honor rall. We understand he is now at the local Naval Training Station. Monk is a lad who knows many of the answers. He was responsible for much of the Manifold Department machinery.

That dashing young fellaw who looks after the stock room during the secand shift, Bell by name, gallantly strade to the altar in cadence with Mendelssohn's wedding march recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Cande wish to take this opportunity to thonk all concerned far the exquisite bassinette in which "Junior" now kicks up his heels.

J. O. "Kid" Reece has left to spend a few days at hame in Sacramento before entering the Navy. The Kid was a star member af the Bull Gang. The best of luck, Buddy.

A brace af electricians has been passing out the cigars and boasting of the new arrivals in their respective families. T. P. Lyle will be called "Daddy" by a lovely eight-pound girl. Carl Slatter will be hailed "Hi, Butch," by a husky boy. Congrats!

And so we send our heartiest wishes for the best af luck to all these pals who have gone ta the wars.

Oscar Kutsche is on old war horse who is champing at the bit for mare action. Oscar went aver with the famaus 42nd Rainbaw Divisian in '17, serving with the Engineers, traditionally the toughest of the tough. Went over a buck privote ond returned with gold bars on his shoulders. Stopped o bit of lead, too. Now he's doing his best to don the uniform ogoin.

"Roin-in-the-Face" Roper is an exceedingly proud grandfother now, and passed out the cigars to prove it. Even had his finger nails repolished, an' that's somethin'.

Bock to duty ogoin from sick report ore "Long Tam" Ford, "Hoot" Knight, Roy Edwards, Austin Northcutt, and "Hank" Homner. Cangrats.

"Speedy" Aller, sweet vaiced stock clerk, arrived a few mornings ago with a rather demolished look on his countenance. Obviously, there was a dandy "story" connected with his appearance, but "Speedy" would admit nothing.

It turns out that "Sugarfoat" Cande, scion of Old Arizony, has diversified interests, and stands to make "his" if the meat situation foils to improve. "Yep," soys Conde, "I gotta fine herd of young burros on pasture over yonder. An' they ain't bad eatin' either."

Seguro, Amigos.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

We promised you the true and authentic history of the McReynalds-Engineering picnic. Here it is: Garbed in galashes and ponchos, some forty members of the department gathered in El Mante Park for antkilling, beer drinking and other bucolic sports. Threatening weather (as a newspoper might start this story) kept down to small numbers what otherwise might have attained the proportions of a state fair. Before the day was over the heavens opened and sent down the benediction of rain, which was doubtless welcomed by the grass and trees and Water Supply Bureau.

People still talk in awed tones of the skill with which Mrs. Oates, keeper of the vault, threw footballs and smacked baseballs around the ploce. It is told that in a moment of absent-mindedness she picked up Ralph Haver and flipped him thirty yards into the arms of Eddie Oberbauer for a perfect lateral pass.

High spot af the day was contributed by Leonard Gore. He ond Fred Rosacker, after cleverly disguising themselves as centours by placing horses between their legs, essayed the climbing af the steepest mountain in the neighborhood. All went well until they reached the summit. At this point, Gore's mount (described by malicious tongues as being half mule, a fact of great biologic interest) decided that he would stay where he was. Obviously, he wos either spellbound by the splendid view, ar amazed at his own temerity, or else merely overcome by altophobia. With great firmness and great compassion, Leonard Gore slung the cayuse around his shoulders and carried him back to sea-level.

So much for that. Now we say goadbye to Dick Hayward, whose clever attempt at whalesale sabotoge by oassing out cigors upon the recent birth af a daughter was failed only by the wisdom of the recipients in not smoking them completely. He leaves Ryan for fresh fields and pastures new, ond we shall miss his radiant personolity, his quick and firm decisians, his trenchant art criticisms.

It occurs to us thot this issue comes out shortly before Christmos. Not thot we are hinting—but we should very much like to find one of those Automatic Column Writing Machines in our sock on Christmos morning. Which is to soy that this is oll there is to this column. Now we go back to our job af demonstrating that a 4 Deer-power sleigh is aerodynamically unsound.

DEAD-LINE NEWS

by Bob Harris

Well, Gentlemen, O yes, we cannat farget the Ladies, I am taking this method of wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a winning New Year.

My! how this Manifold department has grown and how things have changed. It laoks like the women hove things well in hand, but we will throw in the tawel, girls, as you are doing a swell job.

I want to thank the fellows who helped me write a seven page Air Mail letter to my brother-in-law, H. W. Pidcock, one af our old bumpers. For those of you who are interested, Westie has made First Class and was doing swell the last time I heard from him. I hope all you fellows who have left the plant and gone to war for Uncle Sam get one of our magazines and know that all of us here at the plant are far and behind you to the limit. God bless you all.

Well gang, remember last Christmas when we gave aur very swell Foreman Ray "Butch" Ortiz, his bawling shaes? Wander if he has improved his game any since then. You remember haw our assistant foreman, C. "Frenchy" Fauchee, kinda gurgled when he saw that swell pipe and can of tabacco? How our Night Superintendent at that time, Dan "Champ" Burnett showed off his swell jacket? Well, Dan has really gone to town with his wooden ship. Gaod luck Dan, and happy landings.

I also want to thank our old friends and bumpers, Ken Wood, W. A. Nelson, C. E. Peffley, C. D. Thamason, K. H. Shehi, W. F. Glen and A. J. Bartholamew. Don't know how we would get along without yause guys and I wish to thank you for the swell cooperatian you have given in the past year. You have really been swell and we should not farget ta pay tribute to the Sizing and Beading department and R. C. Yeager who is a Beader Deluxe even if the C.47 and A.T.6 do look alike.

T. Hines and C. McMillian, althaugh new men, really make those Air Mandrels sing.

Tribute should be paid our Move department handled by the very capable Mr. 5 by 5 ar Austin Thampson and his lady assistant, Mrs. O. Harrington, and to Mrs. Blanchard who really handles a mean chisel an those weld splashes.

Yes, we have really had a wonderful year this 1942 and no one could have received finer cooperation than we have from everyone. I wish to thank each and everyane of you. Ryan's is a good place to work and it is youse guys who make it that way.

I would not be surprised if my friend Bill Wagner fargat to print this, as I have missed sa many editions. But I hope he has roam for this capy as I want you all to know how I feel.

Night Superintendent and man about the shop, J. "for John" von der Linde, will be showing up in that newly rebuilt Austin soon. If any of you fellows heor a funny noise go by, look twice before you squirt the flit at it as it moy be John and I.

SPORTS

Russ Nordlund and Bernard Bills discuss the fine art of socking a ball into a hole.

Idle Thoughts Of A Sports Scribe

"To err is human," insist the members of the Ryan Scouts baseball team. As a means of proving that they are human beyond doubt, the Scouts have come through with some good solid errors at psychological moments during their recent games. These boys commit their errors just when they'll count most—and as a result have blown their last two games.

Going into the 8th against Fort Rosecrans, the Ryan team had a 1-1 tie; then proceeded to play soccer with a couple of infield grounders on which Rosecrans scored three runs to win.

Last Sunday the boys were tied 3 all with Solar at the end of nine innings; but in the tenth a Ryan player whose name is Mud let a ball elude him and Solar scored the winning run.

However, instead of giving up baseball in despair, the Ryan Company is thinking of getting in deeper. The grapevine hath it that teams from second and third shift will soon be organized. See Red Ralph in Personnel if you're interested.

Basketball, too, will soon be in full blast. Red Ralph is looking for volunteers for a women's team, and already has a men's team practicing like crazy. However, there's plenty of room for more men players, especially from second and third shifts.

The Ryan bowlers' name is Legion. There are too many hundreds of them to keep track. About half a dozen Ryan leagues are in full blast. In the next issue or two we hope to render a full report on this situation, if our spies can gather all the necessary names, scores and other pertinent data.

Mystery Bowling Score Still Secret

Something ought to be done about Buck Kelley. We hear he is slowly going slug-nutty, as the boys would say.

Mr. Kelley is a man with a many-sided personality. Saturday nights he plays in the orchestra at one of San Diego's smoothest dance spots. He presides over the Ryan Bowling League. Day-times he devotes the full power of his brawn and intellect to the Ryan Aeronautical Company as foreman of the Sub-Assembly Department. And he hurls a mean bowling-ball, most evenings, as a member of one or another of Ryan's numerous bowling teams.

It is in this latter capacity—as the demon bowler—that Buck appears to be entering the slug-nutty stage.

He plays on two bowling teams which are leading their respective leagues. If the old saying about the uneasiness of a head that wears a crown still holds true, what are we to say of a head that wears two crowns?

The wear and tear on Buck wouldn't be so bad if his two teams were sailing along in unchallenged possession of the first-place spot. But each team has been tied with another during several weeks past, and the worry is said to be reducing poor Kelley to a pale, trembling wreck.

In the 28-team Ryan League Buck is president of the league and a stalwart of a team known as the Hot Shots. For weeks and weeks this team has shared the lead with Jack Westler's Thunderbolts. No man can live under that kind of strain without his faculties beginning to weaken.

In the Industrial League, Ryan's Team No. 2—on which Buck plays with Captain Jimmy Key, George Christian, Joe Gehringer, and Jose Barrios—was tied for the lead with Consolidated's B-24 Bombers for awhile. During the week before the crucial Ryan-Consolidated match on November 18, Kelley is rumored to have awakened screaming for several nights in succession.

When the match took place, Ryan swept three out of the four games, and the roses came back to Kelley's cheeks. But when that night's late returns trickled in, he began to moan and gibber once more. Concrete Shipbuilders had taken four straight games from some stooge, and was tied with Ryan for first!

The next week Key and Kelley led their men to a four-game shut-out victory over the Solar Tigers. Buck was cackling with glee until a courier brought the tidings that Concrete Shipbuilders had also won another four games, and was still co-occupant of the ladder's top rung.

Last Wednesday evening the Shipbuilders and the Ryanites collided in a titanic battle for league supremacy. During the week before the match, Kelly remained in seclusion. Scandal-mongers say that the reason he thus sequestered himself is that his hair has turned snow-white from worry; however, his friends staunchly deny this, asserting that he remained cloistered only because nervous strain had temporarily paralyzed his legs.

The big match finally took place, and we presume that Buck's nerves have now quieted somewhat, whether Ryan No. 2 won or lost. As to the actual outcome of the match, our lips are sealed. The Flying Reporter printers obstinately insisted that this issue go to press before the battle was joined.

(Did Ryan's boys win the big match with the nasty old Concrete Shipbuilders? Will Buck Kelley escape going completely slug-nutty? For the next installment of this thrilling serial, don't miss the next issue of the Ryan Flying Reporter!)

Bernard Bills Is Tourney Winner

Bernard Bills, Ryan's foremost collector of brand-new golf balls and other rare curia given out as golf-tournament prizes, added three more balls to his collection after the November 15 tourney for Ryan workers. As usual, he took the first-place prize for Low Gross.

The Low-Gross also-rans were Larry Gibson and George Leeper. Low Net men were Eddie Oberbauer, Ralph Haver and Joe Rust. Winners of other miscellaneous prizes were Messrs. Baumgarten, Cameron, Dean, Dew, Ford, Levin, McWilliams, Nadeau, Peterson, Riesz, Sarich, Schaffer, Schneider, Scraggs and Woodard.

Since he is the perennial first-place winner in Ryan tournaments, Bernard Bills was finally persuaded to break down and give the inside story of his success. Here it is:

"I started playing golf, or playing at it, about ten years ago. At that time my score looked more like a bowling score than a golf tally. On the green I was like a motor-boat, put-put-putting along.

"I started as a caddy, packing clubs for a few pros. I picked up all the tips I could and put them to practice. After about five years I began to play a fair game: somewhere in the 80's.

"When you can relax and concentrate on the game without being nervous, stiff or strained, you'll be able to play around par. Don't be discouraged, as it took me about six years to shoot a 72, and I was on the course every day during those years.

"Get a firm, comfortable stance. Take the club in a firm but not rigor-mortis grip. Draw it back slowly, keep your head down and your eyes on the ball, and follow through with the club head going in the same direction the ball is supposed to. That's about all there is to it—now come on out, folks, and take the honors at our next tournament, January third."

MACHINE SHOP
SECOND SHIFT
by A. G. "Pap" Harris

Hello, Slim. Didn't know we were such close neighbors before. What say that we suggest that all writers for the Flying Reporter put their address after their name so that maybe we will be able to guard our toothpaste and shaving cream tubes a mite closer?

I might never have known that you live only two blocks from me if you hadn't been playing in the street, and almost got run over. Well, I'm glad to find out where you live anyway.

Say, Slim, what think you of our new set-up in the machine shop now? Some class, eh! Just you lay your big ears back, and take this in.

Talk about taking trips. Ask Jim Humphry about trips. His string of turret lathes is about a block long. Jim is wondering if the company would furnish him with a bike, scooter, or maybe a pair of roller skates to travel on. I was telling him about a speaking tube. No, no; not cream tubes, speaking tubes—so he could tell his boys and girls what to do and save shoe leather.

Eggy said he would like roller skates only he didn't like sitting on the floor so much.

Don Pollock has had to raise that gentle mild voice of his to a coorse, harsh, rasping tone, so he can be heard above the noise of the drop hammers. I hope his throat holds out.

Well, anyway, we have more room to work and some new machines. Believe me, Slim, we are putting out production, and cutting down the axis meat house.

White collars, and ties, did you say, Slim? Well, it came about like this. One of our gang let it out that there was a white collar job on deck. He starts wearing ties and white shirts. You see the rest of us in the shop got curious and thought this job might be for the best dressed. So we all tried it, for one night **only.** Nah! no white collar job in the machine shop. Why, even the foreman wears a colored shirt. And did he (the foreman, Mr. Hunt) laugh when he heard about it!

Oh! The guy that started it? He has gone to the tooling department.

Clorence Hunt has been working some long hours lately. I suggested to him that he bring his bed to the plant, and save gas and tires. But I tell you, Slim, I admire a man like that for he is the kind whose leadership will beat the axis.

Wally Hinam is practising dodging bullets. If he goes to war he wants to be in shape. So he has George Bonzel shoot at him with hot shavings from the turret lathe. Both men are getting good at it. Eh! Wally. You see, Slim, since the machine shop has been expanded, and new machines put in, it seems that everybody wants to work there. We have had so many new ones lately I can't keep track of them—only the ones who work on the drill presses.

We have had four new girls join us lately. Irmalee, Peggy, Jessie, and Cherry (Blossom) have received a hearty welcome. At our end of the shop, and I still say, to the new and old alike, Ryan's is a good place to work.

We lost our blonde dispatch girl, but we now have a pretty little redhead. Well, nearly redhead, anyway. Eh! Helen.

Soy, Slim, you spoke about the loud shirts being worn in the shop, but did you notice the one that Al. Grauberger is wearing? I heard someone say that it is the loudest shirt that ever came into the plant, and that Al. must have lost an election bet.

Well so long, Slim, be seeing you at the plant. I'm going home now and lock up my toothpaste and shaving cream. And you stop playing in the street.

MACHINE SHOP

by Bette Landon

Having returned from a month's trip to Okie land I'm really glad to be back on the job again. There is a nice variety in weather there—rain and sleet. Sunny California is all right after that mixture. A change in climate almost always gives you a good cold. Try it sometime, but not for the duration.

Vince Kullberg is doing very well after his operation. We hope he is back on the job soon, cause we could surely use his help in booth five.

Sure enough the cold Colorado weather drove Jess McCray right back out to Ryan's. Glad to have you among us again Jess, and nix on any more of those thirty day leaves.

We have a new inspector in our department who hails from Missouri. We all think Ed is a bit of all right.

The Machine Shop is quite a place now since moving. If anyone has any trouble finding his way around, come up to the desk. We have a few maps left. There are so many guys from Time Study in the shop, you can hardly tell which is which.

The country in Oklahoma is looking slightly roughed up at this time of the year. It reminded me of some of the Project Men's heads — it will soon be bare. As Mills, Walker, and Burbach say, that is the last straw, I will sign off. And if anyone should find a voice loying around anywhere, please return it. It might be mine as mine was lost this week and I don't think I left it at the Stage Door Canteen; I guess I just opened a window and influenza.

TABULATING
by Billy Haward

If, three years ago, you or I had gone to a fortune teller and been told that in December, 1942, any of us would be working at the Ryan Aeronautical Company in San Diego, we would have shouted and after having stopped laughing, demanded our money back.

This plant is a cross-section of American life. Everywhere you look you find interesting personalities. There are characters from the Panhandle to Tidewater County, Nashville to New York and even foreign countries. After working here a month one girl said she could distinguish between the Arkansas and Missouri accent and was making progress on the differences of Alabama and Mississippi talk; no mean feat, and hard to find a place to study in.

The people you meet in the factory and in the office have all given up a great deal to come help push Uncle Sam's war through. If what they have given up involves only freedom, they have done that with good grace.

Look at the characters around you. Remember Mr. Goff, our mailman and supply room favorite, who has now been transferred to manifold? He is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma and was for a time an Army pilot. The assistant foreman of maintenance, V. DuShaune fought in the last war as a Captain in the British Army, but happily for us is now an American citizen and doing all he can for the American armed forces.

Over in tabulating there is a fragile, dark little girl, Mary Thompson, who has spent most of her life in the Hawaiian Islands. Her father, who was a Navy Chaplain, is now working with Intelligence as a Japanese interpreter.

Our Ted Fellowes, the wit and savant of engineering, is an ex-Marine officer and a very talented artist to boot. Also representing the Marine Corps is Mrs. J. R. Viall, working in manifold small parts, while her husband, a Major, is taking his daily dozen in Guadalcanal. She is one of the almost unknown and forgotten characters, a native of San Diego. After going to college at State she worked on the now non-existent Independent, which was once a rival of the San Diego Union, and was later the Associate Editor of the Sentry, the only Marine Corps newspaper, which used to carry the gossip from every station where the Marines were. Now she is working with hand instead of head and loves it.

In outside production we have Mr. Umsted, a concert pianist, who taught and studied in the Chicago University of Music for three years and was guest conductor twice for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He has not only written symphonies but a great many popular pieces, such as "I'll Be There" and "Swing Song." He broadcasts once or twice a month still, but prefers to play only when he is in the pink of condition. Look around and see what you can find in your department . . . an actor maybe or a novelist . . . let us in on your discoveries.

SECOND THOUGHTS

by Jo Viall

That heading should be all right for news about the second shift but it covers something else, too. Many, many years ago I was named Josephine and now everybody greets me with "Whaddaya know Joe." There never seems to be any snappier answer to that one than "Well, it's a nice day," which is pretty weak. This gives me a second chance to tell what Jo knows.

Manifold Small Parts' foreman Frank Walsh really enjoyed his two weeks of vacation. Anybody could see how much good it did him as soon as he heard he was going to get the holiday. Long before November 15 when the 12:30 whistle set him off on a dash for the open country he was already looking better and healthier.

November 23 was a big day for Andy Anderson of G-3 dispatch booth. He came to work with a dazzled expression and a box of cigars brought on by the arrival of his twin sons that morning. Andy intends to give each of them a set of small wrenches for Christmas. "They have to teethe on something," he says. "May as well start them right."

If you need an uplift of the spirits, visit Rose Prost now in room 412 at Mercy Hospital with a serious back injury. A Sunday afternoon drop-in found her with several callers from the second shift. The cheeriest person there was Rose herself in spite of the fact that she will have to lay up for many weeks as a result of a fall she had. Rose, whose former home was Kansas City, Missouri, recently had been moved up from beginner to machine operator in G-3 and was doing fine when hard luck hit her. She smokes Camels, likes all fiction, but isn't too crazy about mysteries or westerns, and loves flowers of all kinds and colors.

Scotty Deer, with Mrs. D., carried a gift and the good wishes of the gang to Rose. Scotty had just come back to work after a week's layoff with a bum back. Everybody in Small Parts was very glad to have him back at the spot-welding machine. The warm welcome lasted until Scotty began to give out with all the little stories he had time to think up while on the sick list. In one, he goes TOO FAR: He says, "I'd feel better if I could get a twip." When the stooge asks what is a "twip" Scotty says "A wide in a twain." GOSH!

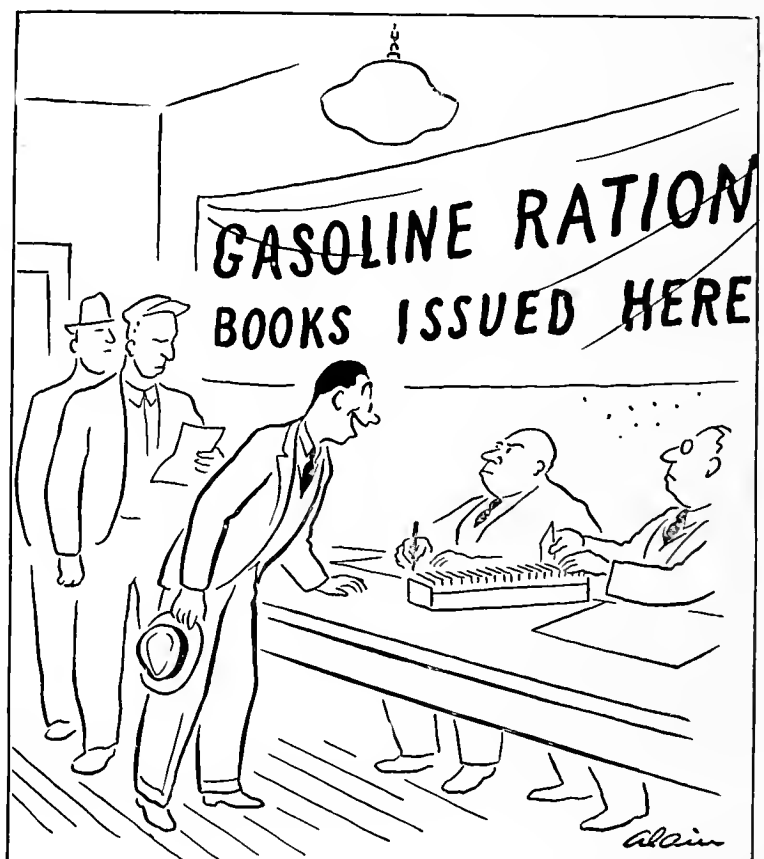
Irene Loutherback, who has positively the best smile of the shift has brought her sister, Gertie Chase, to Ryan's. We could use more of that family. Our newcomer, Pearl Brown, of the pleasant puss, is a fine unbottlenecker and her red slack suit makes an agreeable noise around the place, too. It's a big relief since Carl Abernathy took off that awful face he wore while his wife and three-months-old daughter Carolyn Sue were back home on a ten-day visit. Carl claims the baby aged a lot while she was away. All we say is "So did her old man!"

Coppock's circus of fire-eaters is now bigger than ever, but not funnier. So many of the welders are women that the group no longer raises the wolf cry over each new gal in the neighborhood.

People carrying papers have to be careful how they approach us nowadays because we have become very nervous about everything except the U. S. mail. The papers panic is much like the gimme jitters, which are brought on by the sight of somebody with a list and a contribution look. Forms, questionnaires, Victory tax cards, gasoline applications and papers of all kinds have been coming at us thick and fast lately.

Maybe we have some local type of gremlins, the elf-creatures that plague the R.A.F. and American Air Forces in England. How else could a locked car be moved half a mile farther from the gate than it was when parked in the afternoon, and who else could put a lake on each side of it? There has been some funny business with the clock, too. Probably the little creatures have been responsible for moving the hands ahead from fifteen to twenty-five minutes every lunch hour. They may be the answer to the mystery of tools and parts finally showing up in some odd place where nobody put them. We have all kinds of other inspectors, so why don't we get a gremlin-investigator on the job?

— *Buy More Bonds* —



"You mean I can't have some extra gas to go visit my mother-in-law?"

AN OPEN LETTER TO SLIM COATS

Mr. Slim Coats:
Flying Reporter.

After reading your weepy orticle in the November Flying Reporter, I, too, brake dawn and shed crocadile tears. I am by nature kind-hearted ond I begon wondering if samething could be done about replacing the lost shaving cream and dentol tubes.

When I read that in the future you will have to take the whole family with you on trips, I realized how incanvenient that would be, because when my good husband goes off an week-end trips, he tells me he is too busy to take the family with him. He says he serves on the board to investigate why o toad does not croak and a frog does.

Do not break the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," because you are worth more to Uncle Sam as o chuckle-producing scribe than in jail.

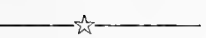
I decided to go through my husband's make-up kit, and let me tell you that a woman's packetbook with all its contents is nothing compared with the mess I found in my husband's kit. But I found some empty tubes that look as though they dated back to the year 1.

Am sending under seporate cover two empty tubes, and I certainly feel relieved when I think what trauble they can prevent.

Sympathetically,

A Meek Wife.

P.S. Mum's the word. Do not let my husband know I sent you these empty tubes. He caught me going through his pants packets once. 'Nuf sed.!



MORE ABOUT

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

(Continued from page 3)

And speaking of Christmas, how do you like this or not?

"Though the Yuletide reds and greens are here,
They're not so prominent this year,
For Christmas, 1942
Is olive drab and navy blue."

I've noticed a lot of you boys caddying for your wives during the past couple of weeks of Christmas shopping. The only difference between a husband and a pack mule is you can bring the husband into the store with you.

Well, as Nero said, when he fiddled Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, "What's Cookin'?"

Have you seen JESS MARTIN'S new family car? It has a hood for Grandma, a muffler for Grandpa, and rattles for the kids. It has a full view windshield, and Jess says on a clear day he can see two years' payments ahead. It does have a brand new jack. MIKE MOYER claims it's to jack the riders out of the seats. HERMAN SIMMONS says it's like sitting in a bucket. JOHNNY van der LINDE, overhauling his Austin, lifted the engine block out with a pair of ice tongs.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. "Andy" Anderson of the Small Parts Crib. They are the proud parents of twin boys. Let's see some of the rest of you proud fathers tap that. Also, congratulations to NIKKI GOLDEN, our ex-clerk who has turned out to be a first class inspector. We should like to welcome ALTA ALLEN, former beauty operator of Hammon, Oklahoma, who is also a topnotch inspector.

What do you make of this fellas? GORDON LANDRY'S identification card reads: "Sex: Female" Whoops. Our neighbor A. G. "POP" HARRIS recently complained to a grocer, "Fifty cents for o little fish like that. It's ridiculous." The grocer replied, "You can't expect a large fish now, the submarines have scared them out of their growth."

We should like to thank the many readers who expressed condolences on our toothpaste tube mishap. To date we have received ten empty toothpaste tubes. Sorry now I didn't mention tires, or quarts of whiskey. And we wish to thank each and every one of you. It's come to the point where I can invite the girls up to see my toothpaste tubes instead of etchings.

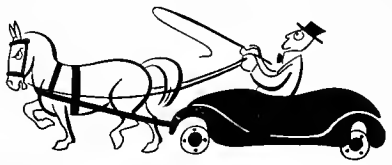
You can fool some of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you can't fool Mrs. C. any of the time. After telling you the other day what a procrastinator I was (I started this column a week ago) . . . never putting off 'till tomorrow what I could put off until day after tomorrow, I decided I had better mend my ways.

I decided to get my Christmas shopping done early this year. As a matter of fact, I'll do it now. So I made some inquiries about a certain dress that Mrs. C. liked, to see if it was available in her size.

At the store they said they'd call me — which they did when I wasn't home. Mrs. C. received the call and the clerk in the store gave her the information I had asked for. Mrs. C. told me about this and coyly made some remarks about a dress for Christmas.

Now . . . I think I'll fool her and not get it. It would be a nice surprise for her if I got her a new ironing board instead. On second thought . . . I'd better not, because she might work out some dastardly little surprise for me.

However, there is one thing that I don't want to put off any longer. I want to thank you all for the kind words, and also for the knocks, (just be sure to spell the name right). You've all been a grand bunch to work with, and I want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



WILL AN "A" BOOK BE ENOUGH FOR YOUR GAS REQUIREMENTS?

This is a convenient method of determining whether you are eligible for mileage rations in addition to the amount of driving provided under your "A" ration card.

Remember that your "A" card provides you with 16 gallons per month, which will carry you 240 miles per month if your car gives you 15 miles to the gallon. This basic monthly mileage ration of 240 miles is designed to include 90 miles of personal driving and 150 miles of occupational driving.

Most Ryan employees usually work an average of 26 days per month. Thus your "A" card permits you to drive 5.77 occupational miles per day, so that you can live 2.88 miles away from the plant and still drive to work alone without requiring additional gasoline rations. (150 miles divided by 26 days equals 5.77 miles per day.)

Under group riding arrangements whereby you alternate driving with one or more persons in your group, the driving possible under the "A" ration increases according to the number of cars in the pool, as follows:

	Miles per month	Miles per day	Miles from plant
1 car	150	5.77	2.88
2 cars	300	11.53	5.76
3 cars	450	17.30	8.65
4 cars	600	23.07	11.53
5 cars	750	28.84	14.42

Thus, if you live 10 miles from the plant, and it is possible for you to form a group riding and car pooling arrangement with three other automobile owners in the same neighborhood, you will not be granted additional fuel rations beyond the amount provided under your basic "A" book.

Or, if you live eight miles away and you can form a car pooling arrangement with two other automobile owners in the neighborhood, you will not be eligible for more than the "A" ration.

In order to obtain a "B" or "C" ration book, you must meet two basic conditions.

First, you must carry at least 2 passengers if your car is a coupe, or 3 passengers if it is a sedan, coach, or club coupe.

Second, the total mileage necessary to and from work for your three-person or four-person pool each month must exceed the combined occupational mileage available to all the cars in your pool under the "A" card.

In other words, if there are 5 persons in your group riding arrangement, 3 of whom own autos, and the total mileage necessary to transport the group to and from work for one month exceeds 450 miles (the 150 miles "A" ration multiplied by the number of cars), each car in your group is then eligible for a "B" ration book providing for one-third of the additional mileage.

As an example, if the total mileage necessary is 600 miles per month, each of the three "B" ration books will provide for 50 miles, or a total of 150 miles, the difference between the total mileage necessary and the total occupational mileage possible under the three "A" ration books.

MODELING THE NEWS

by Mel Minor

Greetings from the Madeling Department. Several issues of Flying Reporter have skipped an by without a ward concerning this department.

More than likely, many af yau new employees have never heard af said department. That is understaad when we have older anes who never remember us. Especially when composing the War Band Scorebaard. Far thase older men and thase af yau wha are new, we wish ta state that we are 100% all out far War Bonds. Dan't yau think we should be at the very tap of the list? We do.

Have any af yau naticed my by-line being transferred from the Wing Tips column to Modeling? Yes, I've been in Modeling two weeks naw and like it fine. Nat sa many gals around but the few we da have are mighty, mighty nice. The fellaws are alsa a grand bunch ta wark with. Now far a little gossip concerning thase nice gals and fine fellows.

Gerry Hansaker, first girl madeler at Ryan's leaves us ta jain her hubby in Alabama, wha is with the U. S. Air Carps. We wish yau luck, Gerry, and you will be missed.

I wonder why a certain leadman and one af aur fair gals aren't sharing their lunch any langer? (Mema to Jahn Castien) The boys are wondering if the razar shortage has affected yau. Certain marks an said face could be caused by a very dull razar. Of caurse we dan't daubt yaur word about stepping in a gopher hale and falling into a rose bush.

Here is a very sad stary. Dave Lassetter lost his billfald cantaining $33.00 somewhere in the plant last week. It sure would be a nice Christmas present if the finder returned same.

Say! I certainly envy being a Foreman at times, especially when they have very charming and gaad laaking secretaries such as Jane Wylie. Jane, by the way, is in aur department. Thanks are in arder to George Stylianas and his very thaughtful wife. Golly, I sure enjayed that turkey drumstick and did I ever make a few mauths water during lunch time when I sat amangst yau guys and gals devauring same.

Quite a few new members have joined the Modeling Department in the last few weeks, being transferred fram different departments throughaut the plant ta help in the Praduction schedule we have before us.

I might add that Hitler and a few af his staages waald turn green if they knew haw we were maintaining said schedule.

The fallowing new men are doing fine alang that line—W. Castellaw, L. Olsan, E. Badavinitz, O. Dixan, W. Flahr, C. George, D. Jervey, T. Kerr, R. Nava, P. Paund, H. Rice, G. Heitgman, and B. Heitzman. Madeling is glad ta have yau fellaws. Keep up the gaad wark. And naw from aur fareman John Castien and all af us ta all af yau a very Merry Christmas and with all aur wark and Gad's help a Victarias, Happy New Year.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac

"I've gat my heart set an a new automobile and I think you can get ane from the rationing board." Before answering, he thought a moment, "I'm sarry my dear," he said, "but I'm afraid your heart is the only part of you that's going ta set on one."

"I want ta be vaccinated where it won't shaw," said the fan dancer. The medico thaught a mament and finally ordered, "Stick out your tangue, please."

One time the gate between heaven and hell became broken. St. Peter called Satan, "It's your time ta fix the gate." "I'm sorry," said his Satanic majesty, "but my men are taa busy ta fix the gate." "Then I guess I'll have ta sue yau far vialating aur gate fixing agreement," muttered St. Peter. Satan laughed cheerily, "Where are yau going to get a lawyer?" he asked.

Papa's head was all awhirl when Dac. annaunced an 8-lb. girl. Pop swelled with pride when he beheld her and cried, "What luck! Anather welder."

"In England during a raid a limey was running around with a daar knab which he was shawing to everyone. Someane asked, "What happened?" He said, "I just had a narraw escape." "Whew," he explained, "the bloomin' jerries just blew the pub right aut af my hand."

I drave by Kay Burt's house the other day and recalled that he had said his wife was suffering fram a sore neck. We saw her out on the lawn as we drave by and asked, "Haw's the pain in the neck?" "Oh, he's dawn at the filling station," she answered.

Emperar af Japan: "When we win this war, I'm going ta rule the world."

Mussalini: "No yau're nat—I am, because the Lord said, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Hitler: "That's a lie—I never said any such thing."

"You are forbidden fram driving yaur car for a year," said the judge. "But, yaur Hanar," said the driver, "my living depends upan my auta driving." "So daes the living af others," said the judge.

Production Planning

by Maynard Lovell

Gee whiz—I missed the last issue completely. I guess it wos just because I was taa late, but what with twins to annaunce, I hove ta make this issue.

On answering the phone Manday marning (abaut naan) I discavered it was R. W. (Andy) Anderson—Projectman, Manifald-Second Shift. After passing the time of day he said, "Yau dan't knaw who you are talking ta." My prompt reply that I was sure I did, braught this answer, "No yau dan't, because I'm the anly one in Son Diego who became the father of identical twin boys at 10:30 this marning."

After getting a chair so I could recaver my breath, I gave him my congratulations, and gat the infarmation that Mrs. Anderson was getting alang fine as were "Mike and Ike" ('cause they laoked alike). The cigar was fine, Andy—and mare congratulations. Every little thing helps—an income tax—but don't overdo it.

Alfred Figueroa taok the fatal (so called) leap into the sea af matrimony last week. Best af luck and congratulations.

Two new pramotians took place recently in the Dispatching Department. Byron Geer is naw Assistant Chief Dispatcher in charge af Airplane Parts an the Second Shift. C. H. Atherton is Assistant Chief Dispatcher in charge af Manifold Parts an the Secand Shift. Best of luck to both af you in yaur new jabs.

Our additions in new personnel during the past six weeks period are taa numeraus ta mentian, sa may I just say "Welcome" and let it go at that. That will have ta go also for Secand Shift Material Contral and Airplane Planning Control Departments which have grawn by leaps and bounds during the last manth.

A letter has been received fram Jack Hartley—ex dispatcher fram Cutting—and he is in the Navy. Jack C. Hartley, A-S Reg. 3, Ca. 97, Farragut, Idaho. Ralph Callaw and Howard Williams are missing from the day shift having decided ta do their bit far Uncle Sam in the Air Carps.

Think that is all far naw. In the bag is a stary for next issue—"When John played the Fiddle." Our nice quiet, friendly, peace-loving, kind and mild Night Superintendent threatened me if I shauld write the story in this issue, but never said anything abaut the next, and besides there are some lurid details I have yet to get.

—C. U. Later.

Claude Ryan addresses AWPC directors, who include (back row) "Dutch" Kindelberger of North American, Robert Gross of Lockheed, Harry Woodhead of Consolidated and Vultee, Donald Douglas, and La Motte Cohu of Northrop.

MORE ABOUT BREAKING

BOTTLENECKS

(Continued from page 1)

The Aircraft War Production Council is largely the brain-child of Donald Douglas, according to the other aircraft company presidents who sit around the board of directors' table. Last April he invited the other presidents to eat lunch together at the Douglas plant twice each week and discuss the common problems with which the war had confronted them.

Tires for workers, plant protection, materials and methods for building 185,000 planes in two years, black-outs and dim-outs, wage standardization, man-power and woman-power—the aircraft executives had plenty of mutual headaches to talk over.

They found themselves getting such good ideas from each other that they finally decided to put their cooperation on a formal basis.

They organized the AWPC and set up ten committees to tackle various phases of aircraft production problems. Each committee was made up of one or two representatives from each of the eight companies—the executive or department head most directly concerned with the type of problems the committee would be grappling with.

As soon as the Council was organized, Claude Ryan sent a memo to each of the Ryan men who was to serve on a committee. Explaining the pool's purpose, he said in effect:

"This isn't just an honorary committee you're on—it's going to be a working committee. Get in there and pitch. From now on, we're going to give our competitors anything we've got, with no stalling, hedging or holding out. They're going to do the same for us."

These committees have done the real work of keeping each company's assembly lines rolling at top speed. Their unique accomplishments in hastening production by interchanges of information and facilities are revolutionary—nothing like them has ever been seen before in American industry.

"If you can't find it at Consolidated, you can pick it up at Douglas or Ryan or Vega," Harry Christian, in charge of the P-38 line at Lockheed, declared enthusiastically. "But the best part of the deal is the know-how you pick up visiting other factories. I've worked on airplanes for thirteen years, but I'd never seen the inside of another factory until the sub-committee I'm on visited North American. Boy, the minute we got into the tubing department, Kelly, of Consolidated, and I began getting ideas. They were cutting tubing with a speed we couldn't touch. They had girls doing work that our gals never attempted. But the most important thing I got out of the trip is being able to call up Kelly, of Consolidated, Barton, of Ryan, or Cliff McAfee at North American and say, 'Can you help us out?' "

Ryan's enthusiastic participation in this pooling program extends even beyond the AWPC members. Non-member companies can call Ryan for help at any time. Rohr, Solar and other neighboring manufacturers frequently borrow materials or equipment from this company. So do smaller sub-contractors who are making only parts of airplanes.

When Rohr faced a work stoppage because of a delayed shipment of cadmium, Ryan dug into its own supply and sent over several hundred pounds, which were returned by Rohr ten days later when its own shipment finally arrived.

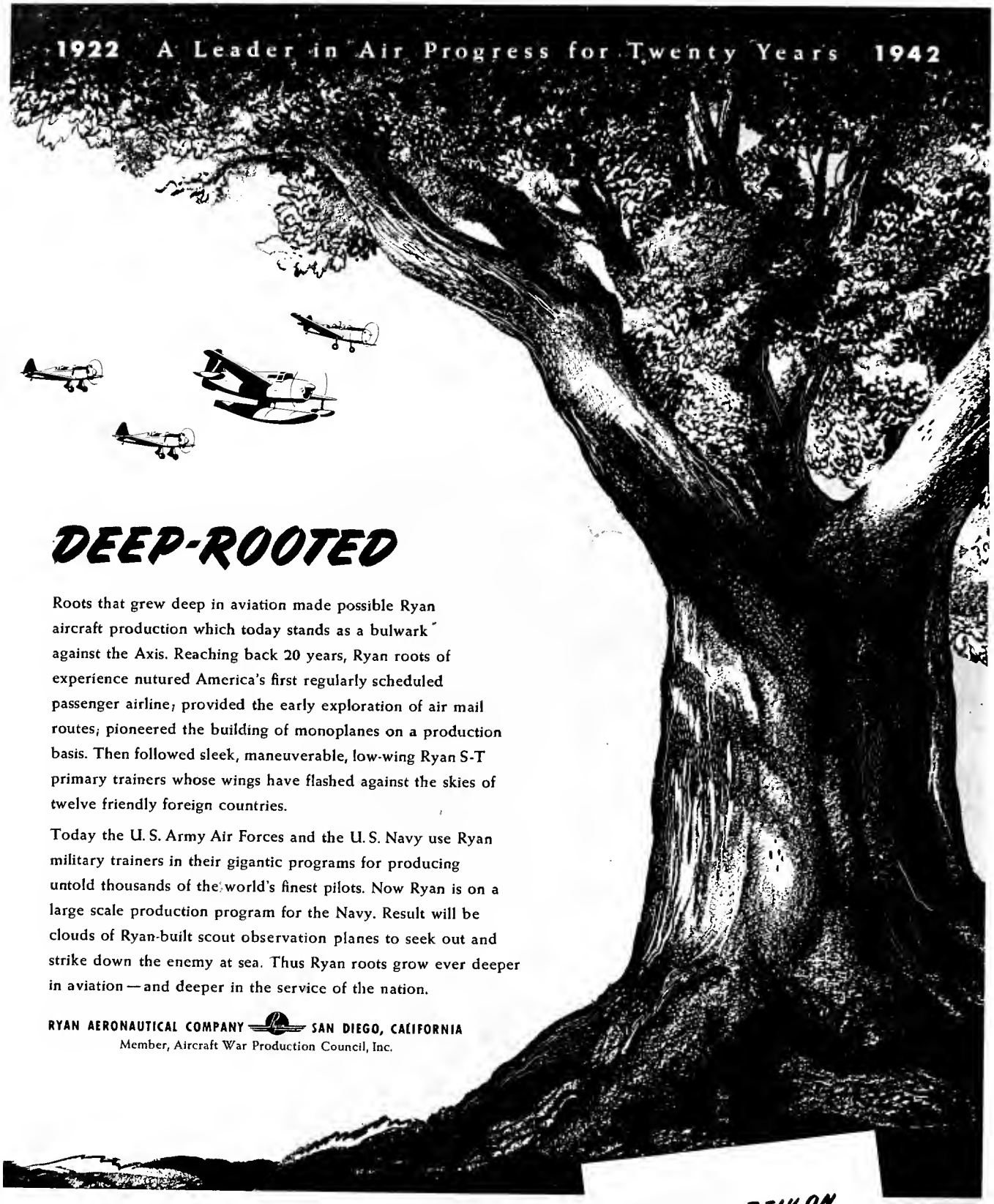
Rohr repaid the favor soon afterward, when Ryan needed a certain type of spot-weld tip material without a day's delay. The material couldn't be gotten from the slim stock of the Southern California supplier. But Rohr had some that Ryan could borrow; it was delivered that same afternoon. Cowlings for big bombers kept moving out of the Ryan factory on schedule, and are now somewhere in Africa.

Consolidated, Ryan's next-door neighbor, also lends and borrows "over the back fence" with us quite frequently. When Ryan needed some delicate strain gauges for static testing certain components of the YPT-25, Ken Jackman of Consair got them to us within the hour. When Consolidated was hamstrung for lack of a starter-generator unit, the Ryan laboratory gave up its unit for awhile so that the other company could meet its more urgent need.

All employees of AWPC member companies benefit directly from the Council's work in negotiating with government agencies. It got an added allocation of 30,000 tires for aircraft workers in this area, and additional allocations of bicycles. It worked out with OPA the "plant site" method of administering gasoline rationing, so that workers can get their gas ration books at their own plants instead of waiting in a long line at a neighborhood rationing board. The Council has surveyed housing needs, transportation needs, and plant safety programs; it has helped arrange for the setting up of nurseries to care for workers' children while the parents are at work; it has negotiated with the War Manpower Commission to obtain deferments of needed plant personnel.

A year or two ago, anyone suggesting such a big-scale, finely-meshed cooperative experiment as the AWPC might have been laughed at as a visionary socialist; today, the program is a solid reality. It's part of the new American spirit of "teamwork for victory."

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942



DEEP-ROOTED

Roots that grew deep in aviation made possible Ryan aircraft production which today stands as a bulwark against the Axis. Reaching back 20 years, Ryan roots of experience nutured America's first regularly scheduled passenger airline; provided the early exploration of air mail routes; pioneered the building of monoplanes on a production basis. Then followed sleek, maneuverable, low-wing Ryan S-T primary trainers whose wings have flashed against the skies of twelve friendly foreign countries.

Today the U. S. Army Air Forces and the U. S. Navy use Ryan military trainers in their gigantic programs for producing untold thousands of the world's finest pilots. Now Ryan is on a large scale production program for the Navy. Result will be clouds of Ryan-built scout observation planes to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea. Thus Ryan roots grow ever deeper in aviation — and deeper in the service of the nation.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY — SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

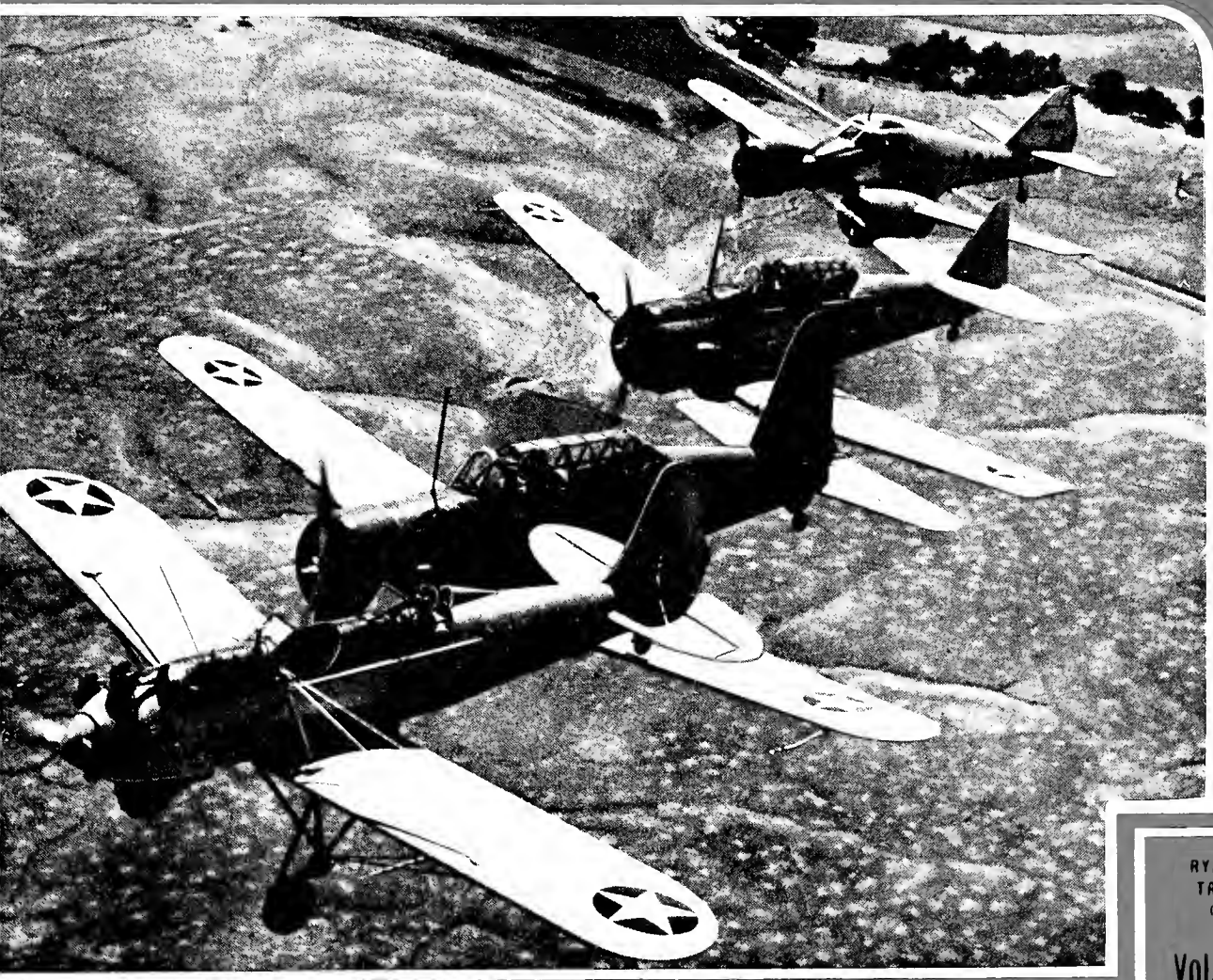
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

The modern Ryan factory provides every facility for producing all types of advanced military aircraft. Ryan engineering and development set highest standards. The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division has perfected flow production of manifolds.

RELY ON

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

Ryan Flying Reporter



RYAN PT-22 LEADS TRAINER PARADE
(WCAAFTC PHOTO)

Vol. 5 No. 1
JANUARY 1ST 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

This New Year's Day finds America's future depending on men and women who love liberty enough to work for it — and who have the determination to see any job through to successful completion whatever the odds.

Working, to many of us, may seem so much less important than fighting. Yet it is generally known that at least a dozen people must labor on the production line to keep one soldier on the fighting line.

Obviously, then, any tendency to put off making important decisions until tomorrow or to delay production through avoidable absence from work — is helping the Axis just as surely as the Quislings of conquered countries.

The same office or factory worker who would proudly lay down his life for his country in combat can easily convince himself that it makes no difference whether his job is done today or tomorrow. And all the while, other gallant Americans are dying because the equipment they need didn't arrive.

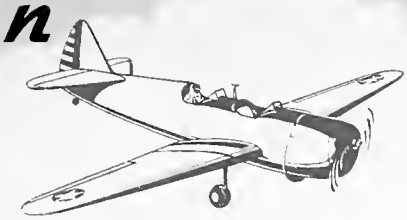
On this solemn New Year's Day, let's make a pledge. A pledge to the dead — to those we cannot see, but who are watching. To the spirits of all those killed at Pearl Harbor, at Bataan and Wake Island and all our other lost battlegrounds, let everyone of us apply, with utmost sincerity, the pledge: "They shall not have died in vain."

For their sake, and for the sake of the millions of brave American boys who are out there fighting for us, let's go all out . . . . all day . . . . every day . . . . whatever the obstacles . . . . throughout 1943, till Victory.

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER



Can Ryan Planes Take It?

Our training planes go through blazing heat and blinding sandstorms at Arizona desert flying school

Walter Balch looked at the Ryan PT-22 military trainers—and shook his head dubiously.

"They're mighty good planes," he told Bert Averett, "but I'm wondering if any planes can stand up under the conditions we'll be facing this summer."

Balch, technical chief, and Averett, ace maintenance supervisor transferred from San Diego to the new Arizona branch of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, were standing atop a pile of lumber in the middle of the Arizona desert.

Around them were the skeletons of several huge, half-completed buildings. In front of them was a fleet of Ryan training planes, standing on a field of dusty ground from which cactus and boulders had been cleared in six weeks of back-breaking labor. Later this area was to become a huge flying school with the most modern equipment; but at the moment it looked as harsh to Averett and Balch as any god-forsaken frontier base in the African waste-lands. . . . There were no hangars in which to work on the airplanes they must keep in repair. No electricity for delicate power-driven tools. No shelter from sun and dust-storms. No water, except a luke-warm pail of it standing in the sun.

And yet, in two days, this lonely clearing would be swarming with Army aviation cadets, ready to learn to fly. The Ryan planes would be landing and taking off on the still primitive desert runway from dawn till sunset. And it would be up to Balch, Averett and their crew of expert mechanics to keep 'em flying!

On that Saturday two days before the scheduled opening of the Ryan School's new training base for Army pilots, it seemed impossible that operations could begin on schedule. Materials had been weeks late in arriving, because of transportation tie-ups, material shortages, and priority difficulties. Nevertheless, to comply with the Army schedule for moving pilot training out of the coastal "combat zone," all cadets and instructors from the Ryan primary training school at San Diego were shifting to this new Arizona base on the following Monday . . . and somehow facilities had to be ready so operations could start.

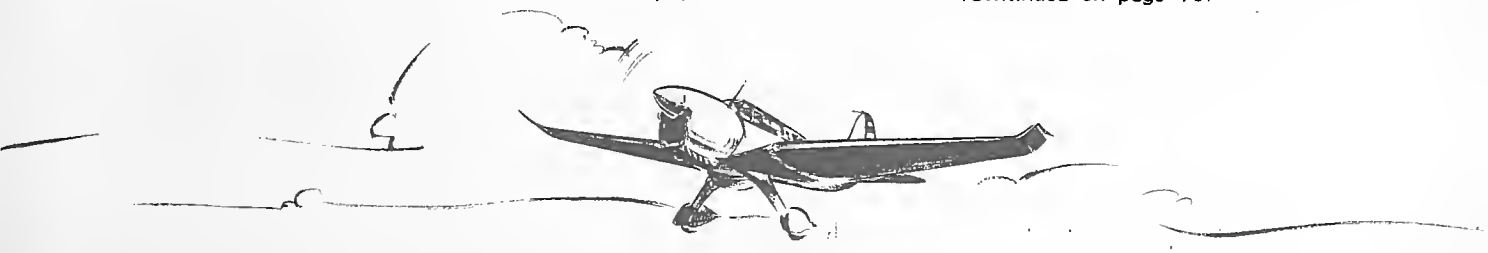
In lieu of hangars, Balch and Averett and their men rustled up some tarpaulins and two-by-fours to make rough lean-tos under which the planes could be serviced. They overcame a shortage of mechanics by arranging to have skilled men flown in from the Pacific Coast. When darkness fell and they had no electric lights, they continued their work by lantern and flashlight.

Similar resourcefulness was shown by Lester Olmstead, veteran contractor who built the Ryan schools at San Diego and Hemet. In order to provide electricity until lines could be strung sixteen miles from Tucson—the nearest town—Olmstead sent his men to comb Arizona for a movable power plant. Finally they found one in the tiny town of Gila Bend. It hadn't been used for two years, but Olmstead paid the double price the owner demanded, rushed the plant to the school, and got it working after 18 hours of continuous tinkering.

In the meantime, crews of carpenters were working with savage speed, and somehow got hangars, barracks and other school buildings as near to completion as possible with the materials on hand. And on Monday morning, July 26, the Army Air Force training program was under way at the new base.

The first few weeks of school operation will never be forgotten by the flight instructors and maintenance crews. The summer broke all existing heat records in Arizona; for weeks on end the weather was as hot as any known in the deserts of Asia or Africa. With no air-cooling yet installed, with wells which had not yet struck water, and with roofless buildings providing a minimum of shade, conditions were virtually a duplicate of those on the Libyan frontier.

(Continued on page 16)



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☆ ☆ ☆

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☆ ☆ ☆

Special Features

Slim's Pickin's .....**Slim Coats**
An Airplane Is Born.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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☆ ☆ ☆

Copy Deadline for the next issue is January 11th

5 years or more at Ryan

JOERG LITELL

Born in Bergen, Norwoy, 31 years ago, Joerg Litell still has the curly blond hair, ice-blue eyes, and warm, slow smile of the true Norwegian.

Although he left Norway at 17, Joerg retains an interest in his parent country—especially since the Germon Occupation. He still has a younger sister in Norway. He received one non-committol letter from her soon after the Nazis moved in; since then, silence.

Todoy Litell eagerly follows news af Norwegian patriotic activities, and is one of the workers in a group which contributes to the support of Norwegians now flying with the Royal Air Force. He believes that the day of deliverance for Norway is coming. "When the Germans took control, they got only three or four per cent of the rifles in Norway," Joerg says quietly. "There are plenty of guns hidden away in readiness for the hour when Norway will rise."

This young Norwegian—now a naturalized U. S. citizen—is in his seventh year with Ryan. He storted as a mechonic in Final Assembly, was moved to Fuselage Assembly when that division was set up as a separate department, and won promotion to assistant foreman in charge of the department's second shift Since last Februory he has been sitting behind o desk, laboring over blueprints in the Tool Planning department.

Before coming to Ryan, Joerg learned plenty about airplanes at Eastern companies. He worked on Bellancos, Sikorskys, ond Savoia-Marchettis in the early factories at Long Island and Staten Island; spent six months at Roosevelt Field doing an overhaul job on John Payne Whitney's private plane; then later put in three years for the Wheeler Shipbuilding Company.

When he married a New York girl in the summer of 1936, he left Wheeler and came to San Diego on his honeymoon. He had already made up his mind he wanted to get into aircraft work here; he applied first at Consolidated, but there was no immediate opening of the kind he wanted. Ryan offered him a job; he accepted temporarily, and liked the company so well he has been here ever since.

In his spore time Joerg has gone in for sailing, fishing, long-distance swimming and glider flying. He owns a soilboat with an outboard motor, and goes for cruises and fishing trips whenever he gets the chance—which hasn't been often lately, what with the war-production rush at Ryon and the home-front job of building extra rooms on his house to keep pace with his exponding family.

A few years ago Joerg used to compete in the annual La Jolla rough-water swim—nearly two miles through the surf and across the bay. Once he left a sick-bed to enter the swim. "I didn't wont the boys to think I'd gotten sick just so I wouldn't have to swim," he explains.

WAR BOND SCOREBOARD

PLANT AVERAGE 86%

ALL FIGURES AS OF DECEMBER 12th

Engineering	Over 95%
Experimentol	Over 95%
Inspection	Over 95%
Laboratory	Over 95%
Lofting	Over 95%
Methods Engineering	Over 95%
Modeling	Over 95%
Personnel	Over 95%
Sheet Metol	Over 95%
Supervisory	Over 95%
Electricol Maintenonce	92%
Final Assembly	92%
Monifold	90%
Plont Police	90%
Sub-Assembly	90%
Accounting	89%
Maintenance	89%
Office	88%
Drop-Hammer	86%
Tooling	86%
Wing Assembly	86%
Sub ond Ship Welding	85%
Finishing	84%
Machine Shop	81%
Dispotching	80%
Fuseloge	79%
Stoinless Steel	78%
Corpenter-Janitor	75%
Stockroom	75%
Tool Design	55%

CHAMPION BOND BUYER!

Title of champion bond-buyer certainly goes this issue to W. M. Odom, interviewer in the employment office, who popped into the office one morning with o check for five $1000 war bonds which he so proudly displays in the picture obove.

Slim's Pickin's

by

Slim Coats

Several weeks ago I spent a few hours watching the fair ladies doing their Christmas shopping, and if you think I'm going to waste good money on a tame wrestling match again, you're thinking thru last year's Panama. I've never been able to figure it out. Women may be sweet, demure and lovely, but just let them hit the old shopping line, and they are a cross between an All-American Fullback and an Arabian Rug Peddler. The word "courtesy" is forgotten and in two short hours you can see more action with fewer principals than there was at the Battle of San Juan.

Finally tiring of this I set off across the moors to my favorite motion picture theater. My heart was happy and the thirty-five cents in my pocket jingled a merry tune. With long swinging strides I swung up to the Bijou, stopping now and then to catch my breath and a glimpse of lovely ladies, not wearing slacks.

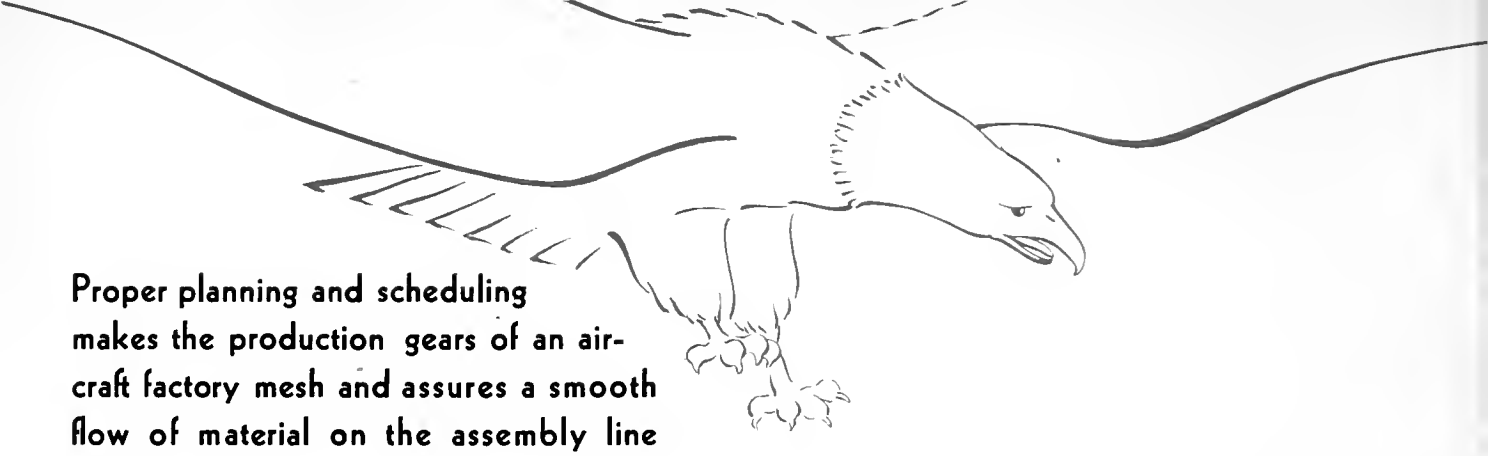
I love the Bijou because it is a double-feature movie. It offers the biggest money's worth since Manhattan was sold for $24. For a very small admission fee a man can come close to spending a vacation at the Bijou. It opens early in the morning and by the time a fellow has seen all of the attractions he needs a square meal and a shave. There is no such thing as a stranger at the Bijou. Its patrons are thrown together for so long a time that when they depart they know one another as well as brothers.

It was a surprise and a disappointment to me when on arriving at the Bijou I discovered that it had abandoned double features and was limiting its show to a single picture, a newsreel, a cartoon and a travelogue. The girl behind the window explained the change in policy was due to the request of Mr. Lowell Mellett, chief of the Office of War Information Bureau of Motion Pictures.

"Mr. Mellett," the girl said, "has asked that double features be eliminated. He feels that for Americans to sit in a threater three, four and even more hours hinders the war effort. So we are co-operating."

I bought a ticket anyway but as I was walking home after a fleeting two hours in the movies, I could not help but wonder if Mr. Mellett had not made a mistake in attacking the double feature. The double-feature program has many advantages. For one thing, it guarantees that one of the two pictures will be good. This is because one of the pictures on the

(Continued on page 18)



Proper planning and scheduling makes the production gears of an aircraft factory mesh and assures a smooth flow of material on the assembly line

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part VI — PRODUCTION CONTROL

A favorite topic of conversation is the question, "What is the most important department in the company?" Ask an engineer and he'll say, "Engineering is the most important. How'n'ell can you make an airplane without plans?"

Ask a sheet metal man. He'll reply, "Sheet metal, of course. You can't cast an airplane."

Ask an inspector. He'll answer, "Inspection, naturally. You can't make an airplane out of parts that don't fit."

In the face of such a divergence of opinion, it becomes fairly obvious that the best answer to the question is that no department is "most important," but every department is indispensible.

Try building an airplane without a wing department, a final assembly department, a machine shop—or any department you can think of. What would pay day be without a payroll department?

The answer then is that every department is important. It is **most** important, however, when its work is so planned and scheduled that it fits into the over-all picture in the most efficient manner.

To facilitate the efficient production of airplanes, manifolds, and parts in the shortest possible time at the lowest possible cost, and to insure the smoothest possible flow of parts and materials into and through the factory, we have the Production Control Department, headed by Roy Cunningham.

This department's first job on a new airplane is to set up schedules which must be met by the various departments, if the airplanes are to be delivered on the dates specified in the contract (if they are not, it usually costs the manufacturer plenty in penalties.)

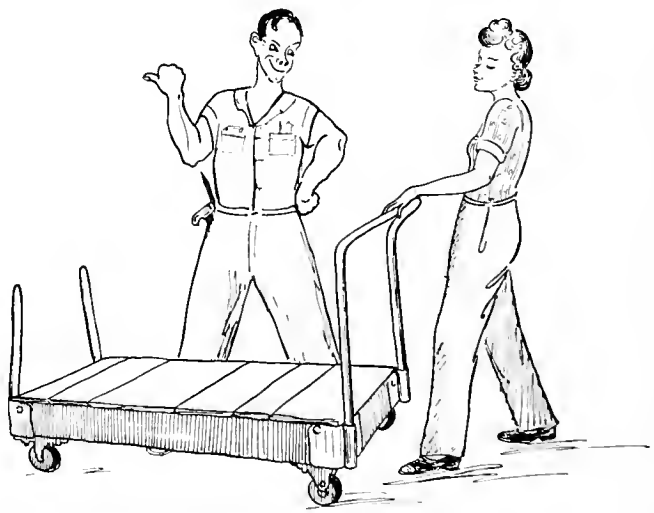
Production Control's next main job is to send the Purchasing Department requisitions which state the type and quantity of material needed to build the airplane and the dates on which this material must be in our plant. Information concerning the type and amount of material is compiled by the "bill of material" group from the "bills of material" on the Engineering drawings. The delivery dates are set to coincide with the production schedule in such a way as to provide an adequate supply of material and yet not overload the storage facilities of the factory.

Many books could be and have been written on any one of the many phases of Production Control—particularly production schedules. Suffice it to say, in this very limited article, that the schedules of the various production departments are so set as to provide Final Assembly with supplies of parts and assemblies adequate to keep the final assembly line moving at top speed.

Once an airplane is in production, it is the responsibility of the Production Control Department to keep materials, parts and assemblies flowing through the various departments in which they are processed. This, of course, is the particular function of the dispatchers. In addition, Stores, Receiving and Shipping are the responsibility of Production Control.

An elaborate system of charts and card files make it possible to determine almost instantaneously the status of production in the factory at any given moment. To the uninitiated it is all Greek of a dialect not taught in any school. But to Roy Cunningham and his boys and girls, this elaborate system is as simple and informative as looking at a clock to find out what time it is.

It not only tells them at any given time how production stands with relation to the production schedule, but even months in advance forecasts possible bottlenecks and enables them to see them coming and take steps to avert them.



Meet George Dew

The man who looks for the other fellow's errors at Ryan is a movie director's dream

George Dew is Hollywood's idea of the typical young aircraft executive. He is tall, handsome, and well-dressed (in conservative business suits). He has a million-dollar smile, a heart of gold, and a brain like a steep trap. He has risen spectacularly in the last three years from inspector to lead inspector to inspection supervisor to assistant chief inspector—and, in the past few weeks, to chief inspector.

His marriage a few weeks ago to Pat Kregness, his secretary, was the culmination of an office romance that had progressed for more than a year. Now, at 30, he is ready to settle down to a life of domestic bliss, business success, and golf in the 80's —just as movie heroes do in the last reel.

In true scenario style, George has had plenty of tough breaks, and many stretches of really heavy sledding, on his path to success. For example:

When he was 21 he started in business for himself, opening a small truck line with savings he had been scraping together since early boyhood. After a year of night-and-day struggling, he was forced out of business by a big trucking monopoly which had laid its plans to smother all the small operators. So at 22 he found himself virtually broke.

For the next four years he worked as a mechanic, first in a Chevrolet service garage, then at Continental Aircraft and later at Vultee. By the time he was 26 he had again built up a sizable bank account, which he invested in a small billiard parlor.

The billiard parlor lasted only five months, after which Dew went back to work for Continental. A year later Continental laid him off because the factory hadn't enough work to keep its men busy.

George worked for brief stretches at a couple of the bigger aircraft factories, but soon confirmed his earlier opinion that they weren't for him. "I'd always felt I would be able to climb the ladder more quickly, and would have a brighter future, in one of the smaller companies," Dew says.

George joined Ryan in October, 1939, as one of the plant's sixteen—at that time —inspectors. While he had been at other aircraft plants he had spent his evenings studying production methods and inspection techniques. These studies, plus his experience in four factories, gave him a store of know-how that soon made him a marked man at Ryan.

Under Mel Thompson, who was chief inspector before his appointment as service manager, and later under Bert Holland, who succeeded Thompson, George Dew gradually soaked up the endless lore of inspection work. "I was mighty lucky," he reminisces, "in working under men who were never too busy to give me a helping hand. Mel Thompson and Bert Holland always went out of their way to teach me every fine point they knew."

During his rapid rise at Ryan which landed him at the chief inspector's desk a month ago, Dew helped make the company's inspection department known as one of the best in the business. It has an A rating with the Army—a distinction given to few companies, and one which means that Army inspectors make only spot checks here and there on the Ryan production line, instead of moving in a large force of inspectors to keep tab on every phase of the work.

Today Dew has scores of inspectors working under him, with scores more to come as Ryan continues to expand. From now on, most inspectors hired will be women, and nearly all will be completely green. The days when inspector's jobs went only to men seasoned by long years of factory experience are over for the duration. Which has created a tremendous problem for Dew and his staff.

"Some of our inspectors have to check the accuracy of parts to the ten-thousandth of an inch," he explains. "They have to know how to use expensive scientific equipment which shows up invisible flaws in metal, checks angles three ways, and does other marvelous tricks. Other inspectors have to verify blueprints, or run their eye over thousands of parts, never missing one of the hundreds of mistakes that can occur. It's quite a trick to fit inexperienced people into that kind of a department."

However, Dew is turning the trick. He is just completing a system—as nearly foolproof as mortal mind can devise—which enables an inspector to do as good a job on the second day as he will in the second year.

The system consists of a big set of cases which contain an individual card for each of the thousands of parts which go into Ryan products.

The card explains, in simple non-technical language and 1-2-3 order, exactly what the inspector should look for in checking that part. It will show any engineering changes that may be made in the part's specifications from time to time, and even point out previous flaws found in that part, so that the inspector can be on the lookout for similar discrepancies in later batches. This system, far less expensive than the perspective drawings made for inspectors in larger factories, makes it almost impossible for a conscientious inspector to go wrong.

Another of Dew's developments is the Inspection Discrepancy Report, which traces errors to their starting point. This makes it possible to nab a faulty part before it gets out of the department in which it originated—thus saving a lot of waste motion in other departments which might find their work thrown off by the original mistake.

Dew's inspectors are all pessimists. They have been trained to expect mistakes everywhere — and they usually find them. They start looking for errors on the original purchase orders, and they keep on looking until a few minutes before the test pilot takes up a completed airplane for its trial flight. Every inspector rejects countless pieces of work daily.

"Unlike the automobile industry, where a half-million identical parts can be stamped from the same die, the aircraft industry has to use many hand-cut parts because of continuous engineering changes," Dew points out. "That's why our checkers are bound to find lots of defective parts."

Dew is no sour-faced fault-finder, however. Years of arguments with Army officers, salesmen, and aircraft people have served only to make George a pleasant, even-tempered young man who can get along well with everybody even when he is making them admit their own mistakes.

Among the people in the big Inspection Department, George Dew is universally popular. The best way to become convinced of that is to watch when he walks through the factory. You can spot the inspectors every time. They're the ones who smile at George when he comes by.

Everybody's Pals

When you find yourself in a tough spot of almost ony description, the chances are about ten to one thot you con get help just by stepping into the Ryon Personnel Department.

Whether it's a question of giving advice to the lovelorn — or negotiating with your draft board — or finding a home for your family — or applying for extra gasoline for your car — or helping you find inexpensive recreotion for your spare time — or sending a representative to appear in court for you on a traffic citation — or straightening out your income tax report — or giving you a blood transfusion — or battling with a shyster lawyer who's trying to garnishee your poy checks — or arranging your life insurance — or lending you silverware ond blankets until your trunk arrives — or whatever else it may be, Personnel will get in there and pitch for you.

The old-fashioned idea that a Personnel Department was just a place to hire and fire workers—and maybe try to fit them into jobs they could do best — doesn't go at Ryan. Ryan personnel workers are combination big brothers, father counselors, mother hens and Dutch uncles.

Not long ago a young fellow wandered into the department, looking as lost as a stray calf. Catching the eye of a sympathetic-looking lody behind a desk, he begon to talk.

"Could you help me find a bachelor apartment?" he asked. "I guess I'll be needing one."

The lody nodded. "Where are you living now?"

"Oh, I'm living with my wife. But she doesn't love me any more, so I guess we'll break up."

The lady smiled. "Maybe it isn't os bad as it sounds," she suggested. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

The young fellow sot down and poured out his story. A neighbor had hinted that his wife was unfaithful; she hod flared up, refused to confirm or deny it, and a furious argument hod ensued—which ended with a mutual decision to separote.

"Now, take it easy," said the Ryon personnel worker. "You love your wife, don't you?"

He nodded miserobly.

"Well, I think she loves you. I think she was just angry and hurt that you'd listen to gossip about her. You go back ond apologize, and see if you can't patch things up."

The young couple are still together today.

Acting os peacemoker in domestic troubles is no novelty to a Ryan personnel expert. Mrs. Margaret Williams, whose full-time job is to find housing for Ryon employees, often runs into situations where she has to pinch-hit for Dorothy Dix. She also does a lot of other things that aren't strictly part of her job.

For example, she keeps a complete extro set of her own personal silverware, linen, blankets, cooking utensils and other household necessities. She has these on hond for the sole purpose of lending them to new Ryan employees who get caught short.

"So many times," Mrs. Williams explains,

Ryan personnel workers give advice to the lovelorn, blood to the ailing, and silverware to the needy

"a man will come here from some other city, get a job, then send for his wife. She packs up the household goods and ships them to San Diego, expecting them to arrive about the same time she does. People don't realize that it often takes a month, nowadays, for a shipment from another city to get to San Diego."

Mrs. Williams' linens, blankets, et al, are constantly being lent to new Ryan people, at no charge except the cost of laundering. As a matter of fact, the whole range of services the Personnel Department provides for employees are free.

Sometimes this range of free services goes pretty far afield. For example, Jim Bunnell, head of the Employee Service division of the department, recently learned that one of the factory workers was ill and needed a blood transfusion. Jim's blood happened to be the type needed. So he promptly jumped into his car, drove to the hospital, and gave a pint of his own blood. Then he drove back to the plant and resumed work.

Mrs. Williams will even go out and do shopping for an employee in a real emergency. Not long ago she found an apartment for a new Ryan worker and his wife—but it was an unfurnished apartment, and the couple had no furniture. "Why not buy some furniture?" Mrs. Williams suggested. "Now that you're a family man, you'll want to own your own furniture eventually, anyhow."

The worker smiled ruefully. "How much furniture can I buy with twenty-five dollars? That's all the spare cash I have."

"Well, if you want to give me the money, I'll see how much I can get for you," Mrs. Williams offered. "I don't guarantee how much I'll find, though, because furniture is hard to buy in San Diego these days."

Mrs. Williams used to be store shopper for a great department store in Cincinnati, and she knows all the angles about buying things. She went to a friend who edits a neighborhood newspaper, and persuaded him to let her see a proof of the classified advertising before publication. Among the ads she found one offering a houseful of good furniture for sale.

She hurried to the home of the would-be seller, and told him in heart-rending detail about the plight of the young Ryan couple. Would he sell them his furniture, on monthly payment terms, with a $25 down payment? He would. The couple started housekeeping the same night.

Getting pre-publication copies of "For Sale" advertisements is nothing new for Mrs. Williams. She has built up the most efficient tipster system in San Diego to supply her with advance news of houses or apartments which are about to be vacated.

Long experience in San Diego real estate work had given Mrs. Williams dozens of friendly contacts among local landlords. To supplement these contacts, one of her first steps upon going to work for Ryan was to make a personal house-to-house canvass, ringing every doorbell in every neighborhood where desirable vacancies might develop. Her jolly personality made a hit wherever she went, and she now has the inside track with countless householders who can help make homes available for Ryan workers.

Furthermore, a steady flow of tips about prospective vacancies comes to Mrs. Williams from inside the Ryan organization. Not long ago Mrs. Claude Ryan heard about a house that might soon be for rent. She hurried to a telephone and sent word to Mrs. Williams—who instantly jumped into her car and drove to the house. Not a minute can be wasted when a home is for rent in San Diego. Mrs. Williams got to the house before anyone else, and rented it on the spot, as she often does in such cases. She didn't know at the moment just which Ryan employee would take it, but the little notebook she carries everywhere showed the names of several workers who were waiting for that type of house. So she didn't hesitate to rent the home—and within a few hours a Ryan family had moved in.

Many a San Diego landlord has had an experience like this: His doorbell rings and he is confronted by the round, smiling face of Mrs. Williams. "I'd like to rent that vacant room of yours," she says.

"Oh, I have no vacancy," he replies.

"No, but you will have next Tuesday," she says. The landlord checks up, and finds to his amazement that she is right. She had heard about it before he did! Overcome by admiration of such efficiency, he usually rents the room to her without further palaver.

(Continued on page 16)

Left, Mrs. Margaret Williams, the Personnel Department's expert on housing. Right, Personnel Manager Gary O. Adams. The picture on the opposite page gives you a general view of part of the Personnel Department on a day that's less busy than average.

JOE JOHNSON

Fuselage Assembly

Portrait sketch by Joe Thein

This foreman likes to get things done in a hurry —and workers clamor to get into his department

He's just Joe Johnson to the boys in Ryan's Fuselage Assembly Department. But he used to be known as "Rush" Johnson at Consolidated and Douglas — and the name would still fit him perfectly here.

T. J. Johnson, as our Fuselage Assembly foreman signs himself, has a reputation for piling out huge quantities of work in faster time than anyone thinks possible. Often his department is one of the first to complete its part of any production job; at times there have been as many as a hundred completed fuselages stacked around the walls of his department, waiting until Final Assembly was ready for them.

"Just because we get ahead of other departments at times is no reflection, though," Joe points out. "They may be slowed down by a temporary shortage of materials, or lack of man-power, or some other difficulty that I haven't had to wrestle with. Maybe my gang is a little lucky in being able to do such speedy work. But we're proud of our reputation, and we're going to keep on living up to it or die trying."

Johnson has imbued his whole department with the "rush" spirit. Informal speed competitions are constantly in pragress—races against other departments, or races between crews inside the department. The speed record for assembling a PT-22 fuselage is forever being lowered; it now stands at two hours and fifty minutes from empty jig to finished and inspected fuselage on the jig.

What manner of foreman is Johnson, that he can spur his workers to such magical speed?

He is a big, gentle-voiced, bashful-looking young fellow—not the dynamic hard-driving type that you might expect from his record at Ryan, Douglas and Consolidated. He played three years of varsity football for a Cleveland high school, but he has a mild and studious appearance that might be more appropriate for a chess champ than a bruising football guard.

In the factory, Johnson never drives his men. He speeds them up by friendly coaching, by competition, and by constant reminders of the importance of speed.

(Continued on Page 16)

Proving the Power of Suggestion

Archie L. Hammock

George P. Brooks

Gayle F. De La Mator

Workers receive War Bonds and Production Drive Medals for Practical Shop Ideas

The War Production Drive Committee was a bit puzzled. "All seven of these fellows turned in mighty good ideas along the same line," pointed out one of the members of the Committee, indicating seven Shop Suggestion sheets. "They all suggest new types of tools to be used in manifold production. Funny that seven different men should think of ideas so closely related—and all good, too."

The management and labor members of the Committee agreed that all seven of the ideas deserved Production Drive Awards. They voted two bronze, three silver, and two gold medals for the various suggestions—all of which, of course, had been submitted anonymously, with only a key number to identify each.

But when the Committee looked up the key numbers to learn who had turned in the suggestions, they found that all seven had been turned in by the same worker — Archie L. Hammock of the Manifold Department! So they had to settle with Hammock for one gold award.

Executives of the Ryan Company felt that there should be additional recognition for one man who could think up seven worthwhile ideas. So the company presented Hammock with a $50 War Bond.

The company also presented a $25 War Bond to Gayle F. de la Mator for his suggestion of a new tool for nibbler block and vise grips, which eliminates the need of fitting a part in the block. The suggestion also won him a gold medal from the Production Drive Committee.

George P. Brooks received $10 in War Stamps and a silver medal for originating a new method of fastening the rubber "set up" into the head of the drop hammers.

Eight other Ryan workers received awards from the Committee for the suggestions they had turned in through the Shop Suggestion system. Silver Medals went to R. E. Bartley, Kenneth A. Rush, O. F. Finn, C. A. Krueger, Cecil Highfield, W. L. Bice and Carl E. Hyatt; a Certificate of Merit was presented to I. H. Blevins.

The Production Drive presentations were made by Lieutenant Commander Thomas Bomar, Assistant Inspector of Naval Aircraft.

From their expressions, it's a bit difficult to tell whether Factory Superintendent Ernie Moore in presenting a $25 War Bond to Gayle F. de la Mator is prouder than the recipient, but it's certain that both were pleased about the whole thing. De la Mator was one of three Ryan workers to receive War Bond or War Stamp awards for suggestions turned in through the Production Drive shop suggestion system.

Don't Show This Chart To Your Friends In The Service

The chart shown below doesn't make pleasant reading.

In fact, it reveals facts which should make Ryan workers burn with shame—or with anger.

It shows that an average of nine per cent of the Ryan workers are taking the day off on any given day.

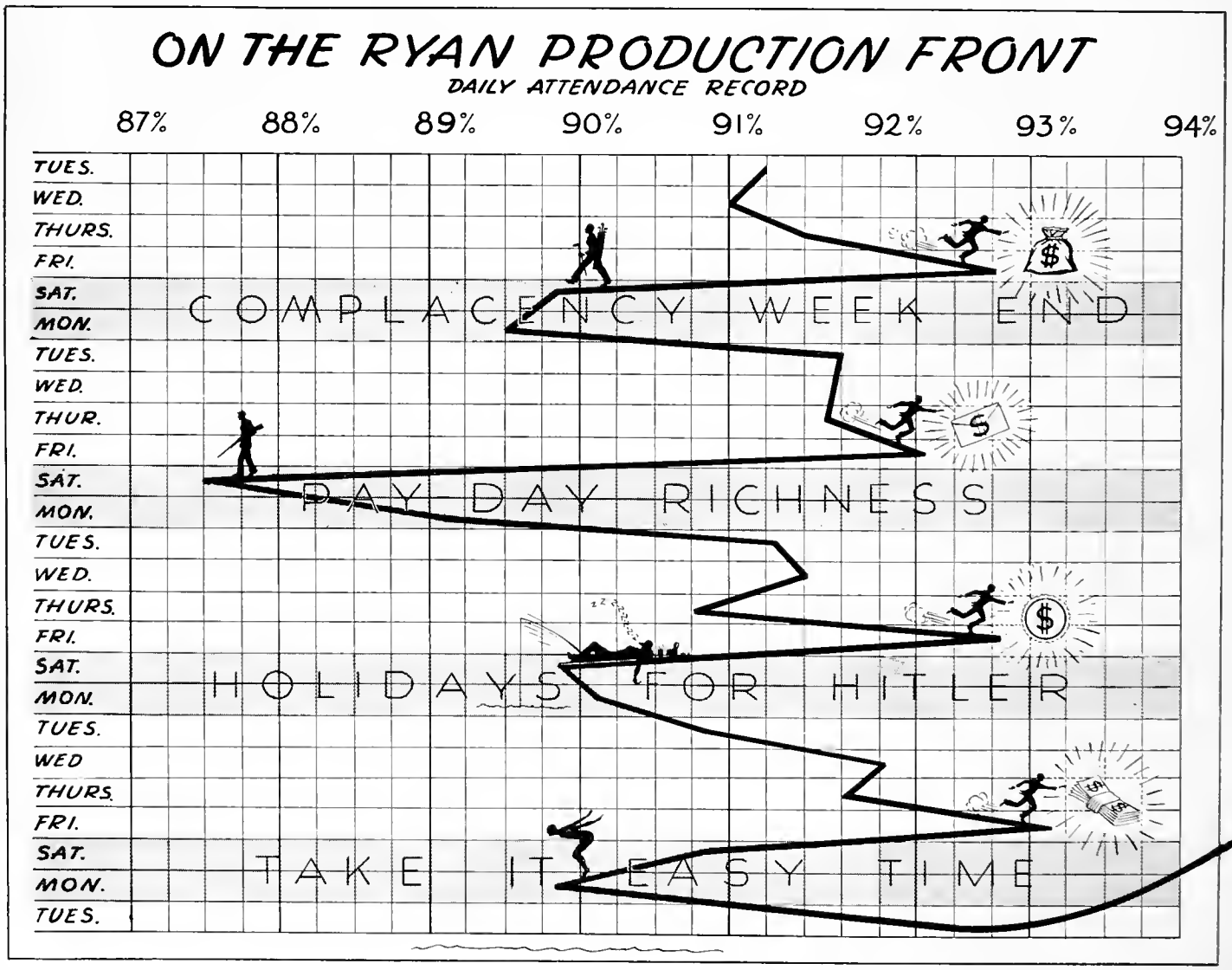
Yes, taking the day off—for fishing or hunting, for shopping or for puttering in the garden, or perhaps for just plain loafing.

Of course, some are sick and should stay home for the sake of their health and the protection of others. But it can't be that they're all ill. The medical world would be amazed by figures showing that nine per cent of the employees of a big factory were sick every day—such figures would mean a serious and persistent epidemic. There is no epidemic here. Nor has there been.

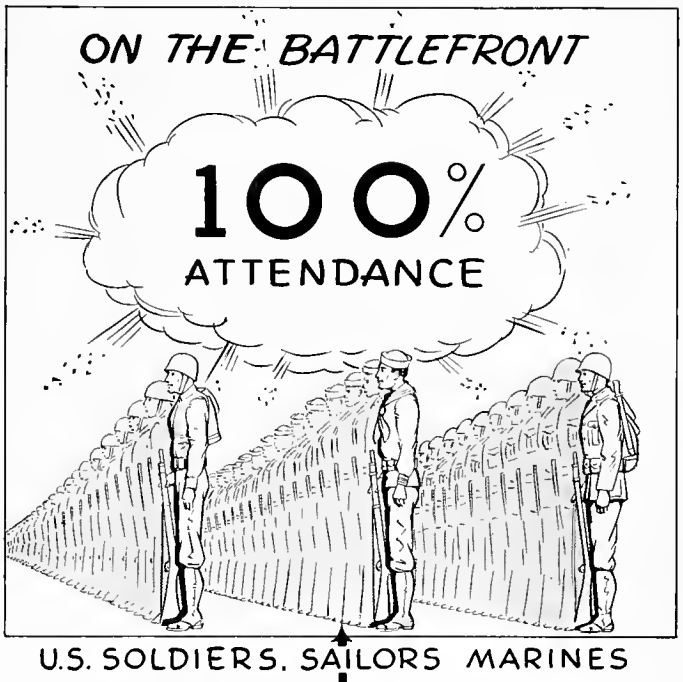
The law of averages, as revealed in many studies by medical and insurance men, will put about three or four per cent of any large company's employees on the sick list at any given time. No more.

So there's no getting away from the fact that the majority of the large number of men and women who stay away from work are absent because they want to be—not because they're sick.

The most shameful fact shown on this chart is that there are far fewer absentees on Friday. Everybody comes on Friday, in spite of headaches, toothaches,



Ryan is losing one day's production time in every eleven days. The chart shows why.



rain or heat wave . . . Because Friday is pay-day!

Yes, it's surprising how many of us can fight our way to the factory on a day when something vital is at stake—something as vital as our own pay check!

"Well, so what?" we can hear one of the absentees muttering to himself. "I'm docked a day's pay every time I stay away. If I want to sacrifice that pay to take a day off and loaf, why shouldn't I?"

A fair question. And it deserves a fair answer.

The answer is this:

In peacetime a man has a perfect right to take a day off, thereby sacrificing his pay, if he chooses to do so. In peacetime, if production is slowed down a little, no great harm is done.

But in wartime, if production is slowed down a little our fighting forces are slowed down a little. The war is lengthened a little . . . .

And every day the war is lengthened, brave men must die!

Every day that a Ryan worker takes off during wartime means greater danger to a gallant young American somewhere in the Pacific or in Africa or on some other hard-fought battlefield.

Men died with their faces in the mud on Bataan, still hoping for the sound of the planes that never came. And all the while, American workers were saying to themselves, "Why shouldn't I take a couple of days off? I've got plenty of dough—I don't need those extra days' pay."

Men are dying today in the Solomons and New Guinea, telling each other with their last choking breath, "Hold on a little longer . . . there'll be more planes soon." But the planes aren't there. There still aren't enough planes in the Pacific to make possible a campaign against the Jap-held islands—or against Tokyo.

For months our Navy and our Marines have been compelled to mark time in the Pacific—to do little but defend recently hard-won positions. Why? In part because they haven't enough planes!

And yet, while the United States Fleet is hampered by this need for our planes, we Ryan workers sit back and take it easy. We dawdle at home whenever we don't happen to feel like working.

We lose one full day's production time out of every eleven because of absent workers.

That's hot news for the Fleet, isn't it?

That's interesting reading for our buddies in the Solomons!

They'll be highly enlightened to see the statistics on our Complacency Week-Ends, our Pay-Day-Richness, our Holidays for Hitler, our Take-It-Easy Time.

But they won't laugh!

And they won't yawn!

They'll be red-headed mad.

So mad they'll feel an almighty yearning to yank a loafing aircraft worker out of his easy chair and shove him onto the firing line. To let him learn at first-hand how it feels to have an arm or an eye shot away by Jap bullets—bullets that never would be fired if our boys had adequate airplane protection. To let him see young Americans with their legs smashed into red jam by Jap bomb fragments—at the same moment that Ryan workers are murmuring, "Ho hum! Looks like a long war. Guess it won't matter if I stop work awhile. Might as well have a little fun with my dough, now that I've got it."

Oh, those boys at the front can understand how you feel. They know how hard it is to keep working day after day. They appreciate the blessed peace that comes with relaxation.

They'd like to take a day off too. They'd enjoy a rest—even more than we do.

But that happens to be one of the things they gave up—gave it up for the sake of their country.

They knew when they joined that Navy pay was small, hours were long, and no such thing as taking the day off.

If a Marine or a Sailor stopped work—just once—as Ryan workers are doing every day, what would happen to him?

He'd be held on the spot as a traitor to his country.

Yet his absence wouldn't do any more harm than a Ryan worker's absence from the factory. The work we're doing here is just as important as the work of our fighting forces. When a Ryan employee goes AWOL, he's committing just as great a sin against his country as would any man in uniform who deserted in the face of the enemy.

Because the enemy is far away from us here, we don't realize how we're aiding him when we slow down our production lines. Because there are so many of us here at Ryan, each of us thinks to himself, "My absence won't matter." Therefore, one out of every eleven of us stays home every day in the week, and the war drags on when we might be pushing rapidly forward to victory.

Let's make Victory as vital as our pay. Let's all get to work every day in as great numbers as we do on Fridays!

And let's hope that the boys in uniform don't see our absentee chart until we've made the statistics on it look a lot better!

"Let's Go To The Hospital"

Some big-hearted Ryan workers get a warm welcome from sick Navy boys

K. O. Burt and his boys really started it.

A couple of months ago the brisk little foreman of the Maintenance Department got together with his gang after hours one night and fell to talking about the Naval Hospital.

"I'll bet the fellows in there must get to feeling pretty low," Burt remarked. "Flat on their backs, or glued to a wheel-chair. Far away from home. Away from their buddies in their own outfit, too. Nobody around who can take much personal interest in them. . . . They must feel like they haven't a friend in the world."

"Things are pretty dull in any hospital, I guess," another of the Maintenance men chimed in. "Not much to do—not even much to read."

"It's a damn shame," growled a third. "Those kids gave up their jobs and their girls and everything else to go out and fight for the rest of us. Now what have they got? . . . Listen, you guys, can't we do something to sort of make it up to them a little?"

Quick On The Draw

Now, it so happens that the Maintenance bunch are notably liberal spenders for every worthwhile cause that comes along. They've bought more War Bonds than some departments five times their size. They kicked through with one of the heaviest chunks of cash contributed by any department in the recent community War Chest Drive. So when the subject of doing something for the boys in the Naval Hospital came up, plenty of folding money was on the table in a twinkling.

Burt and his crew bought enough cigarettes and candy for hundreds of convalescent sailors. Then they rounded up a few thousand magazines, and set out for the hospital.

"I wish you could have seen those boys' faces when we showed up," K. O. says.

Patients Get Lonesome

The candy, cigarettes and reading matter were like manna from heaven. But even more welcome was a chance to chat with someone who had time to take a warm personal interest in them. The lonely sailors were more hungry for friendship than for anything else on earth, the visitors found.

Making the rounds down the long, long aisles of sick, maimed and burned young Americans, the grizzled workmen from Ryan caught a searing vision of what war really means. And they made up their minds that they'd be coming back to the hospital—not once, but many times.

Every two weeks since then, a delegation from the Ryan factory has appeared at the hospital with arms full of current magazines, cigarette cartons, candy boxes and other little remembrances. The visitors have spent hours talking with patients, taking an interest in their hopes and troubles and worries, cheering them up as best they could.

Personnel Takes A Hand

Before long the Personnel Department got interested.

Jim Bunnell, Eddie Piersol and "Red" Ralph of Personnel put their heads together. "We've got a lot of employees around the plant who are mighty clever entertainers," one said. "Why not get them to work up a show for the Naval Hospital?"

"Now you're talking," the others enthused. "Let's go see Slim Coats."

Coats, the lanky ex-cowboy who is now a manifold worker, star magazine columnist, and entertainer extraordinary at Ryan—and who is a bosom pal of practically everybody in the plant—was heartily in favor of the idea. He and the Personnel men began rounding up talent for the show.

Gas Rationing Can't Stop Them

The result was that one sunny afternoon recently two Navy station wagons pulled up at the Ryan factory, and a big troupe of entertainers who had left the production line a few moments earlier piled in. When the station wagons were crammed full there were still some troupers on the sidewalk, so Slim Coats and Red Ralph drove their own cars to the hospital —gas rationing and tire worries notwithstanding!

In the wide, pleasant patio of the Naval Hospital, 2000 marine and naval patients were awaiting the show. All the wheel-chair cases, and all those who were able to walk, were brought from their wards to the patio. As many of the bed-ridden patients as possible were moved out onto the broad balconies overlooking the yard so that they, too, could watch and listen.

"It was the best audience I've ever played to," Slim Coats said afterward. And Slim should know—he's entertained audiences all over America and Europe. His opinion was echoed by several of the other Ryan entertainers who had had long experience in the theatrical world. "These boys really appreciated every act," they agreed. "We've never had such tremendous applause and such big laughs anywhere else. Putting on a show for that kind of an audience is a real thrill."

Seventeen Entertainers

The variety show the Ryanites staged was a colorful, smartly-paced program with professional finish. Del Rundquist and Helen Crosier contributed songs; Jack Westler and Ernie Paloma put on an uproarious burlesque wrestling match; Junie Bethke staged some elaborate magical tricks; Eddie and Alice Carvajal did the sizzling dance routines with which they've won jitterbug prizes up and down the coast; Jack Krauss gave with his accordion, Bob Ferguson hammered out hot boogie-woogie on the piano, and Gerry Wright gave one of her well-known whistling solos. Slim Coats kept the crowd in stitches with an endless flow of gags and wise-cracks as master of ceremonies, while an orchestra composed of Gerald Hansen, Walt Alwin, Ed Harris, Eddie Wolbach, Jeff Bentley and Bill Rossi provided music throughout the program.

The show was such a success that the Hospital authorities begged the troupers to come back for a repeat performance. With the mutual feeling of warm friendliness between Ryan and the Navy, it's a cinch that the Naval Hospital will have lots of Ryanite visitors from now on.

Here's a section of the crowd of sailors and marines who watched the Ryan show at the Naval Hospital. Picture on opposite page shows some of the more serious cases, enjoying the fun from a patio balcony.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Blood brothers

When word came from the hospital thot Dave Whittier of Manifold was sinking and needed several blood transfusions, things happened fast in the Manifold Department. Within fifteen minutes four Manifold men were at the hospitol—Lamberth Pegler, Charles Peffley, Raymond Yeager ond Frank Lightfoot. These four men were on the first shift, and had never met Whittier, who is on second shift—but that didn't stop them from rushing to give him their blood. . . . How that big Manifold gang sticks together!

San Diego Shongri-Lo

One of the boys in Personnel tells this one on himself. During the rush to put through several thousand gas rotion applications for Ryan workers in three days, mony application cards came in with the mailing address listed simply as General Delivery—which the writers abbreviated in the usual fashion. This mystified the Personnel operative. "Say," he finally asked in all seriousness, "where is this place called Gen Del?"

No speed limit in Lofting

F. A. "Duke" Sorver really started something in Lofting. He suggested to foreman Carl Rasmussen that the department run a competition to see which crew could do the fastest work. Carl snapped up the ideo. He now has a blackboard on which, every Monday, the three fastest crews of the post week are shown as Win, Place, and Show. The next-to-last crew finds itself listed as in the Dog House; while the slowest outfit is publicly bronded as the Saboteurs. No prizes or penalties. Just public recognition for the fast and slow workers. But how it has the Loft steamed up! The contest (which is based on number of man-hours per template) is the main topic of conversation among Lofters both at work and at home; rumor hath it that they even dream about it every night. You should see the crowds around the blackboard every Monday morning—and you should see the scribes sizzle and the files fly os the boys battle for that coveted Win spot. The lead has changed hands every week, and no crew has yet won twice. Meanwhile, the record for making a template now stands at about two man-hours, and is being lowered steadily. Six man-hours used to be considered good time — before the contest started.

Onward ond upword

If you need any proof that there are plenty of opportunities for odvancement at Ryan, just watch the steody flow of Promotion Notices constantly being posted. Among the men who have moved up in the last month are: J. K. Weyer and W. H. Hanson to leadmen in Fuselage; A. F. Chevalier to leadmon in Manifold Small Parts; L. White and E. R. Herbst to leadmen in Sheet Metal Assembly; F. Robbins, J. L. Swingle, F. Hill, R. Flanigon and E. M. Ebbs to leadmen in Sheet Metal Cutting and Routing; A. Kilmer, M. G. Creley, T. J. Allison and J. Nicks to leadmen in Sheet Metal Parts. During Clarence Hunt's vacation, D. K. Miles is in charge of the Machine Shop, and J. S. Humphrey takes over for the second shift.

Cheered About Cherry ond 'Rick'

At least one Ryan employee was personolly happy about the news that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew hod been found after three weeks in the Pacific.

He is J. D. "Junior" Kraus, oven operator in manifold. One member of Rickenbacker's crew had been a college room-mate of Junior. Capt. William Cherry of Abilene, Texas roomed with Krous their freshman year at Hardin-Simmons.

"While Bill is flying 'em," Kraus commented, "I try to do my best to keep up my part of production. We've got to have our production lines firing to help the boys out there on the battle fronts." With thot, Junior adjusted his face shield and faced the red hot oven to remove a tray of red hot "stacks" and push in another tray.

Is this the right woy to lift o heovy weight? Or is the picture below?

If you're not sure which of these pictures shows proper technique, you'll find the answer ot the bottom of the column. It's printed upside down so you won't be tempted to peek until you've mode o guess.

The topmost picture is correct. Always bend your knees ond lift o heavy weight with your legs, rother thon trying to pull it up with your bock. The lifting technique shown in the second photo frequently causes hernio or o strained bock.

When is o Colonel or Major only a private? That's the question raised by two soldier-students ot the AAF Technicol Training Commond rodio school at Boca Roton, Fla. They ore Colonel Harry Adams and Major Leon Coleman, who at birth were christened "Colonel" and "Major."

—FLYING.

Not an accident—just practice. Lots of Ryan men are specially trained in first aid. In fact, all certified Red Cross first-aiders in the company are now being organized into emergency squads. For details, see page 16.

This is Raymond W. Bellamy of the War Production Drive headquarters in Washington, who recently visited Ryan to see how our war production was progressing. Starting as a locomotive engineer, Bellamy has had life-long experience in labor-management relations and was Assistant to the U. S. Secretary of Labor some years ago.

"Duke" Sarver started something in the Lofting Department when he suggested a weekly competition between various sections of the department. This is a typical Monday morning scene as the boys stop by the scoreboard to see which group stands in the Win, Show and Place spots.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Lost by default: 5,000 planes

Absenteeism of war workers in 1942 cost 121 million man-days or 968 million man-hours. That was enough to build five thousand Flying Fortresses. Who knows how much closer to victory we might be today if we had all the extra planes that could have been built by absent workers?

Two ways to get hurt

An Ohio factory worker recently got his necktie caught in the gears of a lathe. If someone hadn't been handy to shut off the power he would have strangled to death or gotten his neck broken. Moral—don't wear a long necktie if you work at a machine. . . . Last month a Los Angeles girl got her hair caught in a drill press. What happened was too unpleasant to write about. Moral—if you have long hair, wear a suitable head covering in the factory.

30,000 slackers

Labor leaders and factory executives alike are becoming seriously concerned about the "absentee" problem in war-production factories. One plant's absenteeism for one week recently was equivalent to a one-day strike by 30,000 men.

Letter from a bereaved father

"Seven weeks ago my only son was killed in the war," began a letter from Arthur Hocking, Clock No. 2062, to his fellow workers in the Carrier Corporation, New York. "Since Hardy's death I've been doing a lot of thinking . . . . wondering why so many of us aren't doing all we can to help win the war.

"Maybe it's because we keep talking about the war lasting for years. That sort of thinking might keep anyone from hurrying. It could be that this long-pull stuff was why we lost half a million minutes of production time last month through absences. I'm fed up with all this talk about a five-year war. We've got to win this war quick. If we don't, your boys will be killed like mine was.

"Put those five-year thoughts out of your head. Please, please don't wait for the casualty lists to come rolling in. Throw yourselves into high—now. Get going as though both the Huns and the Japs had to be licked in 1943. Maybe they will be if we really try.

"I suggest a new slogan for our company. Here it is—Let's Get It Over Quick! . . . Hope you won't think I'm preaching. I'm not, I'm praying."

More Economy Notes

An improved design for a bomb fin in mass production will save enough steel to build two Liberty ships.

Five Chrysler employees have been car-sharing since 1937, cutting transportation expenses 80 per cent on their 50-mile daily round trip to work.

26 Years Without An Accident

John Butler, who became an employee of the Fort Wayne Works of General Electric Co., Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1916, has piled up the enviable record of 26 years without a single lost-time accident. He has been employed in the Motor Generator Department during his entire service, and has worked as a core stacker, armature winder, indexing machine operator and at present is operating a banding lathe. He has worn both safety shoes and goggles since they became available for his use.

MORE ABOUT

RYAN PLANES

(Continued from page 1)

Under the burning sun, airplanes grew so hot that mechanics and pilots dared not touch them except with gloves. Every few days the planes were enveloped in great dust storms that swept across the desert—and when one of these huge yellow-brown clouds hits, it fills engines and cockpits with big piles of dust.

Furthermore, the wind those first months was worse than Arizona had seen in generations.

To make the planes secure, maintenance men kept them pegged down from the first day. Yet the iron pegs were not always enough. Sometimes stout ropes would snap under the strain of these unprecedented Arizona blows. One midnight, during a torrential rain, the wind was so high that the men had to stumble out in their pajamas and hold down the planes by main force.

At other times, new training planes were arriving from the Ryan factory here in San Diego in such numbers that no tie-downs were available for them at first; if a gale came up during such an emergency, makeshift pegs or bare hands were the only defenses. Yet all through those early weeks, in spite of the tossing and battering they took from windstorms, no plane was badly damaged by wind—except for a single ship, partially wrecked one howling afternoon when an uprooted tool shed crashed into it.

Mechanics and fliers were constantly amazed at the toughness of the Ryans. All day long, novice pilots kept the planes banging and careening onto the runway in landing and take-off practice. All through the early weeks of the summer, maintenance men had to keep the planes in good running order without benefit of hangars, electricity, or even water.

Yet neither dust in the engines nor lack of service facilities nor an hour-after-hour bouncing and beating from the dodos could stop these Ryan planes. They often got flat tires from the cactus, and the pilots were blinded by dust from the floor of the cockpit whenever they put a plane through aerobatics—but nothing worse developed. In fact, the planes proved so rugged — and their engines so adaptable to the fierce temperatures of the desert — that they went through the first 7200 air hours with only one partial engine failure.

Few of the school workers thought that any training planes could perform so magnificently. But the Ryans did it. By now, of course, the planes lead a much easier life. The hangars and the runways are as nearly dust-proof as human ingenuity can make them; maintenance men have complete facilities and the finest tools at their fingertips.

The heat and the wind died with the passing of summer; for nine months of the year the Arizona desert climate is mild and balmy—ideal for flying and for working. And the makers of Ryan planes can look back on the summer of 1942 as a "trial by fire" which added new laurels to the fine reputation of Ryan training ships.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the performance of Ryan trainer planes at flying schools now using them.

MORE ABOUT

JOE JOHNSON

(Continued from page 8)

"I believe that every man wants to do his work as well as possible," Johnson says. "I find that when he's shown a faster way to handle a job, he's glad to speed up."

Johnson knows plenty of tricks and short cuts that will hurry an assembly job along, and he makes sure that every new employee learns them. Furthermore, he's always looking for new ways to save time, and he's got the rest of the department doing the same; so that a steady flow of labor-saving suggestions is coming from all over the department.

The constant competition with each other, and with their own speed records, adds zest to the working day for the men and women under Johnson. Factory work becomes almost a game under such conditions. There is no penalty for those who lose a fuselage-assembling race, and no prize for those who win—except the glow of satisfaction which comes to a man who has proved to his fellow workers that he's one of the fastest producers in the department.

In his quiet way, Johnson has won the warm liking of everyone who has ever worked under him. Dozens of workers have been transferred out of his department at times when there was little fuselage work to be done—but they always want to come back. Whenever Fuselage Assembly undergoes one of its periodic expansions, there are plenty of former Johnson workers clamoring to be transferred back under his banner.

Johnson is 31, and has spent virtually his whole adult life to date in mechanical work. He began working in Cleveland machine shops as soon as he finished school; he has been a boiler-maker, riveter, and auto mechanic.

In 1936 he left Cleveland. He was still single, he had some money saved up, and he'd always wanted to go to Alaska. So he set out—intending to stop with relatives in San Diego for a short time, then travel on up the Coast toward the Yukon.

However, he liked San Diego, and he put off leaving. An old friend from Cleveland offered him a job with Consolidated; he decided to try it for awhile.

A little later he switched to Douglas, then returned to Consolidated, and finally settled down at Ryan in August, 1938. He spent three months in the Manifold Department, then was promoted to inspector and sent roaming all over the plant; a few months later he moved up again, to foreman of Sub-Assembly, and became foreman of Fuselage Assembly just two years ago this month.

"I never did get to Alaska," Joe sighs, "and I guess I never will now. Oh well, what's the difference? I'm married now, and perfectly content to live in San Diego for the rest of my life. . . . In fact, I think I'd rather work at Ryan than any place else in the world. There's very little of the bickering here that there is in many plants. Everybody, from Claude Ryan on down, goes out of his way to give me a helping hand whenever I need it. What more could any man want?"

MORE ABOUT

Everybody's Pals

(Continued from page 7)

Under Gary Adams, Personnel Manager, and Harry Whittemore, his assistant, the department is divided into five main sections. Hiring employees is the job of Frank Saye's section. Teaching them how to do their work, and preparing them for higher positions, is the responsibility of Louis E. Plummer, industrial training manager; Miss Phaebe Ward keeps track of job classifications; Mrs. Mildred Murphy and Miss Nordis Gibson handle the records of each worker's career at Ryan; and a big staff under Jim Bunnell works at all the multitude of jobs labelled "Employee Service," which involves helping every worker solve his problems of transportation, housing, Selective Service, War Bond and insurance payments, outside recreation, and whatever else happens to come up.

In the next article in this series we'll get down to cases, and start showing you just what each of these sections can and will do for you.

"Keep 'em Flying"
. . . Buy More War Bonds!

CALLING ALL FIRST-AIDERS

ATTENTION, All employees with the following qualifications:

Registered Nurses—
Those holding active standard First Aid card
Those holding active advanced First Aid card
Those rated as First Aid instructors

In reorganizing our emergency First Aid squads, we want to utilize the experience of the employees with the above mentioned qualifications. Our Emergency First Aid Organization is a volunteer group and functions only during an emergency. Those who wish to volunteer, please complete the following form and forward to Mr. M. M. Clancy, Safety Engineer.

We will need ninety employees to complete the organization and if we enroll at least fifteen with an active **advanced** First Aid card we will qualify for a Red Cross Volunteer First Aid Detachment which will be the first and only one in the United States in the Aircraft industry.

Anyone with First Aid experience is also urged to volunteer.

When the enrollment is completed, you will be notified of your squad number, First Aid station and instructions as to the function of your squad.

Name: .....

Clock: ..... **Dept.:** .....

Shift: .....

Registered Nurse	☐
Standard Card	☐
Advanced Card	☐
First Aid Instructor	☐
First Aid Experience	☐

A ROPE'S END VIEW

by Lynn Harrington

Well, here it goes again, folks. Another collection of slugnutty notes have crept slowly but relentlessly down from what I refer to as my brain to the tips of my fingers and are clamoring for exit.

Unfortunately for poor Bill Wagner these nutty moments do not come often enough so that he knows whether or not to expect a column from that guy Harrington in any given issue. I can imagine his thoughts, (very bitterly), "That so and so! Will he ever make up his mind?"

Now that thar fellow in the Manifold department, he seems to turn out reams and reams of stuff and nonsense with an occasional sober thought thrown in so that his readers will not mistake it for a humor column. I will not mention any names because I do not want him to think that I read his column. I would say that a guy who can get his readers to give up their tooth-paste tubes ought to be appointed to the chairmanship of a post-war board to recover lend lease supplies.

Here it is another day and while it may be very unorthodox to admit that I can't sit down and write up a column in one sitting, I am going to do so and add that it might not be the last day **eyether.** Such a column catches different moods. For instance, the way I feel today I wouldn't make any cracks about Slim Coates and am properly sorry but not sorry enough to remove it from what I wrote yesterday.

From what happened the other night it isn't hard to see that the Drop Hammer Fire Brigade is not only on its toes but almost on the toes of the U. S. army. A fire was reported in the army shower-room next to the dope shop by a watchful dopeer. Chief Gillam, Wild Bill Everly and "Hey gals I've got a motor," Dudley dashed madly out with the big foam engine, contributing to the cowhide shortage on every turn, pulled up at the shower ready for action only to find nothing more menacing than escaping steam from the evening ablutions of the U. S. army. Needless to say they didn't come back as fast as they went out. Congratulations anyway boys. It might have been a fire but let's hope the next one is a false alarm also.

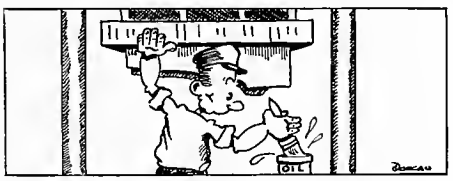
The night shift has several bowling leagues in full swing now with the Hammer department having two teams—the Wolves and Alley Cats—in the Handicaps league doing about as their names indicate; and one in the Industrial league doing all right after a bad start, having taken the Consair designers high average team of the league and Ryan manifold team who were in the lead, on successive weekends. Cook of the manifold team came up with the undisputed crying championship and will be awarded a gold embroidered towel at the end of the season.

In the Industrial league, Ryan sheet metal, consisting of Fred Sk-Hill, "Terrible Terry," also known as "Doghouse" Kell, Magdick, Pinney and Sachs are in a slump and have our sympathy. We hope you pull out of it men, after we have bowled our Industrial league game.

Ryan Drop-Hammer now has a badge of merit which is awarded weekly to the bowler with the low series. Jarvie, the guy with the $197 bowling ball—the extra $180 being the cost of the sewing machine which went with it—captured two legs and was well on his way to a third leg and permanent possession of the trophy when Everly came from nowhere into the stretch and nosed him out. "Lucky" Bolger is offering odds that he will never have to wear it. Last year it was "Bowl with skill with Hill," this year it is "Bowl with skill with Bolger". Jarvie and Everly got so tired of hearing Bolger use the excuse that he couldn't get the right ball that they vainly attempted to promote a new ball for him for Xmas.

Speaking of luck, that is a commodity which I am accused of having a lot of. Why shore, I'm lucky. I throw my Yukon ball down there and it slides up there and says Mush and those pins mush.

Ed Dreyer, the crane maestro, in the hammer department is temporarily subdued after losing two weeks in a row to yours truly. I really don't dare lose any more bets to "Breezy" because when I do the whole department takes a verbal beating.



We have a hammer operator on the second shift who is rumored to be considering the purchase of a sidecar for his motorbike to accommodate lady passengers. Why not hang them on hooks, Bub? Our third shift is going strong and contrary to expectations Kinner's transfer did not cause the first shift to collapse.

"Hollywood George" Brooks had his screen test some time ago, in connection with the rubber setup he originated, and as soon as they find out how he photographs from his left side and measure him for a toupee he will receive a contract from Walt Disney. It is understood that he will appear in shorts. Indecent, isn't it?

We have had recent promotions in the Hammer department. A few of the older men have been appointed group leaders.

Bob Dawes, furnace operator, is the proud father of a baby boy. Well done, Bob, and the department's best to Mrs. Dawes.

Something you will hear of soon is a device developed by Elmer Church of the Plannishing department which greatly increases production on dural, alclad and light stainless steel.

Helen Stubblefield and Dick Gillam were joined in marriage, Sunday, Dec. 20, and I extend the best wishes of the Drop Hammer Dept.

Mo Loft Sez

By Gilbert Cusey

In the interests of fair play and because they were too tired to do much about it the boys of the department have decided to let me continue writing until further notice. In self defense let me say that the views expressed in this article are those of my assistant who happens to be bigger than I am.

Another note has been turned in asking if Herb Crouch is that way about one of the gals from the Timekeeping Department. It sure seems strange that he visits his aunt in La Mesa so often. Oh, well, Herb, you are not the only one. A certain Charlotte has the snare all set for Buddy Buddy.

Our friend Choppy has begun to worry about the back wheels on his Chevvy. He has a good reason to. It seems he is still trying to fix up the Chief's new car and after what Choppy thought was an overhaul job they went out for the usual test hop. The car ran beautifully except for the fact that Razzy spent most of his time running along side the left rear wheel. He had to push it back on after driving about 100 feet. Don't feel bad, Choppy, most of us could make the same mistake with a Chevvy.

It seems our Buddy and co-author Patrick Carter is beginning to have his family troubles. No, he's not married yet! It has been a standing date every Tuesday night for Pat and Charlotte, but since gas rationing arrived it has been impossible for Charlotte to get over to Pat's house, so now he can only see her six nights a week unless he borrows a bike.

From what we can gather it seems as though Chink is being thoroughly renovated. What with having his choppers reworked and his tonsils scrapped he wants to be sure he'll last for the duration.

The head of the calculating department, Thomas R. Exley, is not enjoying the brisk morning breezes riding to work. It takes him till 10 o'clock to thaw out. Mrs. Exley, how about bundling a few more sweaters on him?

I didn't dream I might be starting any trouble when I mentioned the fact that there were large numbers of women working in the plant and it seems I avoided disaster only through the noble efforts of the Editor. Thanks, Editor, for that insertion in the first issue I submitted.

Personal note to the First Aid Department. In case you are ever in need of nose drops, cold tablets, etc., it would prove worth while to visit the Loft and pay particular attention to the desk of Mr. Koske. He also has developed a very interesting technique in the use of said articles which might be of interest to those who have colds. My informant stoutly maintains that Mr. Koske's neck is double-jointed and that that is the reason he can go through so many antics without suffering from any dislocations. Well, every man to his own opinion.

MORE FROM SLIM

(Continued from Page 3)

double bill is sa awful that the ather is sure ta stand aut as a masterpiece.

The Na. 2 feature, ar companian piece, is always dreadful. Nine times aut af ten it deals with ane af these subjects:

1.—A mad dactar, who, dissatisfied with his cantract at MGM has discavered a liquid that will reduce the human race ta a bunch af blithering idiats. A majar partion af the scenes shaw the mad dactar warking with his test tubes in his cabwebbed Labaratary.

2.—The innerworkings af cattle rustlers and haw they are failed in maving a herd af langhorns through a canyan by the twa fisted, twa gun efforts af an hanest cawbay and his lady lave. There is always much guitar playing in these pictures and sangs that tell haw cawbays like ta be buried in the desert alangside their horse and favorite instrument.

3.—Backstage af a Broadway musical with a cast that cauldn't dance it's way aff a hot stove.

4.—The warkings of internatianal spies and haw they are finally trapped by an Irish flatfaat, a woman reparter and a gaad natured drunk who turns aut ta be an F. B. I. man with a taste far gin.

5.—A picture in which there is a long shat af papers rolling aff the presses, leaves being tarn violently aff a calendar ta shaw the passing af time, police cars careening dawn a dim street with all sirens going full blast, and a camic maid wha jumps every time a windaw is clased ar a daar is shut.

Americans are going to miss these pictures. And if Mr. Mellett is successful in eliminating double features he undaubtedly will mave taward elimination af the half hundred ather cinema knicknacks that make up the program.

I don't believe I could get along without travelouges. They're like dape. After a man has seen a certain number af Technicalor studies af many of the dullest cities in the world, he needs some. Wauldn't yau miss thase breathless shats af native dances, ald ladies stringing beads, medieval bread making, and pracessians af donkeys winding their way up and down mauntains?

Could yau suddenly give up thase travelogues which shaw the marriage rites of a cauntry you can't spell, how natives weave their own costumes, and thase bloodshot snaps af sunsets and sunrises?

And haw the American public wauld regret the loss of the Disney imitatars, with their animated creatures whase colars are tao bright and whase voices are too sharp and wha are downright boring. No, Mr. Mellet, leave the movies alone. Ta ga inta a movie at 7:30 and ta get aut at midnight, all worn aut, and with eyes and head hurting, is as much a part af American life as stuffing ballot baxes.

Well, getting back to news reels, we find that BETSY SMITH af 2nd Shift Manifold braught $100 ta the plant ta invest in War Bands. As far as we have been able ta ascertain, Betsy establishes a new record. VERNON HUMPHRIES lost his billfold in his department, and the finder wouldn't even return the aperatar's license ar draft card. On the other hand "Heat treat" O'BRYAN lost his billfold, wadded with Christmas money. It was found by Janitar Na. 2225 wha wauldn't even accept the reward. We shauld have more employees like Na. 2225.

BUTCH "ROSIE" ORTIZ, and CHRIS MUELLER are the new "bone" surgeons assisting Nurse FITZSIMMONS. Anyway, they were willing to aperate on BOB HARRIS. As Winchell wauld say, "What guy from the cutting department drank $13 warth of whiskey over a week-end, but won't do it anymore?"

You want ta knaw why Butch is known as "Rasie"? Haven't yau seen the gargeaus rases an his desk, sent by a feminine admirer? Did yau knaw that "Frenchie" Foushee washes his horse in Lux? Hanestly, and BILL CORLEY will sweor that Rinso is the best far his cayuse.

We are just getting the returns an Christmas gifts. MRS. CARL THOMAS claims that Carl always brings her a bottle af perfume. Quite expensive tao, costs abaut 98 cents for four fifths. MRS. Van Der LINDE gave Jahnny a tableclath far Christmas and Jahnny gave her a box af shotgun shells. And that reminds us, if DAN BURNETT is still handing out orchids he ought ta save an armful far the volunteer blaad donars, L. "PEG" PEGLER, JIM BUNNELL, and JOE GALLAHER, wha have contributed frequently to D. WHITTIER who is in the hospital and badly in need af it.

A very gaod friend of ours, PRIVATE ROBERT HELM MYERS, a farmer A. P. Sports writer naw with the Marines allawed himself to be talked inta a boxing baut. Gaod luck, Bab, we hope the cheering will be as loud as J. C. SMITH'S new shop apran.

We've just returned from DICK and HELEN GILLAM'S wedding reception, and if yau weren't there, you were the anly one ta miss it. It laaked like Wha's Wha at Ryan's. Our sincere cangratulatians ta a couple af grand kids, and here's wishing you all the happiness in the warld. While we are on the subject of weddings, we hear that SYLVIA SAYRE is next.

We were going ta tell yau abaut the new Plant Guard, J. B. "Taint Funny" McGee, but will have ta let it ga until anather time. Well, far the next few days most af us will be writing '42 instead af '43, and I'd just like ta take up enough af yaur time to repeat the wish that this will be the Happiest New Year you ever had.

MILNER WINS A $25 WAR BOND

Carl Milner af the Taoling Department was the winner af the $25 War Bond offered as a prize by the War Productian Drive Committee for the best slogan submitted. The contest ended last month, and when the judges had considered all the slogans which had been turned in they vated that Milner's was the best.

His prize-winning slogan was this:

"Our extra efforts every week
Help make the Axis ever weaker."

FINAL NEWS

By Claude Nadeau and Enid Larsen

Since aur last contribution, (incidentally, the editar made us miss the last issue) we have added quite a few new members to our personnel. We heartily welcome the large number af new men and women employees.

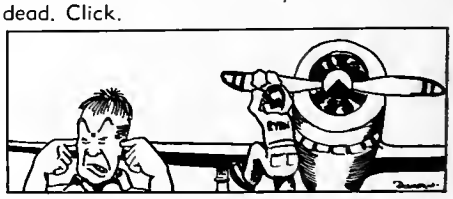
Cigars, candy and congratulations have been flying around Final Assembly again. This time our Foreman, Roy Ryan, was the recipient af the congrats and the gang cashed in on the cigars and candy. An 8-pound boy was the cause of it all. We are glad ta say that Mrs. Ryan is doing splendidly; and the "Double R" is out af his spin, and is showing all the favorable signs of getting back on the beam again.

Have you naticed what is happening to the Final Assembly's bawling team, "The Seven-Ten Club." They are kind af up in there pitchin' we'd say. This has all the appearances of a dandy bowling season. The teams are clase enough that anything can happen, and usually does.

Speaking of bawling, Buck Kelley and his gang challenged faur af us gals to a match game at Hillcrest Bowl. Those participating were, far the gals, Daats Kuyawa, Jan Finn, Beth Kelley, and Enid Larsen. Far the fellows. Buck "Sure Split" Kelley, Lawrence "Unlucky" Halley, J. A. "Miss the Pocket" Crasby and A. C. "Off the Beam" Perry. Yes—yau guessed it; the fellows really taok it on the chin. They were so tharaughly whipped the first three games, that they asked far three more in which to make a comeback. (Hank "Leave 'Em Standing" Hangii rolled far Halley in the secand three). But fram the looks of the scares, they forgat to come back. Anyway, everyone had a swell time and there is the promise of a re-match in the offing.

The galf feud af Final Assembly has been raging furiously far the past six weeks. The parties to this feud are Mansieurs Hilles "The Mighty One," Hutchinsan "The Golf Course Butcher," Felix "The Beginner," and Nadeau "The Master." This is not an ordinary faursame. Besides the usual equipment, consisting af galf bag, shoes, balls, tees and clubs, there are many other implements af destructian. Mr. Hilles carries as extra equipment a large machete far heavy underbrush and small trees. He alsa carries a small pocket campass with which to find his way back an ta the course. Hutchinsan carries a small automatic rifle far protection from the wild animals in "them thar woods." Felix has a small one-man tank far cross cauntry expeditians in search af his ball. Of course Nadeau, "The Master," need not carry any af these extras because of his excellent par galf. (That was an awfully strange cheer, boys.) All in all the matches are a duel ta the death, so be sure ta bring yaur own armor plate, and again we say, the line farms to the right. That's all folks.

The deadline has arrived, and our line is dead. Click.



SECOND THOUGHTS

by Jo Viall

Relax—not literally but figuratively—in the comparative peace and quiet of the factory now that the holidays are over, seems to be the feeling here. Bundle-sprung wrecks, sufferers from shopper's charley-horse and the battered survivors of the season's cheer creep gratefully back to the shelter of their drop-hammers and drill presses. Guillotine operators compare the silence of their machines with the tumult of traffic-noises and downtown bedlam, and are thankful. Everyone found this was a big Christmas, but is happy to be working on a better New Year.

Several of us had home visits ahead of the holidays. An illness in the family called "Eyeshade" Miller back to Nebraska last month and gave him a chance to see old friends and neighbors again. Evelyn Lewis took off her inspector's armband and hurried back to Red River, New Mexico on an emergency trip. Even the joy of being with her own folks couldn't keep her there, though. Marian Sutton disappeared suddenly from the Dispatch booth, but returned in about ten days, looking very happy. We hear she met her husband at San Francisco, then stayed there until she could bring him back with her.

Elsie Steinbruck, dean of women workers in G-3, come to work several days with a case of flu that would have had anyone else in the hospital, then finally had to give up and stay at home with it for a short while. It was the only time she had missed since starting her collar assembly job in Manifold Small Parts, and she hated to spoil her record.

Elsie's new assistant, Skippy Kirkman, has double dimples. That is true, even though hard to prove because she is nearly always concentrating too hard on her job to take time off for smiling. Skippy's Navy husband is in Alaska, so she and the two young children are staying here on the same side of the ocean instead of living in their former home in Connecticut.

Better not say too much about the gals this time because a few of the crusty old-timers could be heard muttering that the last issue of the Flying Reporter seemed more like "Modemaiselle" or the "Woman's Home Companion" than the good old Ryan publication. Excuse or explanation is that most of the newcomers in aircraft are women and they are news. Nearly all of them are doing fine at their jobs, according to leadmen and foremen. Our guess is that not more than one out of ten fail to make good. It is true that a very occasional gal is found who can't seem to settle down and be happy anywhere except on the couch of the ladies lounge, but the attitude of the people who WORK here soon gets across to her.

Billy Leonard is designed like a toothpick, but has a production record on the engine lathe that is something for anybody to envy. She seems to feel about her machine as a musician does about his violin, and the only thing that she'll squawk about is finding it left dirty and disorderly. "You'd think they didn't care a thing about it," she says crossly.

Another who is "that way" about a machine is Fil Fillmore. Watching him at his flash welder is a real pleasure. Bet this is the only year his grandchildren had a chance to be the first to play with their mechanical toys. Ed Cooper seems fond of his gang drill, too. He says he is proud of his progress because this is the first time he ever worked with his hands. Our wag said that if Cooper formerly lived by his wits he probably found that half a loaf was better than none. It's a good thing that Ed enjoys other people's jokes as much as his own.

Pearson honestly hated to leave our outfit when he had to change to first shift hours. "Alabam" is the only one we know who could look neat running a sand blaster. Ted Murray, too, is missing from this department but not from our second shift. He has been moved up into the line of welders and Luther O'Honlan is tacking in the old Murray chair. Luther says that although most folks are touchy about their names being mangled, he is used to answering to everything from "Houlihan to Kelly".

If wishes were horses, we could open a livery stable and solve the transportation problem. Before the last issue got into print with "We could use more of that family" about Irene Lautherback and her relatives, it was all fixed up for us. Now at Ryan's are brother Walt Farr and his wife Ethel as well as sister Gertie and her husband Virgil Chase.

HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL

By Bob Johnson and N. R. Wallin

Experimental department has been growing by leaps and bounds. Fred Hoins took Johnny Cramer's place as project man. Carl Nelson recently went to work in the wood shop. Virginia Keys, one of our former wood workers, came back from across the field to help with the wings. Lyle Gould's Super School of Aircraft Riveting and Assembly has turned out about a dozen new girls who are doing a very good job of building wings. Chester Porter and Clarence Stoner also joined us recently.

We are glad to see Thelma Franklin back on the job. She has been ill for several weeks.

Louie Chapman and his crew of wood butchers seem to be very busy these days. They have their hands full of spars besides the ordinary experimental work they have to do.

Wallin has been the chronic beef of the department all week. He bought his first ration of gas and the tank held only three and nine tenths gallons. Well, wouldn't you beef too?

Jimmy Hannan has been riding pretty high over his success as a monopoly player but your correspondent took a little of the wind out of his sails last Saturday night.

WING TIPS

By Chuck Kellogg

Flash! Romance is here and cupid ain't foolin'. Just before gas rationing hit us, a couple from our department swept down on the small town of Las Vegas, Nevada. They didn't go there for gambling or just for the trip. Las Vegas thought it was a hurricane and the poor Justice of the Peace thought he was being kidnapped. The Justice finally calmed down long enough for them to tell him what they wanted and now they are very happy as Mr. and Mrs. Faber—Mickey and Ernie for short. Congratulations, kids, and may we wish you the very best of luck.

This affair is not the only thing we of this department have to offer in the way of romance, however Oh my no! I was just informed today that there are two other people in our department who just stand around with that blank look that is supposed to mean something or other. I won't mention any names, but I asked Mr. Booth the same question five times today and never did get an answer. But then, I just wanted to know the time so it really didn't make much difference anyway.

Now for the biggest little news of the week. Duane Calder is the proud papa of a seven-pound baby girl. She looks just like him, too (neither one of them has any teeth). Congratulations, Duane, from the gang.

Dick Hersey and Glenn Richardson have just been on what I call a real crying jag. It seems that neither one of them seemed to know that tear gas makes a person really break down and weep. I wish that I could have seen muscle man Hersey and good-looking Richardson crying on each other's shoulders. It seems that they didn't use their masks fast enough the other day when they were having a trial for the emergency squad; consequently they have been crying around here for the last few weeks, but I guess they will be all right in time.

By the way, if any of you have wondered why Gladys Miller hasn't had much to say the last few days, it is because, using her own words, "I can't compete with that damned guillatine machine in manifold."

Now we came to the sad parts of this article. The first being that Elva De Vries has been sick and cannot come back to work before the first of the year. Next, that Vernon Beaman has left this company to go home to Kansas, from where he expects to leave for the army. Last is the leaving of Mel Minar, your old reporter, for Los Angeles, where he hopes to be married before going into the service. Good luck, Mel and Vernon. Maybe you two will get a chance to do something all of us would like to do. (Take a good sock at the Japs.) Both Mel and Vernon said to tell every one goodbye, so I will take the present opportunity and say, "Goodbye."

PLANT ENGINEERING

by F. Gordon Mossop

If this column doesn't live up to the preceding columns, it's not Bob's foult. Bob Christy is having o little trouble recovering from the flu, so I'm trying to "pinch-hit."

The Hello and Farewell Deportment. First hello to Eleonor Hillsinger, Plant Engineering's new representotive in the Maintenonce Crib. B. R. McClendon olso hos o new member in the home office, Elmer Umstead, who comes to us from Outside Production. Mrs. Guillo McClary hos come back into our little group. The Drafting Room also boasts o new member, Betty Postmus of Final Assembly who hos odded her talents to the Drowing Room. Farewell to Mildred Smith, Mac's "delovely" secretory, who hos decided she has had enough of the big city ond yearns to return to good old Iowa. We are olso bidding forewell to Alex Watson, Draftswomon supreme, who is leoving for North Carolino to join her husband.

Gene Marsh has o very obliging wife, for following thot big Thanksgiving dinner she hos another scheduled to make good Gene's offer of o dinner to o mon on our team who first bowled o 200 gome. Well, Mac's wife was away for o while, and missing her home cooking he stepped up lost week to bowl 206 and won thot dinner.

The boys in Plant Engineering being girlshy anyhow, really got so flustered in bowling against the Ryanettes Mondoy thot the girls just wolked off with three of the four gomes. To top it off, Webb Treohy and Mel Poyne fought it out for low man with Mel coming out winner seven pins lower than Webb.

A bit of advice; don't ever bowl with Ed Corson, unless you are prepared to lose. So help me, he is the luckiest bowler at Ryon. Here's the story; some of the fellows ond gols of Plont Engineering decided to get together with some of the woodchoppers for o little practice. Ed steps up ond rolls o perfect gutter boll. After the ball has dropped into the pit and Ed returns to the bench o couple of good-notured pins fell over. Gosh! Deod-line olreody. Just spoce enough left to greet Robert Christy.

MACHINE SHOP

by Bette Landon

Gee! Hove we had excitement in the Machine Shop this week, and to think it was oll coused by o little piece of three-eighths steel tubing. It seems thot George Lowton (Red George, to us) wos making some bushings when bingo! The moterial got oway from him. There it wos whirling round and round, when George got the bright ideo thot he would catch it. After moking severol tries ot it, George finolly caught the material right between the eyes. While in o total blockout, George got the moteriol ond shut off the machine and headed for first aid. Not until the pretty little nurse started bathing his heod did George get the all clear signal, but then who wouldn't? They took six stitches in George's forehead ond sent him home. Thot's o nice way to get o vocotion but George didn't seem to think so.

Vince Kullberg is back on the job ogain ond reolly feeling swell. He soys things were chonged oround so when he come bock he olmost went home thinking he wos in the wrong plont. Baker is olso back ogoin after o brief illness, or was it?

I am to be transferred to Dispotcher in Welding soon. All the gang in the Mochine Shop have been so swell, I'm sure going to miss them, but I will like Welding just os well, I know.

Our pretty little blonde on second shift said "I do," Sunday, December 20. Best of luck to you both, Helen and Dick.

We hove o new centerless grinder in the shop thot is reolly oll right. You just push thot first button down and the moteriol goes down and round. Well, anyway, it's just the thing for what the guys on the lathes get over-size or under-size—if you know what I meon, Kelley and Elmer.

Well, so much for this issue and if I om not in Nevodo when the next issue comes out, I'll be seeing you. And remember when you stond in line ot noon, ond gripe because the lunch wogon doesn't have whot suits your type, just think of whot they are eoting Over There ond you won't be hungry.

RYANETTES

by Tom and Gerry

It is with much regret that we say "Adieu" to our side kick, the "Pink Lady". So here we are again just two "Lone Wolves". (Whoops what am I saying?' But seriously, we are sorry she is no longer with us.

Well, Tom (Maggie Fuson) will soon have reoched the ripe old oge of 21 years. My, my how time does fly. Many happy returns of the day, and may you have mony more.

Jimmie Orr tells us that he received that "Beootiful" scratch on his foce from o rose bush. Such big thorns too.

The Ryan Aeronauticol Company has onother fine entertainment show to their credit. It wos presented for potients ot the Novol Hospitol. Reolly boys and girls if you hove talent, please don't hesitate to come forward ond tell us. Jim Bunnell is the mon you want to see in the Personnel Office. If you could see how much these boys oppreciate ond enjoy it you wouldn't stop, hesitote, or listen. So come on fellows, let's sacrifice o little of our good times and give these kids in the hospitals ond comps o little enjoyment.

Mory Tully of Bill of Material Group wos morried December 15 to William Monehon of the U. S. Coost Guard. Lots of luck ond hoppiness. More engagements ond stuff. It reminds one of o Dorothy Dix Column. Billie Beydler of Central File is flashing o beautiful diomond, third finger, left hond. When's the big doy, Billie? Sue, of the Laborotory was surprised the other day with o gift from some of us for her coming wedding doy, in Jonuory.

But here's the big surprise, in cose some of you haven't heord: (An open letter to Mr. ond Mrs. Don Wolker, (Maggie Fuson).) Deor Mr. and Mrs. Walker:

Well, kids, you did it ogoin. Surprised oll of us you did—and me? Well, I'm still trying to catch my breoth. (Soy, Maggie, what's the ideo of letting your own column get scooped?) But seriously, I, for one of many, wish you all the success and happiness in the world. By the way, when am I invited over for dinner? Bye for now and once more congratulations.

Gerry.

Anyway, the girls in turn surprised Maggie and Don by presenting them with o toost moster, ond o silex coffee pot.

Hove you heard:

Shell Moore's new name for Margie Keonig, Ernie Moore's secretory is "Miss 1 x 3-4".

And Tom, the other night Marion Contretos of the Inspection Office invited me to her house for dinner. Thot was just fine, but I had to cook it. But whot o steak. (Also butter.)

Eileen Benson hos been home ill for some time. Here's hoping you are with us soon, Eileen.

Thot's all for todoy folks, see you next month.

RECEIVING REPORT By Kathryn Cummings

Well, for the first time you are to get inside information about the Receiving Deportment, which under the able hands of Joe Murroy ond Dick Dewey helps do its part. Noturolly in every deportment you must hove o few good typists, so in this corner we have Irene Groves, Elsie Schmidt, ond Richy Richordson. Then to go on with our talent we have the snappy team of Sybil Gogyi ond Phyliss Herbert ot the files.

Over in the next corner that breeze is coming from the girls winding the dittomachine into o gole. At the wheel is Adola Glodnee and Audy Reed o newcomer to our nook. Toking good care of his horem is our own. Shorty Routh and our newly oppointed odvisor, Merle McGrew, who is unfortunotely in the hospitol with pneumonio. We sincerely hope she will be well soon. Now that you know everyone on the inside force, come outside ond meet the gang. First we must brog o little about our boy-wonder, the youngest leadman in the plont, Bill Risso. We can forgive him for being o little fussy. Then over there behind those boxes is the super counter-upper himself, Dick Sprecker and ot his side is W. T. O'Niel wondering where thot other nut is—he only has o million nine hundred ond ninety-nine thousand ond he should hove seven million. Worry, worry. Of course, we hove an ortist, so the moster with the point and brush is none other thon Tom Hortford, ond where is Norma Kerbel? Oh! there she is. "By the woy is there anything good in the candy mochine, Norma"? Catching on quick is onother newcomer, John Schoeder. Well, I guess you've met just obout everyone so till next time, yours till they build foster Jeeps.

★ ★ ★ SPORTS ★ ★ ★

Ryan Baseball Team Starts Win Streak

All Ryan reservatians at the wailing wall are hereby cancelled. The Ryan Scouts baseball team has maved into the win column not once, but twice, and crying towels are no longer needed for Ryanite baseball fans.

After having lost three games in a raw, the crown of thorns was pressed pretty firmly anta the pale and perspiring forehead of each af our diamand heroes. But all is forgiven now.

The boys have practically blasted their recent appanents out of the ball park. First they fell an the Consair B-24 team with a sixteen-hit splurge which netted an 8-1 victory. Then they really brake laose against the Consair All-Stars, pouring through eleven runs in a single inning and turning the game into a 19-0 track meet.

Bob Ballinger and Roy Vinbladh shared the Ryan pitching duties in bath games, and kept the opposition under cantral at all times. They gave the B-24's only five hits, and held the All-Stars to three.

Of the eighteen hits that Ryan collected in the All-Star massacre, four went ta shortstap Erv Marlatt, and Ted Kerr and Tiger Spahr grabbed off three apiece. Jack Billings took advantage af a few hours leave fram the Navy ta play far Ryan against the B-24's, and amply justified his positian in the clean-up spot of the batting arder by getting faur hits out af five trips ta the plate. Nine af the eleven Ryanites who played came through with base-hits at one time ar anather during the proceedings against the B-24's.

Of course, in the interests af truthful and fearless jaurnalism, it must be stated that the Ryan Scouts are nat yet entitled ta be known as a Wonder Team. The clubs they beat are the weakest in the league.

In fact, the B-24's haven't yet licked anybady. They've lost seven straight games. The All-Stars have come home a winner only once in five starts.

Furthermare, when the All-Stars played Ryan they didn't have enaugh men an the premises ta make up a full ball team. They had ta borrow several Ryan understudies in order ta play, and consequently they would still have lost by default no matter haw many runs they had scared. This depressing fact may have had something ta do with their uninspired performance.

At present the Ryan team stands faurth in the league, having won three and lost three. Let us hope that better days are ahead.

And let us give a cheer in passing far Ralph Geitz, the faithful Ryan scorekeeper. He toils quietly in the background, recording the box scare without glary ar pelf. If it weren't far Ralph we'd never have any baseball staries for the Flying Reporter. . . . See what you'd miss if Ralph weren't around?

This is Ed Sly, who recently came awfully close to achieving the dream of all bowlers—a 300 game. He left the 1 and 2 pins in the sixth frame to give him a 266. He's in Final Assembly.

Bernard Bills Beaten

"Stap the presses! Bernard Bills has been dethraned!"

That was the cry that rang through the lang carridors af the Flying Reporter affices one day recently. Bernard Bills, lang-time king af Ryan golf taurnaments, had been beaten at last.

His conqueror was Killer Krause, gifted accordianist and a handy man with a golf club when he's in the right mood. He was in the maad, all right, at the last Ryan tourney—he shot a sizzling 74 to beat Bills by three strokes for the Low Grass traphy.

This gives you a rough idea of why bowling is so popular among Ryan bachelors. Left ta right: Catherine Kuyawa, Alice Mumper, Evelyn Crump, Bette Landan and Margaret Walker af the Ryanette team.

Girls' Basketball Gets Under Way

Yes, those rumars are true. Ryan is really going ta have a girls' basketball team!

The daar is wide apen ta any Ryan girls wha want to try aut far the team. If yau're interested, just stap in at the Personnel Department and sign up with Red Ralph.

Thase who have signed up so far laak like promising material. There's Ginny Plummer af Material Control, who won four basketball letters at Deadwaad High School in South Dakata. Then there's Ellen Moosley, a Ryan welder wha was voted best all-raund athlete in Mineala High School, Texas. She played four years af basketball, twa af softball, and two af track; was also captain af three teams, and has wan several medals far swimming and diving.

Vida McKee, af Manifald Material Planning, won three letters far basketball in high school and three more in State College at Edmand, Oklahama. Velma Grubbs, wha came here fram Phoenix, played on that city's natianal championship softball team, and also wan all-star rating four years in a raw for her performances an the Phaenix High School basketball team.

Bette Landan of Dispatching wan faur high school letters far basketball and faur for softball in Brittan, Oklahama; played professianal softball, won several swimming medals, and competed in radeas at riding and raping.

Jeanette Cummings was active in all sports at San Diego High School, and was an outstanding swimmer at Santa Monica Junior College. She wan the San Diega junior badminton taurnament in 1940.

Other Ryan girls wha have been active in sports and are now aut far basketball include Dorathy Blake, Shirley Gatliff, Dorathy McAdaw, Alice Mumper, Kallie Kackritz, and Jerry Transgard.

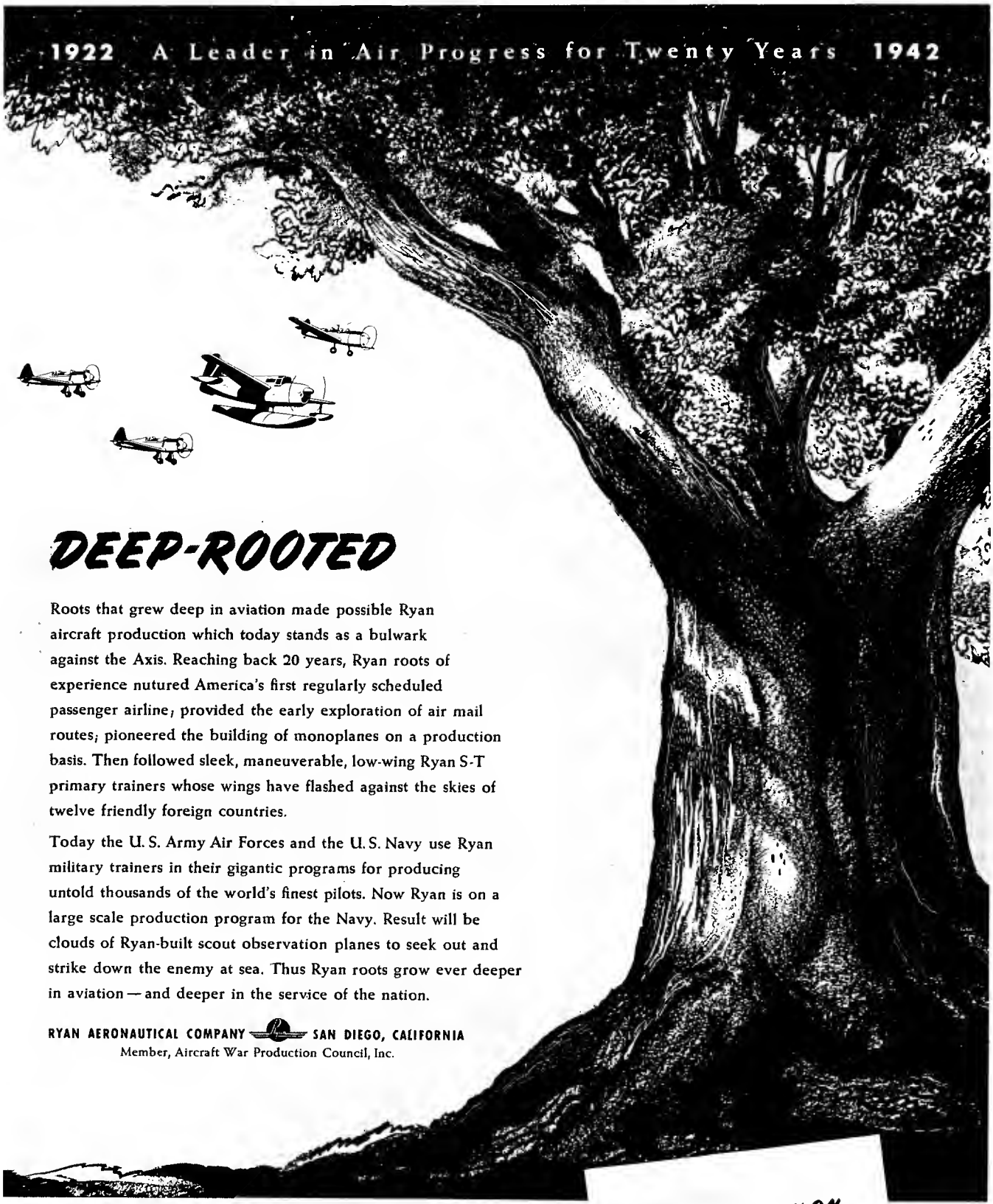
Spies Fail In Bowling Survey

Our spy system has braken down at last.

Our aperatives brought us na ward, this manth, of the fate af Buck Kelley and the valiant little band af calleagues wha bowled with him against the powerful Concrete Shipbuilders team. The last we heard, the twa teams were fighting it aut for the league lead in a crucial all-aut match, while Buck's sanity trembled in the balance. But we still haven't heard how the match turned aut; nar have we received any reparts an the condition of Mr. Kelley.

However, we do have a few notes at hand regarding the status af the Winter Bawling League, made up exclusively of Ryan teams. The Thunderbalts are now leading the Hat Shats by three games, and the Seven Ten team occupies the third spot, just five games off the pace. Wing No. 1, Waadshap, and Wing Na. 2 follaw in that arder.

1922 A Leader in Air Progress for Twenty Years 1942



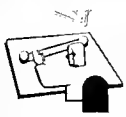
DEEP-ROOTED

Roots that grew deep in aviation made possible Ryan aircraft production which today stands as a bulwark against the Axis. Reaching back 20 years, Ryan roots of experience nutured America's first regularly scheduled passenger airline; provided the early exploration of air mail routes; pioneered the building of monoplanes on a production basis. Then followed sleek, maneuverable, low-wing Ryan S-T primary trainers whose wings have flashed against the skies of twelve friendly foreign countries.

Today the U. S. Army Air Forces and the U. S. Navy use Ryan military trainers in their gigantic programs for producing untold thousands of the world's finest pilots. Now Ryan is on a large scale production program for the Navy. Result will be clouds of Ryan-built scout observation planes to seek out and strike down the enemy at sea. Thus Ryan roots grow ever deeper in aviation — and deeper in the service of the nation.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY — SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

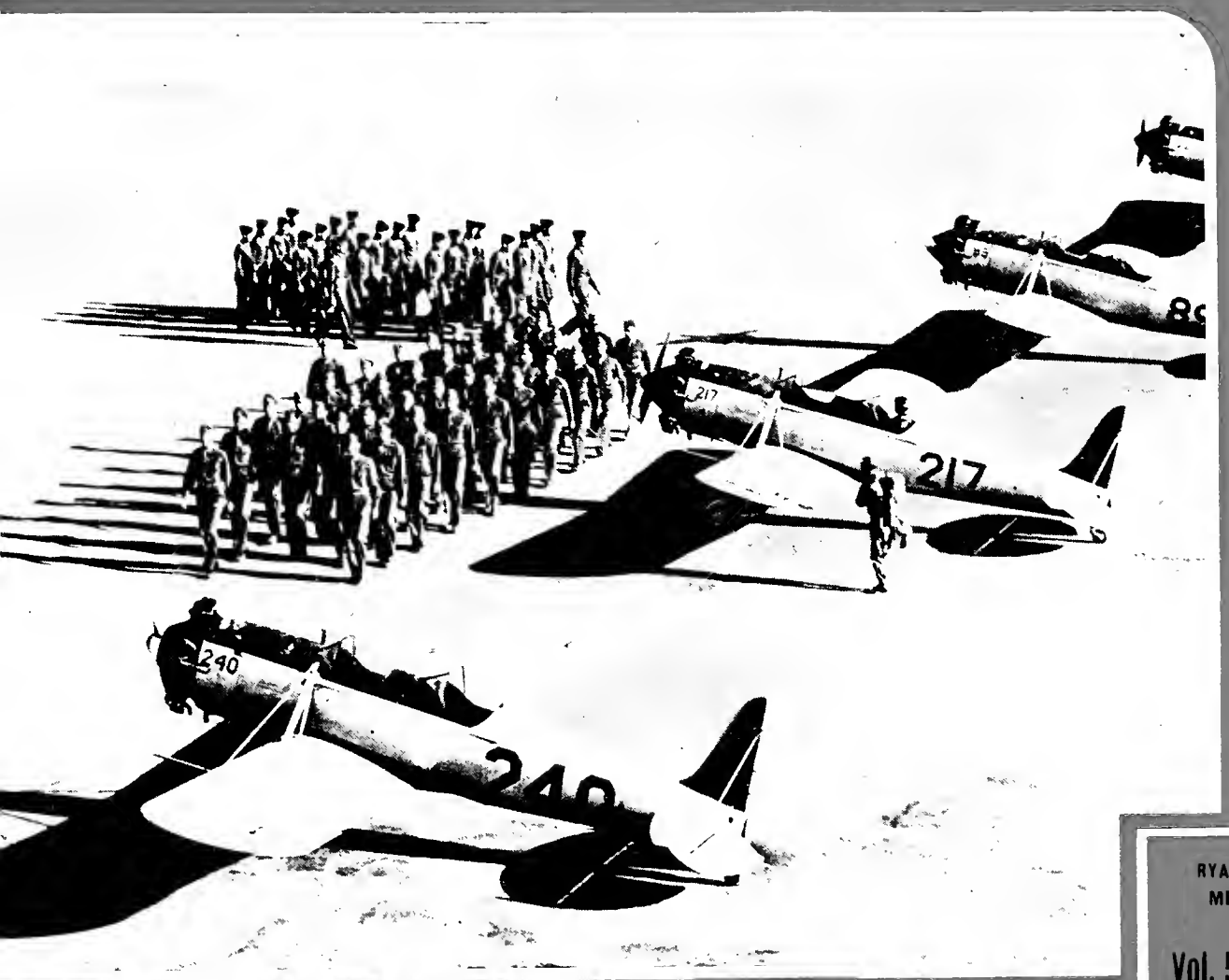


RELY ON

A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

The modern Ryan factory provides every facility for producing all types of advanced military aircraft. Ryan engineering and development set highest standards. The Ryan Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division has perfected flow production of manifolds.

Ryan Flying Reporter



RYAN PT-22S AT MESA DEL REY

Vol. 5 No. 2

JANUARY 22ND 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

More than any other war in history, this war requires ability to make quick readjustments in plans. Campaign plans laid months in advance sometimes have to be completely changed overnight.

This need for flexibility is just as great on the production front as it is on the battle front. Far-reaching alterations in aircraft designs and manufacturing schedules may have to be made at any time.

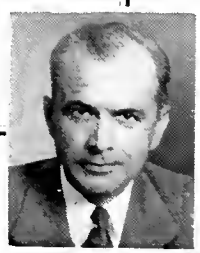
Ryan prides itself on its ability to make just such readjustments —with the minimum loss of efficiency and maximum speed in execution.

This month we have been faced with such a necessity. Strategic conditions have prompted the Navy to request us to taper off work on the SOR-1 and switch quickly to certain other assignments which now appear more urgent.

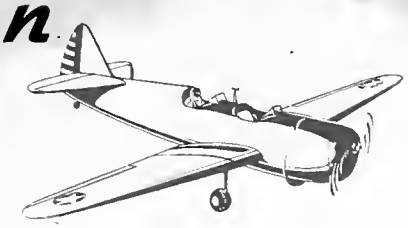
This change in plans will naturally require a lot of extra-hard work on the part of everyone at Ryan. But I feel sure we will all meet the challenge gladly, because we'll be playing an even more important role in the war than we have previously.

If men and machines on the battle fronts can see conditions revised overnight and can adjust themselves accordingly, so can we. I feel confident that every one at Ryan will do his part to meet our new assignment with the speed and efficiency which the Army and Navy have come to expect of the Ryan Aeronautical Company.

T. Claude Ryan



Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Ryan Assigned To Design Combatant Plane for Navy

Heavy production schedules ahead for Ryan workers — even during interim for design and engineering

A new combatant airplane of a very advanced type is being designed and will be built by Ryan — that's our new assignment from the U. S. Navy!

Latest strategic developments in the world theaters of war have prompted the Navy's decision to have this company taper off its work on the Ryan SOR-1 Navy Scout observation type, and concentrate instead on assemblies for other important military types while the engineering is being completed for the new plane.

Just what type this plane is to be, and what role it may play on the fighting fronts, still comes under the heading of nobody's business but the Navy's, and those in our organization who, as work progresses, are directly concerned. That's why the Navy prefers that it be referred to simply as a "combatant" airplane — which is a broad general term covering all planes which operate against the enemy as contrasted with those engaged in supporting operations.

There is reason to believe that this new Ryan plane will play an extremely important role in air warfare in the not distant future.

The new Navy assignment was revealed to Ryan employees late last month by Claude Ryan when he returned from a fast-moving series of conferences with officials in Washington.

In the first announcement, employees were asked to avoid detailed discussion of the matter outside the factory. To make sure that distorted rumors did not gain currency among outsiders, the Navy soon decided to permit Ryan's public relations director, Bill Wagner, to give a carefully-censored announcement of the general facts to local and national newspapers, magazines, and radio broadcasters.

One question immediately pops into the mind of every Ryan worker, upon hearing of this shift in production plans:

"How will this affect the production program in the shop for the next few months?"

The answer is that Ryan's working force will continue to expand steadily. The factory is being enlarged by a huge new assembly building, on which construction has already been started, and new equipment and machines are being installed.

The reason? Simply this:

During the interim period, Ryan will be going full blast building parts and major assemblies of certain famous planes for several of the biggest aircraft manufacturers in America. Such arrangements have already been completed, and work is under way now.

This war requires almost as much ability for quick readjustment of aircraft designs and manufacturing schedules on the production front, when necessary to meet new tactical conditions, as is frequently demanded of men and machines on the battle fronts.

Ryan prides itself on the ability to make just such readjustments when necessary — with the minimum loss of efficiency and maximum speed in execution.

The tempo of production at Ryan must step up faster and ever faster!

1923

1925

1926

1935

1937

1940

1942

Jan. 22 1943 Vol. 5 No. 2

Flying Reporter

Published every third Friday for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆

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☆ ☆ ☆

Special Features

Slim's Pickin's.....**Slim Coats**
An Airplane Is Born.....**Palmer Wentworth**

Staff Contributors

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Engineering.....Victor Odin
Experimental.....Bob Johnston, R. N. Wallin
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Tooling.....Chas. B. Anderson
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellogg

☆ ☆ ☆

Copy deodline for the next issue is February 1st

Slim's Pickin's

by SLIM COATS

It's marvelous the way news travels.

A few weeks ago we reported in this column how Robert Helm Myers, a former Associated Press sports editor from Los Angeles, and now a private in Marine "boot camp" here at San Diego, let a non-com con him into putting on the gloves at a boxing show.

In these parts there is a certain individual connected with the boxing business who calls himself "Honest Bill" Miller and the ink was hardly dry on the paper when he was in communication.

"Dear Sir:

"I seen in your collum resently where a friend of yourn by the name of Bob Myers, a private in the Morine Corpse, done a good job in the ring, probly in a exabition bout.

"In exabition bouts you get payed off in hand-claps and oplauze, and I do not know a single rester-runt in L. A. San Diego nor no ploce else wher a hond-clop will buy a ham sanwich. So I have wrote Private Myers a letter, sujjesting to him that he let me be his manager, and instead of fighting for pea-nuts I will have him getting top dough in Madison's Queer Garden, also Ocean Park, San Diego and Long Beach.

"I explained to the Private, and I wrote in simple English so as he could understand, because what is the use of getting a bird all bawled up, particularly if they oint got no more brains than to be a Private, that if he would sign a contrack with me, I would do him good. In fack, I would do him so good that he wouldnt never forget me.

"Now, Mister C., I am a man which beleeves in the well known additch: 'Leave and let leave.' I do not want to be no hog. I am willing to cut you in on a peece of this kid, Private Myers, if he is any good, or even vice versa.

"I do not beleeve in bragging up myself, becouse my recerd will stand inspection, but let us not go into no detales on a small matter like this.

"Onct I took aholt of a Private in the Army by the name of Butch Rogers, and look what I done with him. Three months after he signed up with me I bought myself a new ottomobile. I figger it is a smart move to cut in a newspaper guy when you have to, and so here is my propozition to you: You use your influence with this boy Private Myers, and get him to sign a ten year contrack with me, and I will cut you in on a peece of the cake. That is the kind of guy that I am, that he dont want it all. Leave and let leave, is my motto.

(Continued on Page 12)

THIS AWARD IS MADE TO THE EMPLOYEES OF

THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.
SAN DIEGO

WHO ARE INVESTING MORE THAN 10% OF THE GROSS PAYROLL IN U. S. WAR BONDS THROUGH THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN

Henry Morgenthau Jr.
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

STATE CHAIRMAN

Howard J. Mills
STATE ADMINISTRATOR

☆ U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1942 450231

This is the certificate awarded Ryan by the Treasury Department, in recognition of the fact that more than 90% of Ryan employees are participating in the Payroll Savings Plan—and that more than 10% of the Ryan payroll goes into War Bonds. The Treasury Department will make a formal presentation of two banners—one for having more than 90% of the employees enrolled, and the other for having more than 10% of the payroll allotted.

Our Navy inspector is a friendly chap who helps us cut red tape —here's how he works

Meet——

Lt. John Brahtz

In an inconspicuous corner office upstairs in the Ryan plant, a husky, cheerful-looking young man in the olive drab working uniform of the Navy sits behind a desk all day.

In a handy top drawer of that desk, a large, closely-printed folio about the size and thickness of a copy of Collier's magazine is always conveniently within reach. It has no pictures nor pretty colors—it is all black and white, and consists solely of 35 weighty sections of printed matter.

The large folio is a copy of the current contract between the United States Navy and the Ryan Aeronautical Company.

And the large young man who keeps the contract within two inches of his fingertips at all times is Lieutenant John F. Brahtz. He is known as the "contract administrator." His title is Resident Inspector of Naval Aircraft, and his job is to help Ryan carry out all the terms of its Navy contract as speedily and efficiently as possible.

"Some people think of a Navy contract administrator as a snooper, or a policeman with a big club," Lieutenant Brahtz says. "But I don't think of myself that way. And I'm sure the Ryan executives don't either.

"I'm really a liaison man, primarily. Whenever Ryan wants to get any information or help from the Navy—or vice versa —I'm the guy who greases the wheels to speed up the transaction."

Lieutenant Brahtz can throw the full weight and power of the U. S. Navy Department behind Ryan whenever this company needs help in procuring materials, getting quick action from a balky sub-contractor, or blasting other kinds of obstacles aside.

For example, if Ryan runs into priorities trouble in putting through an order for materials, Lieutenant Brahtz can pick up his telephone and ask the Navy Department in Washington to needle the right men in the headquarters of the War Production Board. The proper priorities will be forthcoming within a few hours. When the Navy wants anything for one of its aircraft manufacturers, it moves fast and gets results.

Likewise, if Ryan production is delayed because some sub-contractor is slow in delivering parts, Lieutenant Brahtz can apply heat to the proper places. He can get the Naval inspector at the sub-contractor's plant to find and cure the cause of the delay.

There are many times, too, when Ryan men want to make some minor change in design or in production methods. Under the terms of the contract, every change must be okayed by the Navy. Instead of going through long correspondence with Washington, Ryan can short-cut all red tape and get an immediate authorization from Lieutenant Brahtz to make the change.

However, in addition to all his services to Ryan as an expediter and a cutter of red tape, there is another side to this Navy inspector's work. The Bureau of Aeronautics has definitely charged him with the responsibility of checking up on Ryan's fulfillment of every clause of its Navy contract.

So, in spite of the Lieutenant's smiling protests, this responsibility does make him something of a police officer. If Ryan should fail in any detail to fulfill its contract terms, the Bureau of Aeronautics would pin the blame squarely on the broad shoulders of John Frederick Brahtz. Therefore he keeps close tabs on every phase of Ryan's Navy work, from tentative blueprints to final flight tests and ultimate delivery to the Navy.

Under the terms of the contract, Ryan must comply with Navy regulations even down to such details as its insurance coverage, hiring policies, plant protection system, and publicity releases. Brahtz, and his staff of Navy inspectors in the plant, check up on virtually every Ryan department—in the offices and drafting rooms as well as in the factory.

"All we really do, though, is make spot checks," the Lieutenant points out. "The Ryan Company has its own inspectors watching every step of production all day long. There are many of them for each one of our men. So we just wander through the plant making checks here and there at random—picking out one bolt from a whole consignment, perhaps; if that bolt is okay we've learned that the whole consignment probably will be, since Ryan inspectors are very dependable."

Once each month a thick sheaf of typewritten papers and charts, bound in black, is laid on the Lieutenant's desk. This black book is secret and confidential. It is the Ryan management's monthly progress report, giving complete figures on the status of work in every part of the plant.

After studying this report, Lieutenant Brahtz can request changes in Ryan operations. If he wants a change in the materials that go into a Navy plane, or a different manufacturing method, he has the power to bring it about. A "request" from Lieutenant Brahtz can no more be waved aside than could a dreadnaught; his words have the full weight of the United States Navy behind them.

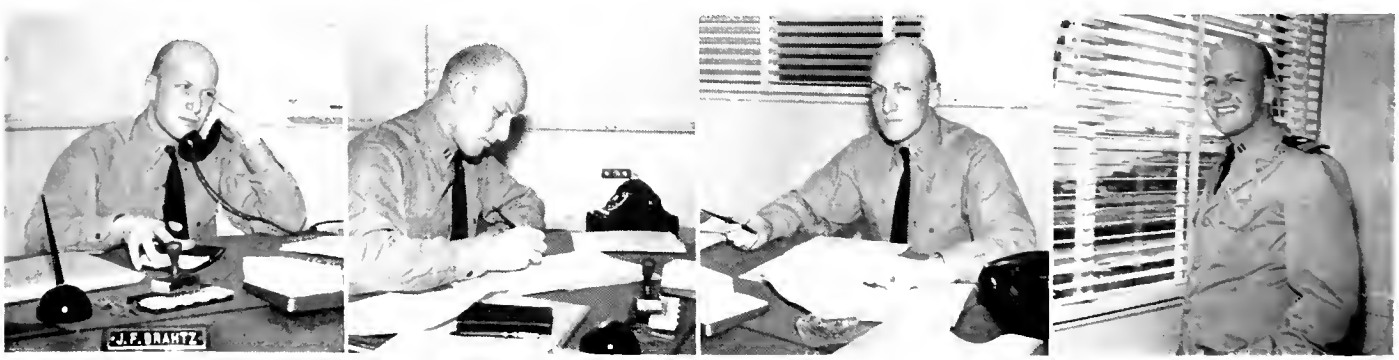
An officer with such power, if he were ignorant or arrogant, might hamstring the whole Ryan organization. But Lieutenant Brahtz is well-liked by everyone with whom he deals. His thorough knowledge of aircraft factory methods, and his talent for staying on friendly terms with people even when he's overruling them, have made him "one of the gang" at Ryan.

Brahtz studied aeronautical engineering first at Cal Tech and then at Stanford, where he was a star swimmer and water polo man. He went to work as an engineer at Consolidated, meanwhile teaching classes in aircraft inspection through the University of California Extension Division. Three years ago the Navy offered him a commission, and when he accepted he was assigned to the Consolidated plant as assistant to the Navy's resident inspector there. Last July he was transferred to Ryan and given charge of Navy contract administration here.

"The Ryan executives are a swell bunch to work with," Brahtz says. "In checking their work, I don't have to be suspicious or hard-boiled. They're not trying to put anything over on me. If they occasionally infringe on some term of the contract, it's simply misunderstanding. We deal with each other in good faith and get along fine."

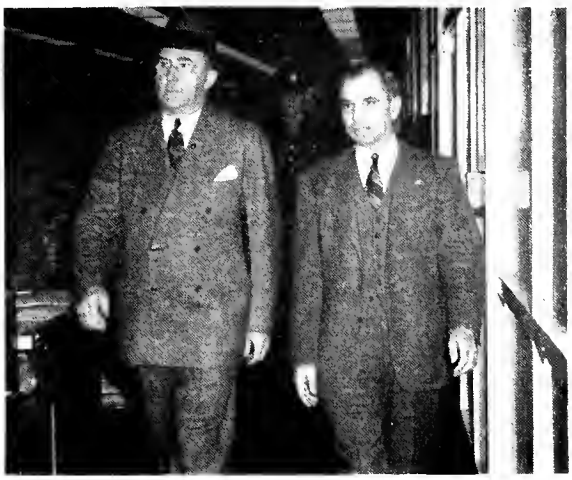
This pink-cheeked officer with yellow hair and blue eyes (he is of Danish ancestry) looks rather young to be filling a position of such responsibility. He has a ready formula with which he replies to anyone who asks him his age:

"I can't remember the day I passed 30," he grins. . . Which may mean anything!



TOP AIRCRAFT MEN VISIT RYAN

The nation's top authorities on aircraft production, who are responsible for planning gigantic manufacturing programs through the Aircraft Production Board of WPB, were visitors at the Ryan factory last week while on a nation-wide tour of inspection.



Charles E. Wilson, head of the Aircraft Production Board and vice-chairman of WPB, strides through the Engineering Department with T. Claude Ryan.

Left to right: Brig. Gen. K. B. Wolfe, Chief of the Army Materiel Command production division at Wright Field; Earl Prudden, Ryan vice-president; T. P. Wright, WPB's aircraft specialist; Claude Ryan; Maj. Gen. Oliver P. Echols, head of the Materiel Command of the Army Air Forces; and Lieut. Gen. William S. Knudsen, War Department production chief.

Left to right: Ernie Moore, production superintendent; Admiral Davison; Brig. Gen. Charles E. Branshaw, western district supervisor of the Air Forces Materiel Command; General Knudsen and Eddie Molloy.

Stopping to glance at the PT-25 are Wright; Shell Moore, Tooling Superintendent; Molloy; Echols and Walter O. Locke, contract administrator. In the background are Wilson and Branshaw.

Claude Ryan and Ben Salmon, chief engineer of Ryan, discuss the company's new design project with Rear Admiral Ralph A. Davison, assistant chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics.

From left to right: Eddie Molloy, Ryan's vice-president in charge of manufacturing; Claude Ryan, General Knudsen, Wilson and Wright.

Pack Up Your Troubles

It was three a.m. when Garrick O'Bryan and Bob Rankin finally turned out the lights in the Personnel Department and plodded wearily over to the parking lot. They'd been working since seven that morning to put through gasoline rationing applications for several thousand Ryan employees.

Garrick's car, they found when they reached it, had a flat tire.

Bob sighed, but he still had enough pep left for a wise crack. "I told ja we should have given that guy a B card," he joked as he set to work helping Garrick change the tire.

Little jobs sometimes biggest

Such spirit is no novelty among the energetic, wise-cracking men and women who make up the Employee Service Division of the Ryan Personnel Department. They can "take it." No matter how fast and heavy the work pours in, no matter how many setbacks and headaches come their way, they still keep smiling and stay in there and pitch.

Every few weeks the Employee Service division struggles and suffers through some mountainous rush assignment. One week it may be dealing with hordes of new employees who want to be signed up for War Bond purchases on the payroll allotment plan. Another week, it may be rushing to map out a car pooling system for hundreds of new Ryanites. Ration books, selective service, extra tires, insurance, income taxes — they're all part of the work of "Employee Service."

The little jobs sometimes take longer than the big jobs. Jim Bunnell, director of the Employee Service Division, drove as far as Tijuana recently to put up bail for two Ryanites in trouble there. Rankin and O'Bryan often appear in court to pay traffic fines for Ryan workers who would otherwise have to take time off from the production line. Every day Personnel is in contact with Selective Service officials, presenting briefs in behalf of vital workers. Every day it is searching for nursery facilities to take care of children of Ryan workers during the day.

More and more Ryan workers are learning that when they find themselves in trouble of almost any kind, the place to go is the Employee Service Division. Jim Bunnell is a big, friendly chap with sympathetic understanding that makes everyone willing to pour out their most serious troubles to him. And Jim can almost always find a way to help them.

Employee receives credit advice

A haggard-faced young man walks into Jim's office and blurts, "I don't see how I can go on. The finance company is going to garnishee my salary."

Jim nods sympathetically. "Sit down and tell me all about it," he suggests. Credit sharks are an old story to Jim. He's seen dozens of unwary workers trapped by hidden clauses and high interest rates in contracts that high-pressure salesmen have induced them to sign.

"I bought some jewelry for my wife a few months ago," the young man says, "and signed up to pay for it on the instalment plan. I've been doing a lot of extra overtime work here, and figured I wouldn't have any trouble meeting the payments. But now there's not so much overtime in my department, and I'm stuck.

"The finance company is charging me so much interest that I owe more money now than I did before I started making payments. They've got a tough collection lawyer camping on my doorstep and he says he's going to garnishee all my salary and everything I own unless I pay up. But I haven't got the money. I can't pay up! What am I going to do, Mr. Bunnell?"

Bunnell old hand at finance troubles

Jim offers him a cigarette. "Take it easy, boy. Relax. In the first place, no finance company can tie up your whole salary. That's against the law. In the second place, if you'll show me the papers you've signed I may be able to tell you one or two simple legal steps you can take to ease the situation a bit. And in the third place, if you'll give me the name of your creditors, I'll personally help straighten it out with them."

So the boy walks out feeling happier. Bunnell calls up the creditor, explains that

At left an appasite page: Garrick O'Bryan telephanes while Bob Ronkin scans a paper in the background. Center: Employee Service Director Jim Bunnell tells a joke to a Ryan worker. Above: Red Rolph looks at you as if to say, "Wanna play basketball?"

Get out the old kit bag, fill 'er up with your difficulties... and deliver to "Personnel"

the Ryan company wants to help keep its employees on an even keel, and works out a deal whereby the debt can be paid off in much smaller instalments.

Bunnell is an old hand at dealing with finance companies on behalf of Ryan workers. He can be a suave diplomat or a two-fisted battler, whichever the situation demands. One way or the other, he can almost always head off the loan sharks.

No deadheads need apply

"I won't go to bat for any Ryan man or woman who's a deadhead, though," Bunnell points out. "We have a few in this company — as in every company — who deliberately contract debts they have no intention of paying. I can spot a cheater in about three seconds flat — and when one of them starts to cry on my shoulder, he gets nothing from me but a fast brush-off."

Even the company tool store, which Personnel operates, passes on discounts to employees. Most tools are priced much lower here than they could possibly be in any store operated for private profit.

The tool store, incidentally, is now being enlarged and is to be open from 8 to 5 daily, so that workers on both first and second shifts can get prompt service. However, no worker will be served during hours when he should be working, unless he has a pass from his foreman.

Recreation another Personnel problem

Another of the big functions of the Ryan Personnel Department is helping workers find inexpensive recreation for their spare time. "Red" Ralph, the ex-athletic coach who took this assignment at Ryan, is busy all day and most evenings lining up facilities to provide a wide variety of sports for Ryan workers who want them.

Red has several Ryan bowling leagues going full blast with hundreds of members. Golf, baseball, basketball (for men and women), ice skating, chess, tennis, swimming, boxing and wrestling — these are a few of the sports available to Ryan workers at little or no cost.

Many details involved

Red is on the go continually — trying to wangle the use of a gymnasium for one of our basketball teams; lining up volunteer coaches for swimmers or wrestlers; getting donations of trophies, uniforms or athletic equipment; arranging for referees and scorekeepers; or trying to drum up interest around the plant in some new sport.

Attitudes on different sports vary

It's funny what different attitudes Ryanites have toward different sports," Red says. "Our golfers would get to a tournament if it were half way into the next county; our men basketball players would rather play than eat; our bowlers turn out night after night — but our swimmers? — unh! We had dozens signed up but only five showed for the first swim. Our girl basketball players come to practice when they feel like it — which isn't very often. Our boxing and wrestling tournament may die from lack of entries. But just as long as one or two Ryan people are interested in a sport, I'll do my darndest to make it available to them."

Red's spirit is typical of the spirit of everyone in the Personnel Department. They get lots of setbacks, and little appreciation, sometimes, from the workers on whose behalf they are laboring, but every one of them wears a big grin all the time and seems to get a tremendous kick out of his job. Helping other people, it seems, can be more fun than any other job on earth.

He Learned At Guadalcanal

Ex-Ryan worker finds out how it feels to repair planes a few hundred yards from Japanese machine gunners

"There've been plenty of times on Guadalcanal I wished I was back in the Ryan factory," Sergeant George L. "Bud" Westerlind of the U. S. Marine Corps said softly. "I used to think I was working hard at Ryan, but I never knew what real hard work was until I got to the front."

Bud Westerlind, former leadman on the night shift in the Ryan wing department, is just back from two months in the Pacific war zone's hottest spot. Before he was assigned to the Solomons he was at Midway Island during the battle there, and at Hawaii on December 7.

Bud was a country boy from Michigan when he enrolled for mechanic's training at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in 1938. He went from the school directly into the factory — and it was because of this experience as a plane mechanic that he became Sergeant in charge of a specialized ground crew unit soon after he joined the Marines in 1940.

Today he looks older than his 25 years. He speaks

slowly, in o low voice, and his deep-set eyes never seem to lose their seriousness.

"My job was to help service SBD's — the Douglas Dauntless dive-bombers," he says. "That was no picnic when we moved into Henderson Field on Gaudalcanal. Hawaii had been bad, and Midway was worse, but the two months I lived through on Henderson were the toughest I've ever known."

Bud and his mates had to keep their squadron of scout bombers ready for flight with few tools and primitive makeshift workshops. This was an endless, agonizing job that kept the crew laboring at top speed from dawn to darkness seven days a week.

"Every minute counted," Bud recalls. "It was hammer-and-tangs work all day long. A motor change that used to take three days in peacetime was made in three hours on Guadalcanal.

"We used to work stripped to the waist, with that tropical sun beating down on us hour after hour," Bud went on slowly. "Sweat pouring off us. Horse-flies and mosquitoes swarming around so thick we could hardly see. We were half-sick with dysentery half the time, and many had malaria. After every bombing or shelling we'd be shaking and staggering with light cases of shell shock for half an hour or so. But we kept on working—shakes, dysentery, mosquitoes, and all. The chatter of those Jap machine guns a few hundred yards away was enough reminder not to stop."

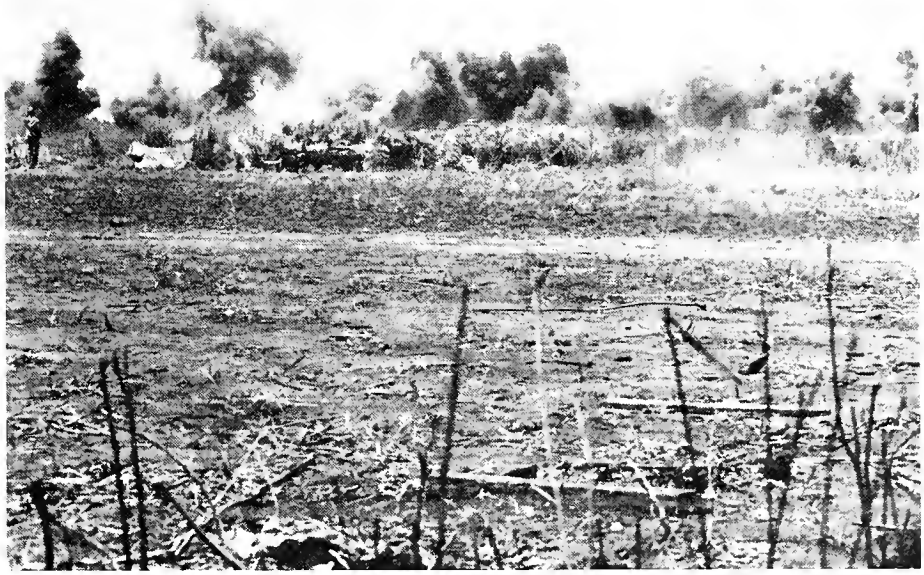
Henderson Field was bombed and strafed daily by Jap planes, and shelled frequently by the big guns of the Japanese fleet miles off shore.

The American dive-bombers went out daily to attack Jap positions and try to sink their naval vessels and transport ships. Each day some would come back unscratched, but others would limp home riddled by shrapnel or machine gun fire. These were the planes that Bud and his men spent most of their time on.

"I learned a lot of tricks at Ryan that sure came in handy on Guadalcanal," Bud mused. "I knew how to do things faster, and with fewer materials, than some of the other fellows. So I was promoted to chief metalsmith of the squadron. But the fine workmanship I'd learned at Ryan went all to hell when I landed in the Solomons. We had to do rough-and-ready patchwork that would keep the plane in the air for a few hours — not thorough repairs to make the ship as good as new. . . . We made damn sure every job was okay, though. The pilots' lives depended on us. And they never bothered to check our work — they knew we wouldn't let them down. No one ever lets a buddy down on Guadalcanal."

Eddie Rickenbacker, returning from the Solomons, said that war production in America would be doubled if every war worker

(Continued on page 14)



On apposite page, Bud Westerlind in front af one of the new Ryon plywood trainers. Top: he inspects a plane with his farmer boss, Dan Burnett. Center: Hendersan Field as it laaks when a stick af Jap bombs bursts. Battom: A Guadalcanal ground crew goes ta work on a cambat plane which was hit on the ground by Jap strafers. Official U. S. Marine Corps photographs, through courtesy of O. W. I.

Is It True What They Say About Ryan Planes?

If you were to ask any Army airman in California, or any civilian flying instructor, about the flight school at King City, he'd probably nod enthusiastically and tell you, "For my money, that King City outfit is about as good a school as you'll find anywhere."

Set down in the heart of the broad, rolling Salinas Valley a few miles from King City, the school's official name is Mesa Del Rey. But it's been tagged "King of the Primaries" by the enthusiastic Army officers and civilians who run it.

Mesa Del Rey is known far and wide as a smartly-staffed school with the finest equipment plus bubbling morale and ramrod efficiency. Its officers and instructors are wideawake flying men who know good airplane performance when they see it. Its cadets are as perfectly-trained, by the time they graduate, as any primary students in the world.

So—when the Mesa Del Rey gang says that the Ryan PT-22 trainers are swell, that's about as good a testimonial as any aircraft company could ever hope to receive. . . And Mesa Del Rey does say exactly that about the Ryan ships in use there for the past year.

Today a visitor can go down the line of the school's personnel and find high praise of the PT-22's. Captain Dana L. Fuller, the ex-polo player, and sportsman pilot who left his executive office with the Fuller Paint Company to become commanding officer of Mesa Del Rey, has been a booster for Ryans ever since he arrived. So have Lieutenant "Bunny" Kimball, his adju-

Ryan planes clip trees, cut telephone wires, and even bounce...but still they fly again

tant; Lieutenant F. M. Winkle, the service and supply officer, and the other Army men down to Lieutenant "Soapy" Smith, the former Santa Clara football star who is assistant commandant of cadets.

Winkle sums up his impression in one sentence: "I've heard our instructors say dozens of times that they love to teach in Ryans." But Kimball goes into more detail:

"A cadet seems to be almost as safe in the rear cockpit of a Ryan trainer as he would be in his bunk in the barracks. That rear cockpit is so strongly reinforced that it's virtually crash-proof. No matter what happens to the rest of a Ryan, the rear cockpit seems to come through safely." Even in the rare cases where serious crashes have occurred, the cadets have escaped.

Soapy Smith, who soaked up plenty of punishment himself during his football days at Santa Clara, has a lot of respect for the Ryan planes' ability to take a beating. "They stand up under terrific punishment," he says. "Dodos, who haven't mastered the fine art of making a smooth landing, set the Ryans down with awful smacks, hour after hour and day after day. Lots of times I've seen a new cadet bounce his plane high into the air when he tried to land. Once I saw one clip a tree because he was coming in much too low, and I thought he was a goner sure. But he brought the plane in okay, and stepped out with only a chipped tooth. The ship needed only ten bucks worth of repairs to be ready to go again."

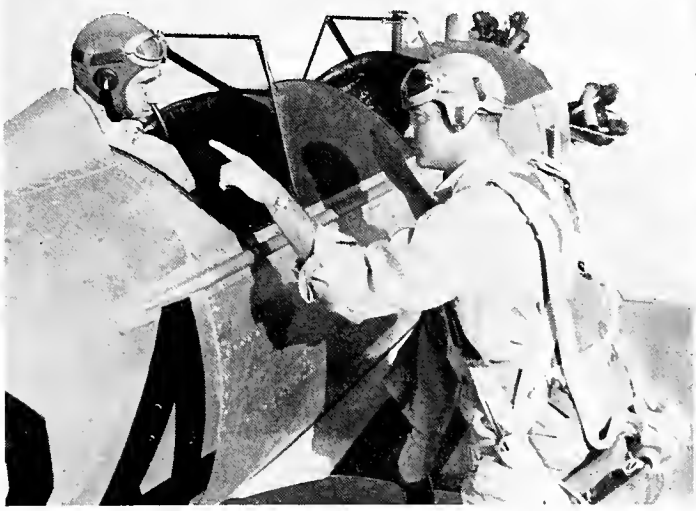
The maintenance crews at Mesa Del Rey are also well-satisfied with the PT-22's. "We don't have many failures to worry about here," the service men say. "The Ryans are easy to keep in good running order, no matter how much of a battering the cadets give them. In fact, more than eighty per cent of the Ryans at this school are in commission at all times — and usually the percentage is quite a bit higher. Furthermore, no Ryan airplane part has ever failed in the air."

The Mesa Del Rey primary training school, which will be two years old next month, is owned and operated by Harry S. White, a well-known Northern California sportsman who has successfully operated several business enterprises in the aviation field. The owner of the Palo Alto Airport, he contracted with the United States Army to provide flight training for aviation cadets, and thereupon opened not only Mesa Del Rey but also Dos Palos, another school which also uses Ryans exclusively. Harry White is a magnificent flier himself, and his judgment of aircraft carries considerable weight. What does he think of Ryans?

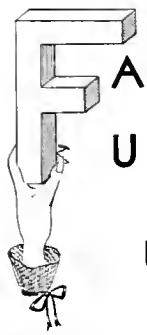
He puts the tip of his thumb and forefinger together in the characteristic airman's gesture, and nods. 'Nuf said!

Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the performance of Ryan trainer planes at flying schools now using them.

Above on opposite page: Formal review on the flight line at Mesa Del Rey. Below: Flight instructor gives some last-minute advice to a cadet before he starts on a solo flight.



Cadets love to sit and "shoot the breeze" while watching their mates take check rides in "Maytag Messerschmidts"— otherwise known as Ryan PT-22s.



FASHIONS and FURBELOWS

by Frances Statler

Howdy pals, did you miss us last month? No? Well, we're back anyway. You know what they say about a bad penny always turning up. Of course, you probably don't recognize us with all our snazzy trimmings and what have you, but anyway we're off to press.

If you think you're going to have a few pennies left over after taxes, maybe you'd like to make the rounds of the shops with me.

To start with our old standby, there's nothing as practical and durable as a good suit. And in case there's an extra wind or two whining around the house corners, top your suit with one of the new Chesterfield overcoats. They make a wonderful companion piece to either your suit or a dressy dress. In fact, it's the style to wear them with just about anything except a bathing suit.

For you gals who like to be original and make your own hats, with quite a saving attached, Klari Creations has hit on a new idea for those of you who like to knit. It's a hat-making kit all decked out complete with felt shape, wool, and directions. You can have your choice of berets, high Russian chechios with worsted headbands and knitted lace. Further details can be obtained direct from 117 East 10th St., New York, N. Y. (kits cost $1.35 to $1.65).

Shopping bags are back again. It's not only your country cousin Kate that's carrying them these days, for lugging your own parcels is patriotic now. If you want to be oo-la-la, you might have a monogrammed one copied in fine morocco leather, but I think I'll be able to get along with a paper one, thanks.

In case you really want to delve into the wartime clothes situation, why not hunt up a copy of "HOW TO DRESS IN WARTIME" by Winifred Raushenbush, at the local library. If you find it's out, which it probably will be, put in a reservation or try the book store. (Coward-McCann, $2).

Another find for a combination defense worker who must also be the chief cook and bottle washer at home is "JUST FOR TWO" by Lily H. Wallace. It's all about how to rush up a dinner for the two of you without having enough left over to feed a bunch of field hands. Especially nice for those newlyweds. (M. Barrows & Company, New York, $2.00).

Another feather in the cap of someone is that we here in the good old U. S. A. can keep our best face forward without contending with the shortages that plague British women. How would you like to be sold black shoe polish for "mascara," or pink billiard chalk as cheek rouge? We still don't have that worry, but their idea about pipe cleaners for hair curlers might come in handy before too long, with bobbie pins getting more and more scarce.

A woman's hands doing a man's job these days have to have more care than ever before. Try massaging your hands with a rich lubricating cream. To keep your sheets from getting greasy, put on a pair of old cotton gloves, retire for the night and then see the difference in the morning. Of course, you can't do this once or twice in two weeks and expect to get results. Keep at it!

If you have trouble with your nails splitting, as most of us do at times, be sure to eat plenty of fruits and vegetables and drink plenty of milk. Don't file them down to the corner—it weakens their support, and pop, you've ruined another nail.

Add a dash of color to that old black suit, especially if the elbows are worn through. Just make new sleeves, quilted and each one of a different color. Make your best beau think you've got a large wardrobe.

Our beloved coffee has made way for strategic materials—bauxite, copper, balsa wood, and mica. That's what the ships from Brazil are carrying these days instead of coffee. It helps to preserve the flavor of coffee to keep it in your refrigerator in a tightly covered jar. If you're having one of those homey parties that are coming to the front again, and want to stretch your coffee so you'll have enough to go around, add up to one-quarter of chicory. Another coffee saver is to drink your coffee half and half with hot milk which has been beaten with a rotary beater as it heats.

For you women who bring your lunch and have to pack one for hubby too, 5 cents in stamps will get you a bulletin containing 125 More Lunchbox Ideas. Just send to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. This handy bulletin contains recipes, menus, daily nutrition guide and dozens of pointers on packing and preparing lunches.

A thought in closing. Don't carry the worries of the world on your face. Ban the scrowls of selfishness, the acid-etching of malice. Smile! That old saying, "Smile and the world smiles with you," though sometimes hard to do, is more important today than ever before. The reward a smile reaps is worth ten times the effort—for through a smile, you acquire beauty of the soul which is quickly transmitted to your face.

MORE FROM SLIM

(Continued from page 2)

"Now here is all that I would expect from you, and it is really nothing at all. You take and write a letter to this Myers boy, telling him how close and confidential I am with all the big-shot newspaper guys, see?

"For instance, I am close and confidential with Billy Van of the Knockout, and quite frequently him and I beer up together—whenever I got the dough. Also the sports editor of the Colif. Eagle. And the man that collects our garbidge is got a 2nd cousin that runs the elevayter at the Herald-Express in L. A. But I am not swell headed about this.

"Furthermore, still, on top of all of this, I do not want to take this kid for a sleyride. I will do the write thing in the contrack. Instead of the usual 1/3 manager's cut, I am willing to take a meer 1/2. All I ask is first count of the dough.

"Now I hope you will not be a sucker and overlook this big chance. I could of cut in other sports editors like Ned Cronin, M. M. Clancy, Jack Billings or Bill Cameron, so don't never get the idea that I cant do without you, because such is not so. The only thing is that I figure them other guys is better in arthametick than you.

"Will be glad to get tigether with you over a intimit glass of beer, which I will gladly pay for.

"Yours truly,

"HONEST BILL MILLER."

Sorry, you're too late, Bill. A gentleman named Major General J. C. Fogan has Fightin' Bob signed to meet a couple of bums named Hitler and Hirohito.

Well, the priorities have us just about loop-legged. We can't get a kitchen sink because the Navy must have a suicide fleet. Everything we want is canceled because of priorities. Who would have thought that zippers would ever become unconstitutional? Like a cock-eyed batter in a picnic baseball game, you can never tell where priorities will hit. That's why REX SEATON has gone in for raising rabbits. Now he's taking orders for Easter eggs.

While we are on the subject of eggs, H. H. "ABIE" DOBBINS has just purchased a nice little nest egg in the shape of $200.00 worth of war bonds. Mrs. JACKIE COE is heading a movement to change the name from Defense Workers to "Victory Workers." She asserts we're no longer fighting a defensive battle, but an offensive war. I think she is in possession of something there, what do you think?

You'd be surprised how quiet some girls are about an engagement. SYLVIA SAYRE insists she doesn't know who sent her the ring, but one of our scouts reports "Hap" MILLER as the lucky man. To date we have been unable to contact Hop, so don't bet any geetus on this.

CHRIS MUELLER just bought a horse, and will take to the saddle any day now. He's waiting for SID JACOBSON to get him a "gee-tar" and as Chris doesn't sing much himself, ERICH FAULWETTER will sing the blues for him (or the horse). All of which reminds us that BILL WILKINS is developing a new technique for trick riding. We understand it's spectacular.

Remember GALE C. MOORE, the second shift Maint. Elec.? His ship was torpedoed off the African Coast, but it's not bothering that old sea dog. He's rarin' to go again, and would like to hear from some of the gang. His address is Gale C. Moore, E.M.2/c Receiving Station, Unit D, N. O. B. Barracks No. 2, Norfolk, Va. He would like to correspond with some of the girls in the plant. LES HOLMBERG, the kid with the great big grin, just left us to join the Merchant Marine. We'll be hearing more from him, I betcha.

I have just received an invitation to join the Ryan Hiking Club. Now I appreciate the invitation, but must decline with thanks. I'm strictly a horseman, and after I walk a mile I sag down like a boarding house sofa. I never was much for marching in parades either, as I am more the reviewing type, and when it comes to marching I'm in favor of mechanized warfare at fifteen cents the first quarter mile. One thing is to be understood about hiking, I learned to walk about thirty years ago and I don't need any more rehearsals.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

What did you expect us to write about? Chess, of course.

We can remember the days when Engineering was an idyllic pasture, serene and unruffled; a place where a man might work and eat his lunch in peace and return to work the better for having consumed two beef sandwiches and a pint of coffee. But now?

Now a man lives not for bread alone. Comes twelve o'clock, Jekyll turns to Hyde. He pushes his work from him and glares about the room. Whom is he to play today? And what has he to gain by playing? What opening shall he use? He darts an anxious look at the tournament board and selects an opponent. CAULDWELL's eligible . . . Cauldwell, whistling murderer of Beethoven . . . what a pleasure to force him, square by square, to the last desperate corner and to cry "Check!" in a voice hoarse with emotion. Can any of us remember what we have eaten the last few weeks?

It all started innocently enough. Illustration ("Art is long but life is fleeting"), bored to tears with its mutual lunchtime company, brought in a chess set to while away the noonday hour; and that was like introducing the germ of the Black Plague into Medieval Europe. Only, this time, it was a Black-and-White Plague into Engineering.

Well, here we are. Your correspondent gallantly resists all efforts, however naive, to dislodge him from the bottom ranks of the scoreboard; and JOE THEIN, by a series of breaks so amazing as to be utterly fantastic, sits at the top. In between, good people still claw at each other's throats. Competitors are attracted from as far away as Laft and Development by the glory involved. Give us a few more weeks and the winners will be playing in Balboa Stadium before frenzied crowds. Another few weeks, and the bulletins will be running around the Times Building in New York: "Pyle Battles Crayne for Runner-up Spot — Thein Confident of Victory." Fortunes will be won and lost on the movement of a rook; the loss of a queen may well shake our national security.

People (i.e., McREYNOLDS) are prone to laugh at this pastime, sometimes known as the Sport of Kings, after the chessman of the same name. We, ourselves, prefer to call it Galloping Logic. Anyway, students of kinesiology admit that pushing sixteen men around is splendid exercise for the muscles of the right arm and shoulder.

And to such carping critics we need only point out that this game was invented circa 1000 B.C. by two elderly Chinese who were dying of ennui, but who — alas! could not escape their doom; it was pursued further by various medieval ecclesiastics, who were promptly excommunicated; and it has always held great favor with military strategists, who love to play it because it has no possible connection with their profession. Its heyday came in the nineteenth century, when Paul Morphy (a genuine American genius, about whom a book should be written) beat everyone in sight — good, better, and excellent — and who, as a consequence, died quite insane.

Typical noonday scene in Engineering's hotbed of chess addicts.

For aficionados of this amusement we print a typical game. Rather than mention names, we specify departments, in order to avoid bad feelings:

Salvage (White)	Illustration (Black)
1. P-KB4 ?	P-Q4
2. P-QKt4 ?	P-K3!
3. P-QR4 ??	P-KR4 !!
4. Resigns	Ha-ha !

For human interest, we might mention that the upper-bracket contenders in the tournament are addicted to the habit of writing down each move in their games in order to preserve them for posterity. At the moment we have two private detectives busily employed trying to find out what they do with the transcripts of the games when they lose.

Before the man with the straitjacket comes around, we wish to go on record as stating that we prefer the Ruy Lopez opening, preferably with a Nimzowitsch defense, according to lines developed by Fine and Reshevsky — tactics which may be found in the brilliant criticisms published by Reinfeld; in any case, we demand a queen's odds.

Come up sometime and refresh your sense of the heroic by watching a couple of our masters — say PARK and WENTWORTH — locked in mortal combat (or do we mean "in dubious battle"?), craftily playing both ends against the muddle. It is a sight to give you pause.

RYANETTES

by Tom and Gerry

Hello everybody, here we are again with the latest (we hope) gossip. It seems as though there were some of the boys and girls who decided to start the New Year out right by middle aisling it. Such as Bill Kupilik (married Rex Seaton's sister-in-law) Billie of Central File and Sue of the Laboratory. Congratulations all of you and the best of luck.

By the way if anyone has any extra bones after eating, please give them to Norman Seely of Planning so he can give them to his dog "Ring."

Jeanne Stutz of Planning has just returned from a very "restful" vacation, in bed. It seems as though Jeanne had to go out and get the flu. Glad to see you back all well. And she really did come back as shapely as ever.

A get-together of several girls, including Mrs. Flora Smith, nee Flora Rosado, a former Ryanette, was held at the "Mansion" of Tom.

Marion Key, Mr. Cunningham's secretary, had a very enjoyable week end, with her husband (you know, that handsome blonde Adonis) whom she hasn't seen for the last two months. (Not bad, Marion.)

We all bid adieu to Miss Bettie Forbes, formerly of Planning, who has left us to work for the Army Engineers. How are the Colonels, Bettie????

Well, folks, I'm afraid that's all for now, see you next month, we hope.

Bye for now,

Tom & Gerry.

MACHINE SHOP
SECOND SHIFT

by A. G. "Pop" Harris

Well, I am going to try it once more, and hope the editor will find space in the Reporter for this little bit, for by his not doing so the other time, he caused several casualties, and I was all of them.

There hasn't been much excitement in the Machine Shop, second shift, lately, but I have been studying the absentee chart in the last Reporter.

I believe the one that made it has the dope to show he is right. I also agree with him that a thing like that actually exists at Ryan. Of course all absentees have an alibi, but unless it is backed up by a doctor's certificate or some other bonafide evidence, their alibis are nil.

On the other hand, I find there is considerable absence on the night shift on account of illness.

But I have also known people to stay away from work just because they did not want to work, which is a sad state to be in while our country, and our boys at the front, are so in need of planes. So let us all do our bit and not be classed as a slacker.

"Our boys at the front are going to win this war for us — they have what it takes." Oh, yeah? They will win only if we at home can realize that we are really in war, and all of us put our shoulders to the wheel and do a little more than our part.

JESSIE CAGLE just wrote to her folks back in Louisiana that she is having a wonderful time and a half (whatever that is).

ROBBIE BRADSHAW was telling me that her landlord said he would give her two days to pay her rent. Robbie told him that would be O.K. with her — that she would take the Fourth of July and Christmas.

BILL HUBBARD told me that he was going to get married as soon as some girl would ask him.

JOHN JACOBS would like to become the father-in-law to a certain young lady from Missouri who happens to be on this shift.

PEGGY DARE has been looking kinda sad and broken-hearted lately. She said that little cupcake doesn't come around to see her any more, and to cop it off he, cupcake, is going in the Army.

JIM HUMPHRY told me that he really went hunting the other day. He said he hunted all over San Diego for a steak and finally ended up with a few short rib bones that he put in sauerkraut. Good hunting, I would say, but poor finding. Better luck next time, Jim.

Well, I will have to be going and let up on this foolishness as I don't suppose you will print it all anyway. So long until next time.

PLANT ENGINEERING

Robt. E. Christy

Well, folks, I'm back again to pester you with news and views from Plant Engineering. After that excellent column by my stand-in, Gordon Massap, in the last issue I am afraid this is going to be a let-down, but brace yourself and I'll go ahead.

Things have surely changed in our office recently. The carpenters have been busier than a hive of bees in here and the result is both amazing and pleasant to see.

To those of you who have been uncomfortable due to the action of our factory office heating system, let me say that everything possible is being done by way of improving this condition. I believe it will be all right shortly. So bear with us for awhile.

With a lovely Christmas and New Year's behind us, we are starting with an all-out effort to increase our efficiency and production for the year of 1943. We have reorganized and in so doing I believe the results will be gratifying to all in the coming year.

Colds and flu have been running rampant in our department. So far only a very few have missed having one or the other. But at the present writing we are all here and working again. Let's hope it stays this way for the balance of 1943.

By way of starting a New Year let me re-introduce the members of our department to you. Starting first with Mr. Durward Palmer, Plant Engineer; Mr. Melville Payne, Assistant Plant Engineer; and a newcomer to the department, but an old timer you all know, Mr. K. O. Burt, Assistant to the Plant Engineer in charge of machinery and equipment maintenance; Mrs. Flonnie Freeman, secretary to Mr. Palmer. Then in Maintenance Control Division we have Mrs. Guilla McClary, Mrs. Marie Madrigal, Mrs. Eleanor Hillsinger, Mrs. Martha Christian, Miss Rosemary Smith, Elmer Umsted, Paul Aller, and Bruce McClendon, Supervisor of Maintenance Control; in Engineering and Plant Layout Division, Mrs. Betty Postmus, Miss Haydee Hoad, William Dean, Leslie Young, Fred Bartzmeyer, Gordon Massop, Gene Adler, Gene Marsh, William Houston, and Yours Truly, Robert Christy, Supervisor of Engineering.

In the Inspection and Investigation group Webb Treahy and Robert Fishburn and last but not least, Lanier Piper, Superintendent of Construction of the new buildings now under construction; and there you have the Plant Engineering Department as we are starting this new year.

In closing, let me wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Second Call For All First Aiders

Our appeal in the last Flying Reporter for volunteer First Aiders to complete our emergency First Aid organization was very successful, but we still need **more** volunteers.

Even though you are now a member of a First Aid Squad, please turn in your name anyway.

As we mentioned before, the organization will function **only** during an emergency.

Please complete the following form and forward to **M. M. Clancy,** Safety Engineer.

Name: .....

Clock: ..... Dept.: .....

Shift: .....

First Aid Standard Card..... ☐
First Aid Advanced Card..... ☐
First Aid Instructor..... ☐
First Aid Experience..... ☐
Registered Nurse ..... ☐

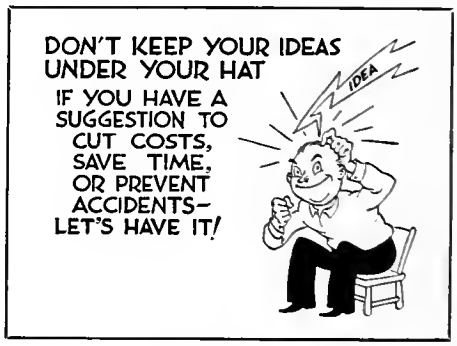
MORE ABOUT

GUADALCANAL

(Continued from page 9)

could spend a day at Guadalcanal. Bud Westerlind agrees. "My job at Ryan used to be just a job for me," he reminisces. "I didn't work any harder than the next fellow, and I took a day off whenever I felt like it. . . . I wouldn't do that now, I've seen how much every plane — every part of a plane — means to the fellows at the front. I've seen the whole outfit praying for more planes, and cheering like crazy when some finally flew in. I've watched them gamble their lives that nobody back home in a factory had done a sloppy job on any part of the plane they fly. And I've seen them work day and night for months on end, with no Sundays or holidays off, and no time out for cokes or cigarettes — then get news from home that plane production was falling off because workers weren't putting enough time on their jobs. That kind of news really takes the heart out of a man.

. . . No, if I were back in an aircraft factory today, I'd work a lot harder than I used to."



Mo Loft Sez

by Honest Duke

Oh yeah? Oh, pardon me folks. I was just bickering with the "By Line" when you came in.

Hey, Cusey. Can you hear me? I'm doin' just like you-all done tole me.

The Loft Department really started the New Year off with a "Bang." The bombshelling we received, in effect if not actually, resulted in Loft personnel being scattered from ——— well, all over anyway; and Cusey's final request as he departed to join "Battling Bud" Beery's Bandits in the Wing Department was that "Mo Loft" keep on "Sezing" in the Reporter.

No anxiety need be felt for straying Loft members as they've been around enaugh to know the wisdom of the axiom, "There's safety in numbers." As a consequence, Cusey, (your late scribe), "Oh so" Noble, Dick "Pack-rat" Koske, and "Gabby" Adams invaded the sanctum of Beery's "Bee Hive" en masse. "Slugger" Evans and "Smokey" Damron followed their work into Jae Johnson's Fuselage Department (has anybady else got a Fuselage Department?) a bit apprehensively. Or, does that do it justice? Come on fellows express yourselves. Please.

Note to Censor Board: Troop movements of Loft personnel revealed herein is not considered as helpful ta the enemy.

"Kansas City" Parman, who co-piloted for "Deak" Holt's round trip to the football game, patriotically taking all curves an all wheels ta save their preciaus supply of rubber, comes to work each day naw with his packets full of racks prepared to take aver the business end af a drap hammer rope. That kid's got Blumberg ideas De Luxe.

Meanwhile the fairer companents af Loft sat around cackling and loying eggs. By way af explanatian; as a New Year's present Mrs. Artie Gilbert presented each af the other women in the Loft with an egg. "Rasty" Rasmussen upon spatting the presents exclaimed, "Look at those old hens, they've each laid an egg already this morning." That's what we all like about "Rasty," his jokes on a whole are pretty good requiring very little effart to force a gaod belly laugh.

The Loft recently tried ta express their regard for their Chief by presenting him with a certificate af membership in the Pescadero Liars Club, a shrink scale for mensurating his catch, and a very nice pole and reel alang with abaut three hundred yards of twine just in case he shauld get a nibble. The presentation, appropriately held an Christmas eve, hardly justified the spirit in which it was given, but then that's a big order.

We were all glad ta learn that Mrs. Ruth Whittier's husband, Dave, af the Manifold Department (Ruth pounds a mean typewriter in Loft) and our own Steve "Available" Orban are both responding favorably to similar treatment, including a transfusian or two apiece in the caurse af camboting recent attacks of ulcers. And we all sincerely hope that before the ink is dry on this issue they will both be back among us.

"Choppy" Welsbacher and "Gortho" Glidden evidently foiled to find the type of persans for wham they were searching in a recent attempt to enlist others in the fascinating occupation of Contract (whatever that is). All that is known about it is that it registered in the Sabotage column of the Loft Preakness so regularly for the first week that it has since reserved that space in advance with optian to buy.

You gassip fiends will find gab material in the fact that the big bird with the long legs is planning an early summer visit to the hames af two prominent laftsmen who shall remain nameless, lest they be girls.

Well, as Confucius always say when he goes upstairs to bed, "Goad Night."

SHEET METAL

by Emil Magdick

After a rest far a few issues, the Sheet Metal Department again appears with a bid for the continuation af this column—namely active participatian by everyone in the department.

We take pleasure in welcoming all the new faces in what will be the largest department in the plant and sincerely hope that you'll like us. However if everything and everyone isn't just as you'd like it, let's save it until after the war. In the meantime our efforts are measured anly by the number of parts O. K.'d by the inspector—the number of ships on the flight line. Every one we build will improve our chances of seeing Hitler and Company stuffed and on exhibition in Marstan's Basement.

So let's get in line—remember we all have one main jab to do and it will take every one of us to do it. Get better acquainted with your leadman. He's here to assist yau in doing your job safely and quickly. Ask him questians. Never be content with your knowledge. Inquire constantly. Yaur leadman will be anly too glad to give you his time and knowledge.

BUSTER CREELEY — that quiet young man with the curly hair an the brake (the hair is an Buster—not an the brake)—is getting ready to buy cigars. After a recent examinatian of Buster's actions we've decided that he'll be the first husband last at the Mercy.

No ward has been received fram 6 foot 6½ VIRG HUNTIMER. He recently donned the khaki and was last heard fram in Phoenix. Good luck, Virg.

PAUL HOFFMAN, our ex-clerk, had ta have a 98-pound girl open his lunch pail the other day. He learned that she had acquired her knowledge after only ane week in Pete's Drill and Snip College. Being a man of actian Paul made his decision—"Eric," he gulped, "I'd like to go to wark—some day I may have to open my lunch pail myself." Haffman is naw rooting for and with the routers, after first breaking in a sweet little item to take over his clerical work. (Note—the name is Pauline.)

From the Royal Riveters, one af my spies tells me, another member has joined the Chump Club. TONY AMADOR has married Mary Escalante, wham we have not yet had the pleasure of meeting. The story goes that it was ane of which there was nane whicher. Congrats ta both Tony and Mary.

Another raoster an the roster of the Chump Club—LEWIS REID—married himself a rebel gal and so nane af us goad Yankees would hear of it. Made off ta Somertan, Arizona, for the ceremany. The lady in question, suh, is Evelyn Thampsan of Noshville, Tennessee.

BILL BROWN, chief spotter from the spot weld group, may be 1-A in the Army but a three week old young-un is 1-A in the Brawn household. Many thanks far the seegars, Bill.

Further changes were announced by MR. FAULWETTER recently. Promatians were given to SWINGLE, WHITE, ROBBINS, KILMER and RANDALL. All were very much deserved and the entire shop endorses the changes. They now wear silver, rote "Mr." (if they can beat it out of you) and are designated as Leadmen. Owing ta the vagaries of the English language "Lead" has two definite meanings. In the case of aur genial leadmen, I'm sure these meanings will not be confused.

We on the day shift welcame those men from the night shift wha come ta us as a result af the recent department changes, and say goodbye ta those wha leave us — they're all regular guys and we hope to get tagether with them soon. We wish them goad luck, few troubles and happy hunting.

To the new ones here is also the warm feeling of cooperatian and good luck. We'll try to make their new assignments easy and hope for the continued spirit of all far ane.

Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

Thoughts at Random

Why does my conscience whistle every time I'm late?

Why the beeline far the dictionary after the prize sayings were published?

Why are all aur purchasing daddies having such model babies; every one af these wee bundles could walk off with a prize. (Incidentally our grandchildren are following suit.)

Must my rayan stockings consistently bag at the knee?

I knaw the Age af Romance is returning—so many heart shaped lockets and bracelets appearing on the scene, wander whose picture is in each?

Why da waste paper baskets keep getting up and walking off to someane else's desk?

After colds have circulated all around the office one finally caught up with Mr. Rigley. (All the girls have prescribed favorite remedies to him, wonder which he followed?)

New Year's Day was spent very quietly aver here in Purchasing with many experiencing "The marning after the night before" due to the liquid diet consumed an New Year's Eve.

Lunch Hour

The purpase af this lunch hour is ta eat but because everything else is being changed this too seems to have followed suit.

We see same af the personnel using the time for a little shopping tour. It's quite an accamplishment if one returns with a package. Regardless of its contents it has to be apened far exhibit. To return with a dozen eggs causes a light scramble.

Then there are others wha are content to relax, read, write letters, exchange conversatian ar even manicure their nails. If lucky at all we are entertained by aur vocal duet when they strike up the mood ta sing.

This will be hard to believe, but some people actually use this whole period just eating lunch.

Let's take this appartunity to welcame Mr. Wilkinson. He seems such a jolly good fellow.

SECOND THOUGHTS

by Jo Viall

Thinker-uppers are wonderful.

Band-winners Hammack, De La Matar and Brooks, with their ideas for tools and shop processes, have saved hours of work on the war effort just by using their heads. They insist no special equipment is needed to do things like that, but we have decided, sadly, that this head was overlooked when the parts were issued for turning out ideas.

A great resolve to help and cross-eyed concentration brought no results except (1) a wish that the candy canteen would install change machines to save time and cut down the nickel-hunters; and (2) the intense hope that sometime there will be coin-operated tissue dispensers on every factory upright. Lots of lovely sheets of soft, comforting Kleenex, came the vision, in which to bury by ruddig dose.

For a while, the atmosphere around here was so thick with vaporub, eucalyptus, peppermint and tar that two people in Manifold Small Parts got by with grinding down their rawhide mallets without the usual screams from their fellow-workers. Walking cold casualties carried on as usual except that everybody offered advice, in a hoarse whisper, on how to cure a cold. Listening sufferers wouldn't let them finish before croaking "I always get a pint of Old Taylor and . . . ."

Frank Walsh had to stay out several days while he was good and sick. Our foreman was not laid low by his birthday celebration, because he worked that date while thousands of others made merry (January first). Frank's new love is a small black cocker spaniel, so far named only "the pup."

One of our favorite local views is gone: the reddish hair and smiling face of Billy Howard, appearing between the sandblaster and the nitric acid tank. She was only a white-collar worker, but she had a yen for the factory and all our gang enjoyed seeing her when she stopped by on her way home. Billy will have to take a month out for rest, sunshine and treatment, then she hopes to get an outdoor job, possibly driving a light truck at North Island.

Harold Kavandal has shifted from factory to farm on his production effort. He wasn't too pleased when he had to decide between airplane parts and butter-fat, but both are necessary and he started back to his father's farm in northern Illinois January 10.

Jack Biddy, former trusted friend, now rat, has left us for the first shift. We wish him well, but cannot help a spiteful hope that no one in his new outfit will know of his liking for Juicy Fruit gum and that he will miss us. In spite of what you may have heard about welders, Jack was patient and helpful, a staunch champion for the middle-aged. He could set right the painful mistakes of a nervous jig-fitting beginner and could be counted on — so we thought. Bet there's a beautiful blonde somewhere in the re-deal. Luckily we still have Frank Wilson, another pal from early days in the factory. He tried hard to get away, but fortunately for us, lost the case of the U. S. Army Air Force versus Wilson. Maybe he would have made good as cadet instead of welder, but we are secretly glad he couldn't make the weight.

Johnny Long, too, wants to be an intrepid birdman and was all signed up months ago, but the Army Air people keep putting him off. Johnny, well into his third year here at Ryan's, is kind of puny, like Li'l Abner Yokum, of whom he reminds us. It's just as well Johnny is as agreeable and good natured as his famous counterpart, because he can do those feats of strength without cream o' wheat.

A recent vogue has all the men looking like weight-lifters or anyhow lumberjacks. A wool plaid shirt bulging over a couple of sweat shirts gives that rugged effect and keeps off the chill. Boots with two inch heels have added something new, too.

New faces hereabouts are those of J. W. Lowe (usually peering into the sand-blasting machine) R. E. Stein (hiding inside our third arc-welding booth) and W. T. Patterson (partially concealed behind the goggles for his gas-welding) like that of A. E. Daniels. The torchbearers all came to us from G-1.

Not even the shield worn by Lillian Gordon at her grinding can dim out entirely the smile she has nowadays. Just before the holidays she had word from her son Ed, who is with the Navy in south Pacific waters. For a long while Lillian had heard nothing from him, and she went about her work pretty grimly, but now everything is just fine.

All of us shared Scotty's worry when Ruth Derr had a bad spell of the flu, and we were right concerned until Mike Whaley's wife got on the road to recovery from bronchial pneumonia. Both men, ordinarily enthusiastic eaters, spent most of the supper hour at the telephone to get late reports. Mike is feeling much better since Mrs. Whaley left the hospital and he is done with ambulance rides.

A ride to Yuma meant a great change to Rose Prost. She came back December 29 as Mrs. Eddie Belt. The new husband is an old friend and neighbor of Rose's Kansas City days. That does away with any argument on their vacation about whether they go to see her folks or his.

And that's what Jo knows for this time, with a lot of help from Beulah Madison.

Got Your '43 License?

Another new service is now being offered Ryan workers by the Personnel Department — assistance in getting 1943 auto registration tags.

If your car carries 1942 California plates, you can obtain your 1943 registration tags in one of three ways:

One way is to apply in person at the Department of Motor Vehicles, 310 Cedar Street.

Another way is to send your registration certificate and a money order (plus your correct address, if you have moved during the year) to the Motor Vehicle Department. This money order (or bank draft or certified check) should be made out in the exact amount of the 1943 total fee, which is given on the lower left hand corner of the 1942 registration card.

The third way—and probably the easiest way for most Ryanites — is to bring your 1942 registration card in to the Personnel Department with cash for your 1943 fee. The Employee Service workers in Personnel will take care of all further details. This saves you the trouble of getting a money order or certified check (the Department of Motor Vehicles doesn't accept personal checks) as well as the bother of applying by mail.

Better hurry, though—license fees double after the 4th of February!

ROPE'S END VIEW

by Lynn Harrington

Somewhat encouraged by the fact that a number of people have indicated that they had read last month's "Rope's End View," I am going to venture forth with my Dopey Date Department in another issue of Flying Reporter.

Last month I was the victim of a heel deal. I opened up my copy of the Reporter and found, to my amazement, that a couple of fellows, hammer operators mind you, were using my column for free advertising. GEORGE BROOKS I can pardon, for after all, a career is a career. But for DUDLEY, a man on my own shift to thus take advantage of me to further his own social aspirations—Ah!—that was a stab in the back. Pearl Harbor was never thus. I must see the editor about this.

A columnist has other perils such as fellow columnists. One of my readers was dubious as to the wisdom of mentioning SLIM COATS in my column, suggesting that there might be reprisals in his column. If that Holstein pilot gets on to me I'll hang his hide so high the buzzards will have to use oxygen tanks to reach it, and if they find it, they will go so far that when they get back their wings will be worn to stubs.

The boys who gather around the lead pot in the hammer department at the lunch hour were treated to an amazing spectacle the other night. Shortly after they had gathered and seated themselves a large object built on about the same proportions as a large coffin (King Kong size) or a small submarine was dragged up the aisle with the aid of a wagon tongue by a small object later identified as FRANK GIAMANCO. Frank threw off the tarpaulin which covered it and revealed it as a huge sandwich. He chewed industriously for 30 minutes on one end but failed to alter the appearance of the sandwich even though he did change his own frontal contour considerably. This sandwich, according to Frank, in addition to being equipped with hot and cold running water, has both a refrigeration unit for cooling the meat and an electric toasting unit for crisping up the bread itself. This is known as the Victory sandwich and is guaranteed to last for five years or the duration of the war, whichever may be the longer.

In the bowling department there is not a great deal to report. It is hard to become inspired over a beating, which is what the drop hammer teams took in last week's bowling at both the Tower and Academy lanes. Sheet Metal came out of retirement long enough to hang a 3 to 1 loss on Drop Hammer in the scratch league and the Nite-hawks and Manifold 2 edged out the Wolves and Alley Cats in the handicap league.

This column is going to be short this week and you can blame it on the so-called "common cold" of which I need say no more.

Before this issue is out I will have moved to the hill, I hope, in a little house complete with shutters strong enough to discourage the strongest cowpuncher.

Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

Four boys in the Dispatching Department have received their induction papers and are preparing to leave soon — Bob McFall, M. A. Corsel, Allen Klimmek and A. J. Kilgore. Best of luck, boys.

We wish to welcome, though a little late, R. S. Smith to the Second Shift as Assistant Supervisor Material Control. Another new member is Mr. Unland as Assistant Supervisor Manifold Planning Department on Second Shift. Welcome to Second Shift!

Mr. Howard M. Ulberg, Material Control Reports and Statistics Supervisor, gave me the following statistics which I now report. Met Miss Blanche B. Haugen, of Garden Grove about August 1, 1942. At that time Miss Haugen was secretary to Mr. Leonard of Leonard's Precision Machine Company. After some correspondence and a few trips to Garden Grove a "promise date" was made and "schedule" drawn up. The wedding took place in Long Beach December 26 and after a short honeymoon the couple returned to San Diego — and house hunting. Fortune has smiled on the young couple and after January 25 they will be found at 3515 Herbert Street. Mr. Ulberg informed me that notification of official Open House is promised for a later date. Mr. and Mrs. Ulberg have our best wishes for a very happy life together.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. J. P. Orr over the death of his horse. I understand he intends to go back to riding the Merry-Go-Round in Balboa Park to keep himself in shape until he finds another horse.

I just can't figure it out — How does "Rosy" get home nights without "Butch" to drive for him from the back seat?

Christmas Eve H. J. Van der Linde was presented with a nice new violin, "Austin size." Along with it was a cartoon showing why it was needed. The reason — maybe John talked too much. Anyway, here is the story:

I have often wondered if history repeats itself. Should John Van Der Linde, Jr., ever take up violin lessons we shall find out. For here is what actually happened to John Von Der Linde, Sr., way back when:

John wanted to play the violin and after a lot of persuasion talked his father into starting him out taking lessons. Everything went along nicely at the start, as it usually does. But then practicing, while the other kids were playing, became a burden rather than a pleasure. At this point "Papa" Van Der Linde had to take upon himself the duty of "practice supervisor" and I understand at times had to resort to threats of spanking or the Dutch equivalent thereof to get the practicing done. The teacher was also having some little trouble. It seems John would rather play his violin in the vertical position, left hand down. He could gaze out of the window much better without the violin obstructing his view. To correct this situation the teacher had a stand built. The top of the stand had a bunch of points similar to a pin cushion—points upward. This stand was placed and adjusted under John's left hand so as to "remind" him his hand was too low. When something would happen outside the window and John would forget and try to look it was just too bad.

We can only guess how long this went on, but there is an end to all things. Even in that day John was interested in machinery and there was the day he helped work on some machinery on the way to his lesson and had the teacher whip his big hands with a ruler because they were so grimy. Shortly after this came the grand climax. It had been a fine week to play outside, and there was a new horse in the neighborhood. By hook and crook there had been much horseback riding and very little practicing. The day of the lesson came around and John started for his lesson. About this time the new horse showed up. John knew his lesson wouldn't be too good —and the horseback ride was tempting— so—he took the ride. When the pupil didn't show up "Papa" Van Der Linde was notified and was waiting for John when he returned home. After a sound paddling John again started for his lesson. He arrived safely this time, but not in a friendly mood. After being struck a few times on the up-turned pins and a few blows on the knuckles, John blew up. The violin was thrown to the floor and broken, the lessons were at an end. It is understood John did not ride horseback for some time, for obvious reasons, and he has not taken a violin lesson since. Who knows but what he might have become famous as a violinist but we are glad he didn't or we wouldn't have him with us today as the congenial Superintendent of second shift.

Ray Sanders asked me to mention his mustache. He hopes it will be visible by next year.

DEAD-LINE NEWS

by Bob Harris

I am writing this to praise one of our boys in Manifold. You second shift men all know Harlan Dabbins. Well, Harlan received his back pay check to the tune of $173. What does he do but put some more with it and have the Company get him two $100 bonds and one $50 bond. I think Harlan deserves a lot of credit for making this splendid gesture. He has been with the Company for one and a half years this Christmas. According to our very capable Leadman, Mr. Carl "Fuzzy Top" Kruger, who as you know runs the Spaghetti job, Harlan is a very capable boy and a top hand. Harlan was called for his physical exam three weeks ago but if he passes the exam as well as he passes the problems that come up in his work we'll probably not see his smiling face much longer. Whatever happens, Harlan, we all wish you the best of luck and some happy hunting.

Well, Mr. Van der Linde, we are still waiting to see what the rest of the cars on the lot will do when you drive up in the Austin. John says when he gets her finished he is going to carry it in the tool box on his Dodge so in case he runs out of gas he will have a way to get around.

Highly Experimental

by N. R. Wallin

Experimental is now minus the services of two grade A mechanics. C. V. WEST, cable splicer and assembler, has joined the Navy with the idea of taking a poke at the Japs. BOB JOHNSTON of the machine shop, and collaborator on this column, has gone back to the farm in Mississippi. Even now the "Swamp Rat" is doing the winter plowing or whatever farmers do this time of year. Now the world will never know whether he or JIMMY HANNUM is the better Monopoly player. Seriously, the department really misses these two boys.

We are lucky to get the services of two top notchers from Final Assembly—BILL BROWN and HOMER MULLENIC. Both are working with C. W. KIRBY on the flight crew. We are also glad to welcome L. M. OLSON, ART JERVEY, RUDY NAVA, and H. RICE who are back in the woodshop again after working in Modeling department for several weeks.

Everybody on this side of the field had quite a merry Christmas. December 24th was a festive day in the shop. DAN BURNETT passed out cigars as is his custom. Several of the boys and girls brought boxes of candy which made the rounds in short order. HARRY IRWIN of Plant 2 Police said "Merry Christmas" by emptying the candy machine for the gang.

Some of us did a little traveling over the holiday. FRANCES MARCHMAN went to San Francisco. MARION CLINTON spent the holiday in Los Angeles. I headed for the old home town of Anaheim so fast that I didn't even stop when I hooked CARL NELSON'S fender in the parking lot. Those who didn't go out of town just took it easy and considered the extra day off a real Christmas present.

Whose face was as red as her hair when she read the sign on the parts rack—"No Profanity, Please. There may be gentlemen present"?

I was surprised to note a conspicuous absence in the last issue of the Flying Reporter. I read it from cover to cover, but found no mention of the fact that it was the second birthday issue of the magazine. The first issue was mainly a holiday greeting from the Ryan Company and was distributed on New Year's Eve, 1940. Since that small beginning there has been a million per cent improvement. Someone should give BILL WAGNER, who was on the staff from the beginning, and his staff a hearty slap on the back for doing a swell job.

This department has something to be proud of. We started the New Year right by having everyone punch in on time New Year's morning. Let's keep up the good work, fellows and girls. Remember — A. W. O. L. is just as serious on the production front as it is on the battle front.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Incognito

Slim Coats gave a party at his house Christmas night, which was attended by a lot of Ryanites — including several of the executives. One of the fellows from the factory noticed a man he didn't know in the gathering.

"Who's that little guy with the brown eyes and the big grin?" he whispered to one of his friends.

"That's Mr. Ryan, you dope," the friend told him.

"Roy Ryan, eh?" responded the befuddled guest. "Well, well. I've always wanted to meet the foreman of Final Assembly. He looks like a real nice guy, doesn't he?"

Needless to say, the nice-looking little guy was Claude Ryan.

K. O. scores again

K. O. Burt, the dynamic little maintenance chief who is known as one of the best all-around mechanics and swellest guys in San Diego, was promoted on January 1 to a brand-new job created especially for him: Assistant to the Plant Engineer. He'll be responsible for mechanical maintenance repairs, and ordering equipment and machinery. Vic Du Shaune moves up to fill K. O.'s former job as foreman of Maintenance.

From Russia to Ryan

You'd be surprised at the exciting backgrounds of some of the people who've enrolled on the Ryan production line. Take Mrs. Fay Compton—born Faina Lukashova, daughter of a Cossack. She had one brother and fifteen sisters. The brother is now a top-ranking flyer in the Red Army — the sisters are all dead. Fay emigrated from Russia to China when a young girl, and went to work in a Japanese restaurant for $5.00 a month. She worked 11 hours a day and shared a small bedroom with six other girls.

Eventually reaching Shanghai, she married a chief machinist's mate in the U. S. Navy submarine division, and came to America about five years ago. She has been working in Ryan Sheet Metal Department about three months—and naturally she doesn't care to talk much about what she's been through. All she is interested in is helping turn out material to whip the Japs.

'Twas the night before Christmas

Mrs. Edith Rosenberger had the idea first, but within a few hours it spread through the plant like wildfire. The day before Christmas she said, "Why not take up a little collection and buy some cigarettes for the boys in the Navy Hospital?"

"Poppy" Williams volunteered to start the pot moving. Wherever he went Ryanites tossed in a few coins or a little folding money. By the end of the first shift, factory and office workers together had contributed $120.

Mrs. Rosenberger, together with her husband Carl and Bob Christy and George Vouvilates, bought the cigarettes and took them to the hospital that same evening. "It made quite a stack of cigarettes," Mrs. Rosenberger says, "I wish you could have seen the Navy Chaplain's face when we walked in."

"Hap" Atherton foints at the news thot Arthur Cocking hos invested a lump sum of $4325 in Wor Bonds.

Wm. J. von den Akker odds his bit to the pat that "Poppy" Williams collected for a Christmas gift to the Navy Hospital.

Here's one of the new busses just put into service exclusively for Ryan employees. Story on page 21.

Mrs. Harriet Parham, Ryan nurse, is one of the reasons why Ryan workers need no encouragement to get first aid for even slight scratches.

Get a load of these snappy new shirts worn by the Thunderbolts, leading team in the Ryan winter bowling league.

Mrs. Fay Compton, Russian emigree now working in the Sheet Metal Department. Her exciting background is recounted on the opposite page.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Ideas wanted

War plants are urging employees to submit more and more ideas for speeding production — and making good use of the ideas when they come in. Consolidated employees' ideas have saved 300,000 man-hours in six months — the equivalent of several B-24 bombers. Boeing workers' suggestions are saving 60 man-hours on every Flying Fortress. At General Motors war plants 31,777 ideas were submitted from April to September, so many of them good that one new idea was put to work every 45 minutes.

Britain builds planes faster than U. S.

Glowing praise for the productiveness of British workers comes from a group of U. S. aeronautical experts who have just wound up a two-week survey of the English air industry. Because of England's nearness to the war and the years she has been in it, British aircraft workers produce at a faster rate than workers in the United States, members of the American mission declared.

140,000 pounds of stockings

The Silk and Nylon Hosiery Salvage Program announces it received 140,000 pounds of discarded silk and nylon stockings during the first month of the drive. This provided material for over 93,000 powder bags for the armed forces.

Workman's idea wins national use

Twc years ago Thomas Grady got a job at Pratt & Whitney, screwing nuts at an angle onto the cylinders of airplane engines. His wrench often slipped, ruining material into which hours of work had gone. This made Grady so mad that he became one of America's most important authors. What he wrote, on the back of a scrap of paper, was a suggestion for a new type of wrench which would not slip. Grady's new wrench saves 3.4 hours on every engine of that type. Grady was given a war bond and a better job. Before the war is over his wrench may be found in aircraft plants and air bases everywhere.—Reader's Digest.

So you think food is scarce here!

The average monthly food ration for an adult in conquered France works out like this: About one pint of cooking oil; 6 ounces of a watery, greasy liquid used for salad oil; 7 ounces of oleomargarine; 2½ pounds of meat including bone or fat; 8 ounces of imitation coffee; 35 ounces of sugar; 15 ounces of noodles or macaroni; 14 ounces of cheese; 15 ounces of dried vegetables; 4 ounces of jam; 36 ounces of potatoes; 15 pounds of bread; 1 egg.

"Bits and pieces" that help the Axis

War workers should be careful not to play the Axis game of "bits and pieces"— a game in which the enemy fits together scraps of gossip about military secrets and uses them to destroy American lives and materiel.

The Axis' far-flung spy system, employing infinite patience, has operatives who concentrate on sifting hundreds of apparently unrelated, fragmentary items of information and weaving them into a pattern which may enable them to sabotage a plant, sink a convoy of ships or repel a "surprise" invasion on some foreign shore.

Here are a few simple rules for you to follow:

If you HEAR it from someone — don't repeat it.

If you SEE it yourself — don't talk about it.

But if you read it in a reputable publication or hear it on the radio it's official and you may pass it on.

SPORTS

A gang of demon bowlers from Ryan gathers around scorer Wilson Hubbell at the Tower bowling alleys.

New Sports Added To Ryan Program

That red streak you've noticed rocketing through the plant is "Red" Ralph on his way from hither to yon lining up more activities for the Ryan athletic calendar.

Something new has been added so often since Red went to work that the Ryan recreational program has swollen to many times its former size. At least six different bowling leagues for Ryanites are now in full swing—the Ryan Winter League and the Ryan Night League at the Tower Bowl; the 800 Scratch League and the Manifold League at the San Diego Bowling Academy; the Industrial League at Pacific Recreation Alleys, where three Ryan teams have at the best bowlers from Consolidated, Rohr, Solar and other San Diego companies, and a somewhat mysterious new league for Ryan men and women now being organized at the Sunshine Alleys, 624 Broadway.

Red has also been applying the needle to the Ryan basketball situation. Night and day shift teams are now cavorting under Maestro Ralph's expert coaching. He has a good team from the day shift playing every Thursday night at the San Diego High School gym. Captain Carmack Berryman, Jerry Lowe, Bill Thomas, Frank Vall, Fred May, Bill Danyluk, Ed Herrin and Pat Murphy are among those providing the scoring punch which enabled Ryan to wallop Solar recently to the tune of 40-20. The night shift team plays every Saturday morning in the Swing Shift Industrial League at the high school gym — and although the boys were flattened in their first fracas, they insist that "operations are proceeding according to plan."

The girls' basketball league, after several hypodermic injections from the tireless Mr. Ralph, got started on January 19. Our spies failed to report the result of the first match, but word has trickled back from the front that Velma Grubbs was elected captain for the game. As for the second shift girls' team, only Sylvia Latz and Lulu Collins seem to care about practicing at the moment, but Red has been applying artificial respiration and hopes for the best.

Several brand new activities have also been added by Maestro Ralph. His boxing and wrestling tournament is now in the throes of organization with the would-be grapplers and gladiators working out in the Coliseum Athletic Club at 15th and E Streets. If more talent puts in an appearance, an All-Ryan boxing and wrestling show will soon be announced.

Swimming is another new addition to the crowded Ryan activity list. Every Tuesday and Thursday from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m., Ryan men have the use of the Consair gymnasium pool at the Y. W. C. A., 10th Avenue and C Street. Ryan girls swim from 5:30 to 6:30 on the same days, and swing shifters have the pool Tuesday and Thursday mornings — at 10 for the men and 11 for the women.

Spark plugs of the aquatic scene are Jack Chess and Rod Stedman, who have agreed to help out with the coaching. Men's and women's teams are being organized, but beginners as well as experts are being encouraged to come out and take advantage of the expert tutelage available.

Baseball and golf, Ryan's old stand-bys, are still going strong. Golf tournaments are being held every third Sunday throughout the winter, with the usual imposing array of prizes up for winners each time. Ryan's baseball team, although somewhat bedraggled from the latherings it took in the first half of the winter league season, is now starting the second half with predictions that it will maider dem bums. There may be some truth in what the baseballers say, too, for the score of their latest game was 12-0 with Ryan on the heavy end and the San Diego Carpenters holding the goose egg. Bob Ballinger set the Carpenters down with two hits, while Erv Marlatt and Bob Kerr both got three hits out of five attempts and Ted Kerr walloped a homer with two aboard.

So you see that Red Ralph really has the sports scene in a hubbub at Ryan. Our operatives predict, furthermore, that new and even more interesting developments are up Red's sleeve. Watch the bulletin board for further developments.

Bowling Mystery Solved By Sleuth

The mysterious case of the missing Hot Shot is solved at last.

Every Monday night, after the Hot Shots have played half of their first game, one of them is always missing for a short time.

Finally a sleuth from Flying Reporter trailed him down the aisle and solved the mystery. The Hot Shot always stops beside a certain other team and asks, "How are you guys doing?" The team he always keeps tab on is the "Thunderbolts." And usually, after checking up, he walks away with a haggard and distraught look.

It seems that the Hot Shots and the Thunderbolts have been battling it out for the leadership of the 28-team Ryan winter league ever since competition started this fall. Right now the Thunderbolts are on top with 47 won and 17 lost, but they can still feel the hot breath of the Hot Shots down their necks — since Buck Kelley's boys have won 44 and lost 20. The Thunderbolts have been out of first place only once since the first night, but they have been tied for the lead about four times with the Hot Shots. The Thunderbolt cast includes Frank Vall, lead-off man, then Ernie Paloma, Dick Keith, Bob Guyer, and Captain Jack Westler.

When one of Flying Reporter's demon sports writers asked Westler why the Thunderbolts never go down the aisle to see how the Hot Shots are doing, he got a quick reply: "We don't have to. The Hot Shots are always sending somebody down to let us know."

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac

Praise the Lord and pass the service stations and we'll all stay home.

* * *

Mother: "Naw Willie, eat your spinach. It's good for growing boys."

Willie: "I don't want to grow any boys."

* * *

A committee of women called on the sheriff and demanded that he close up a nudist camp. The sheriff listened attentively but finally had to turn the request dawn. He said he had nothing on the campers.

* * *

Frank Saye: "My feet burn like the dickens. Do you think a mustord bath would help?"

Jim Bunnell: "Sure! There's nothing like mustard for hot dogs."

* * *

A good old Georgia bishap was reading his Bible while riding on a train. A man leaned over the back of his seat and said, "I don't believe a word in that book." The bishop ignored him and continued reading, but the heckler persisted. Finally losing patience, the bishap turned to the interruptor and said, "My good man, will you please go to hell quietly?"

* * *

A woman confided to a neighbor, "That husband of mine is a worm if there ever was one."

"You've got his number," said the neighbor, "because I saw a chicken pick him up."

* * *

I am going to join the "Book of the Month" Club so I can get an A book every month.

* * *

"What is your age, Madam?" an emplayment interviewer asked an applicant.

"I'm around 30," she answered.

"Of course, I can see that," said the interviewer. "But just how long ago did you get around 30?"

* * *

Housewife: "I don't suppose you know what good honest work is."

Tramp: "No, lady, what good is it."

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a first floor window of a hotel, landing upside down in a garbage can in the alley.

"Now just look at that!" mused a passing Scotsman. "The wastefulness o' these Americans. Why, over in Scotland that woman would be good for several years yet."

* * *

A rookie was bragging abaut an uncle who won 12 medals in World War I.

"He must have been a great sharpshooter," said a friend.

"No," the rookie replied, "he was a great crapshooter."

* * *

"What kind of oil do you use in yaur car?"

"I usually begin by telling them how lonely I am."

* * *

Here's to the fate of Johnny McGuire who ran through the streets with his trousers on fire. He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright when the doctar told him his end was in sight.

* * *

"I'm my own bouncer and I'm hard," declared the tough barkeep. "You got to be to stay in this business. Look, this guy comes in last night and I don't like his looks, an' I didn't like the way he ardered his beer; so I let him have it with the old bungstarter. Down he goes, so I take him by tne collar and the seat of the pants and throws him out into the street, the big bum. Then I thraws his crutches out after him.

* * *

A guy walked into a Navy recruiting station and said he wanted to join the Navy.

"What are your qualifications?" asked the officer.

"What?" asked the man.

"What are your qualifications? Are yau a mechanic, plumber, radio operatar, machinist, or just what do you want to do?"

"Do you have any place for a good fighter?" the man asked.

(I think he gat in.)

* * *

INCOME TAXES OUT GO AXIS.

Free Bus Service For Ryan Workers

For rapid and convenient transportation between public transportation facilities on Pacific Highway and the factory gate, you can't beat the new employee bus service which went into effect with the initial run of the two new Ryan busses this month.

Despite the short time they've been in operation, they are already carrying near-capacity laads and are receiving the heartfelt appreciation of Ryan workers. The day before this article goes to press over 765 Ryanites took advantage of this service. But there are still some vacant spats for you Ryanites who are interested in saving tires, gasoline, and/or shoe leather!

This bus transportation is free, of course — the only requirement being that you display your badge and I. D. card to the Ryan officer who drives the bus. In this way the entire bus can proceed through the barricade without individual identification.

Operating on a 12-minute round trip schedule, a bus equipped to carry about 45 people leaves the highway every six minutes or oftener during rush hours. For the convenience of workers who would like to leave the plant during lunch, a bus will also make the run to Pacific Highway at the noon lunch period.

On a service still so new, a fixed schedule is impossible, but for your immediate guidance, the schedule below will be approximately correct:

From 6:50 to 7:30 a.m. Leaves highway every 6 minutes.
7:30 to 8:00 a.m. Leaves highway every 10 minutes.
11:30 a.m. Bus leaves plant.
11:55 a.m. Bus leaves highway.
12:00 noon Bus leaves plant.
12:30 p.m. Bus leaves highway.
12:50 p.m. Bus leaves highway.
2:55 to 5:30 p.m. Every 6 minutes to and from factory.
12:00 Midnight to 1:10 a.m. Every 10-15 minutes.

Graveyard Rambles

by C. W. Brown

Well, now that the holidays are aver and everyone has had a good time over the New Year, we hape we can get down to the business of putting a new column out. What we will finally get said I don't know.

It seems as though Bill Kuplick, foreman, Welding, thought that the first day of the year was a gaod time to get into that double harness. New Year's Day at four-thirty in the afternoon Bill married Miss Nell Mahoney. The wedding taok place at the home of Rex Seaton. The bride was attended by Mrs. Seaton and the best man was Rex Seaton. After a short honeymoon at their brand new home at 3747 Charles Street, Bill returned to work bringing the well known cigars. Congrats from the whole gang on the third shift, Bill.

It seems that the third shift is now blessed with the presence of Thamas, that well known San Diego Padres' pitcher. Yes, I guess we will have a lat of good baseball here on the coast next summer, according to Thomas. He seems to be waiting for that old call so well known to baseball fans the world over, "Play Ball." Nice having you with us, Thomas. Myrt Fuller has alsa came to join the third shift helping the Manifold Department.

By the way the rest of you good people on the other shifts (mainly speaking ta you Slim) the third shift is very praud to announce that a callection of smokes was taken up over the whole plant for a New Year's gift to the soldiers manning the guns on Pacific Highway. It seems as though you are a little behind the times, Slim, in not getting after your bunch down there on the second shift to maybe do a little of the same. If yau could have seen the looks of appreciation on the faces of the soldiers when they saw those smokes, I think yau would be more than glad ta danate a couple of packs. How about it Slim? Can't you da something to get a little action from the rest of the shifts to donate a couple of packs to the boys?

I hope to hear from you soon R. S. V. P. Let her buck, cawboy, and let's hear from the first and second shifts.

It seems as though the Salinas farmer has to take a lot of razzing what with three inspectors ta put up with. You don't know him? Well, for your information, it is the old lettuce grower, Ty Satterfield.

What inspector on the third shift would argue with a signpost with nothing on it? That is the sixty-four dollar question. Not mentioning names but we'll give all of you good people a hint, the initials are Tom Swift. Yup, yup. You get the sixty-four dollars.

Well, I guess I had better get busy and introduce the two blondes of third shift tabulating. It is really wonderful to watch Mary Goodmanson (blonde number one) repair the damage done to the powder by the boy friend, Charley the Marine, an a Sunday night after the movie. Helen Barry, blonde number two, can't make up her mind whether to let a sailor or a marine escort her to the plant from the highway. I hear it will be a soldier tomorrow night. Helen belongs to the U. S. O.

The dirt seems to be getting low so with a long and lusty wail at Mr. Slim Coats again I remind you one and all that one for a bond, is a bond for all.

SAN DIEGO CALIF.
U.S.POSTA
PAID
PERMIT 43

Ryan Manifolds *Fight* on every front

The specially built exhaust systems of the Douglas A-20 Havoc and Boston attack bombers are one of the vital factors in their combat effectiveness and high performance. In every air battle the A-20s have shown superior striking power and ruggedness under fire. Contributing to the deadly efficiency of these remarkable planes, Ryan builds the exhaust systems that control the gas and heat of their mighty engines. Similar Ryan manifold systems are standard equipment on scores of other United Nations combat and cargo planes now fighting on every front.

Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division

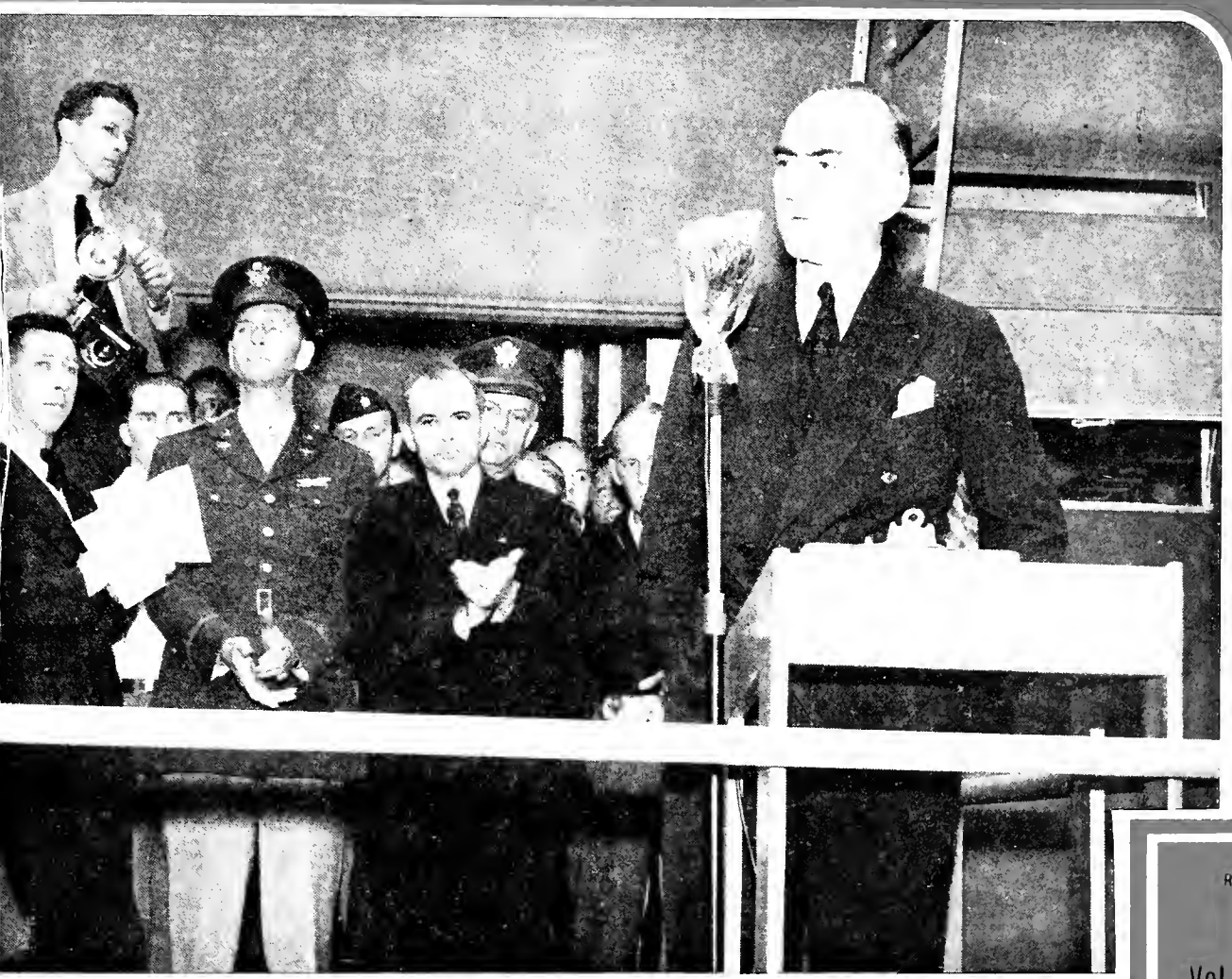
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Buy, buy War Bonds or
Bye, bye Democracy

RELY ON Ryan
A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

Ryan Flying Reporter



RICKENBACKER VISITS

Vol. 5 No. 3

FEBRUARY 12TH 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

I wish that everybody on second and third shift could have been with us last week when Eddie Rickenbacker visited the plant and made an informal talk during the first shift. What he said was worth hearing by everyone in war production work.

Rickenbacker hits hard. He gave us a few jolts that should do us good. "If this town was bombed like many I've seen in the Old World," he told us, "we wouldn't worry about getting beef tomorrow or pork chops today. We'd be glad to get bread and coffee, no milk. Believe me, the boys in the South Pacific hell-holes of filth, typhoid, and malaria live for days on iron rations. Most of them go for weeks without a hot meal. Many of them come back with their clothes rotted off of them. That is the type of man you are held responsible for, because without your effort on the home front they cannot bring back victory to you."

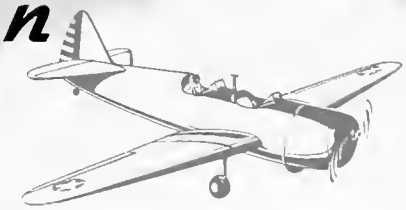
The key-note of his plea to us, repeated several times, was "bring the boys back as fast as possible." He reminded us that every hour we lose on the production line lengthens the war, and means that more boys must die.

"They are your boys and mine," he said. "They're doing too much with too little. It's your job and my job here on the home front to see that this condition is remedied — now, not tomorrow. It has got to be, because if it isn't, a lot of those boys won't come back. Let's work a little harder. Work a few more days a year. Give our boys those extra weapons and tools that will hasten final victory."

Coming from a man like Eddie Rickenbacker, that's a plea we can't ignore. Let's roll up our sleeves and get on with the job, with not one bit less than everything we can put into it!

J. Claude Ryan

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Tips On Taxes

by JAMES C. NOAKES

Comptroller, Ryan Aeronautical Company

Here's advice on how to make out your income tax report — detailed directions from a finance expert

The following discussion of income taxes is not intended to be a complete explanation of the subject. Its sole purpose is to assist those Ryan employees whose principal income is from salaries and wages, plus perhaps interest from bonds or bank accounts, in the preparation of reasonably correct returns.

Although there has been considerable sentiment in Congress for a "pay-as-you-go" tax plan and the elimination of at least part of the 1942 tax liability, it appears improbable that the necessary legislation will be enacted before March 15, 1943, the date for filing the income tax returns. Accordingly, the returns must be prepared and filed, and at least the first installment of the tax paid as usual.

All single persons who had an income of $500 or more and all married persons who had an income of $1200 or more during 1942 must file a return. It may be mentioned here that the company is required to notify the Government of the total amount paid to each employee during the year. This information is then compared with the return of each individual to insure that all income is reported.

Severe penalties are imposed for not filing a return, for filing a fraudulent return, and for not filing on time—that is, by next March 15.

All income taxes are based on what is called "Net income" which is the taxable gross income less certain expenses allowed as deductions.

The taxable income which must be reported includes salaries and wages, interest, dividends, commissions, bonuses, rents, gain or loss on sales of securities and real estate, royalties, etc. However, there are some receipts which are not taxable income and need not be included in the return. The more common of these are compensation insurance payments, insurance collected on property losses which do not exceed the value of the loss, uemployment insurance benefits, proceeds from life insurance policies, and social security benefits.

Allowable deductions are certain expenses which may be subtracted from gross income before computing the tax. The government definitely does not want anyone to overpay his tax and every person is expected to take advantage of all legitimate deductions.

Generally, any expenses incurred in earning taxable income are allowed and may be deducted. Among these are labor union dues, employment agency fees, and tools needed on the job which must be furnished by the employee. However, personal living expenses such as rent, clothing, etc., are not deductible nor is the expense of commuting to and from work. These are allowed for in the personal exemption, credit for dependents, and earned income credit, which will be explained later.

Contributions to your church, the Red Cross, Salvation Army, Community Chest, etc., are deductible up to 15% of net income. Interest paid on mortgages or loans is also deductible but finance charges on installment purchases are not deductible because they are considered to be part of the purchase price.

Certain taxes are allowed as deductions, but usually only by the person against whom they are assessed. In this category are real estate and personal property taxes, California State income tax, automobile license fee, California State unemployment insurance contributions, admissions and amusement taxes, and taxes on telephone bills, telegrams and cables.

Certain other taxes, however, are not deductible because by the wording of the law they are imposed on the seller and not on the buyer. Good examples of these are the Federal and California taxes on gasoline. Other non-deductible taxes are those imposed on tobacco and liquor and the Federal old age benefit contributions.

Under a new provision added by the Revenue Act of 1942, a deduction is now allowed to purchasers paying State or City sales taxes even

(Continued on poge 14)

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☆ ☆ ☆

Special Features

Slim's Pickin's .....**Slim Coats**
An Airplane Is Born.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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Engineering..... Victor Odin
Experimental ..... Bob Johnston, R. N. Wallin
Foshions & Furbelows.....Frances Statler
Final Assembly.....Claude Nadeau; Enid Larsen
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☆ ☆ ☆

Copy deadline for the next issue is February 22nd

5 years or more at Ryan

EDDIE OBERBAUER

By Sue Zinn Gunthorp

"Water on the brain is one of my chief characteristics," Eddie Oberbauer says.

"When I was five years old I fell in a canal, and was under so long that I can still draw a picture of the bottom of that canal . . . . Then shortly after I came to San Diego, some ardent sailors talked me into going out sailing with them—and they really meant 'out.' They got somewhere about mid-Pacific, and then stuck in some kelp beds. I felt like the Ancient Mariner before I finally got home. Ever since then, I've had hydrophobia."

But Oberbauer's fear of water doesn't hold for the other elements. In the sky he's right at home. His interest in the air goes back to a little schoolhouse in Montana, where Eddie rode horseback seven miles from his father's ranch to ottend classes. He was in the fifth grade when two Army Jennies passed through the town. When the children come back to the classroom after seeing the plones, the teacher remarked. "Some day somebody in this room will be o pilot." Eddie claims he knew right then that the "somebody" wos going to be Mrs. Oberbauer's little boy.

Later when Lindbergh made his flight, Obe really "got the bug." He began corresponding with the Ryan School of Aeronoutics, and in 1935 came out here to take their mechanic's course. Completing that, he went to work for Dan Burnett in Final Assembly ond at the same time worked as o night jonitor at the Ryon school to pay for enough flying time to get his private license.

When the development of the S-C come olong, Eddie Oberbauer handled the experimental and service work. "It wasn't long ofter that," Eddie says, "when o fellow from Palm Springs brought in an S-C to have o new cowling put on it. In putting the prop back on, the engine was accidentolly storted. The prop wasn't fastened down yet, ond it whizzed off the shoft, spiroled through the air and smocked into the door of the hangor. The dent it made is still visible. On the way to the hangor, it came close enough to me to clip the seat of my pants. Thot wos the second time I'd been hit by o prop. and the boys decided my time was really borrowed from there on out."

When the YO-51 was in its initial stages, Eddie Oberbauer was placed in charge of the experimental department and he held the same responsible task in the development of the PT-21.

Last year, however, "thot bug" began to bite again —and Eddie got his commercial pilot's license. Now he's test hopping planes for Ryan. "I figured there was going to be o lot of flying to do around Ryan in the next few years," he says, "and I knew that this was my field."

PLENTY OF BLANKS

There's much less rubber for you and me,
And much less gas to spill out,
And much less sugar to sweeten tea —
But many more forms to fill out:

Forms that ask for your last name first,
Forms that beg for your names reversed,
Forms with pages of printed dope
You couldn't read with a microscope,
Forms to plead for defense priorities,
Forms to mail to the wrong authorities,
Green forms, yellow forms, sky-blue-pink forms,
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY and PLEASE USE INK forms,
Single forms, double forms, triplicate forms,
Half of them probably out-of-date forms —
FORMS!

There's much less traffic to make us wroth,
And much less time to take out,
And much less wool for the haggard moth —
And many more blanks to fill out:

Blanks with spaces you just put X in,
Blanks with your age, height, weight, and sex in,
Blanks to swear to and blanks to swear at,
With dotted lines that you dassent tear at,
Blanks with blocks that you mustn't write in,
Spacious enough to fly a kite in
And a slot the size of a pigmy flea
For a resume of your history!
Gas-blanks, draft blanks, tax blanks, bank blanks,
And just plain blankety-blank-blank-blank
blank — BLANKS!

—W. W. WATT
—Progress Journal.

HOT FOOD SERVICE PLANNED

More than four months ago when the company called in its architect to design an addition to the administration building, plans for a kitchen and other facilities for hot food service for employees were included. Much of the lower floor of the new addition was allotted to the hot food service.

Because of wartime construction difficulties due to priorities and contract matters, the company has withheld announcement of its plans for the hot food service until it appeared certain that plans could be carried out without interruption. However, now that the foundation for the new addition is in, and construction is actually under way, it can be announced that the necessary facilities will be completed within a few months and are expected to be put into immediate operation.

In the meantime it is hoped that employees will bear with the present lunch service, which will be maintained at as high a standard as conditions permit.

THE ART OF GETTING ALONG

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take. He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul; that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back. He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses out. He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then, and that he shouldn't take the ather fellow's grouch too seriously. He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight. He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others. He learns that buck-passing always turns out to be a boomerang, and that it never pays. He comes to realize that the business could run along perfectly well without him. He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the business shows a profit. He learns that even the janitor is human and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say "Good Morning," even if it is raining. He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains that are as good or better, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success. He learns to sympathize with the youngster coming into the business, because he remembers how bewildered he was when he first started out. He learns not to worry when he loses an order, because experience has shown that if he always gives his best, his average will break pretty well. He learns that no man ever got to first base alone, and that it is only through cooperative effort that we move on to better things. He learns that bosses are no monsters, trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually fine men who have succeeded through hord work, and who want to do the right thing. He learns that folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than another, and that the "getting along" depends about ninety-eight per cent on his own behavior.

—Wilfred Peterson.

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part VII—PLANT ENGINEERING

In preceding issues we have followed a new airplane from the preliminary stages of its design and the building and testing of the experimental airplane, thraugh the phases af designing and making af productian taals and the setting up af schedules and methads far production control.

As the production department determines the requirements for building a new airplane, it is discavered that new equipment will be required, existing equipment will have ta be rearranged, and perhaps even more factary space will be necessary. It is at this point that Plant Engineering cames into the picture.

Plant Engineering has three main functions—Construction, Service and Maintenance.

When a new factory ar affice building is required, it is designed and built under the supervisian af this department. The department is, in additian, responsible far building many items af plant equipment—even the baxes in which completed manifalds are shipped ta custamers.

The services pravided by Plant Engineering are many, and vary fram keeping washraams pravided with saap and paper towels to installing ar maving a huge hydra-press. When yau reach for the air hase or turn an the gas in yaur welding tarch it never accurs to you that there might be na gas or air in the tube. But that passibility daes occur to the Plant Engineers and consequently the lines are always full and at the proper pressure.

Plant Engineering is respansible for the maintenance of all factary equipment in aperating condition. When a piece of machinery ar equipment breaks dawn, the maintenance men cancerned with its repair drap everything and cancentrate all their efforts an getting that particular piece af equipment back into service.

In arder to avoid as far as possible the failure of equipment in service, and cansequent delay in productian, maintenance men inspect all equipment regularly. By this means, break-dawns may often be anticipated and repairs made at a time which will least interfere with production.

All new machines and equipment are purchased by Plant Engineering, this being no mean task in a rapidly expanding campany such as Ryan—particularly in these days af shortages and priarities.

Plant engineers are constantly searching for better ways ta da things. In the plant today are many evidences of their success.

Far example, in a certain type af heat treatment of metals it is necessary that parts being treated be removed from the salt bath and immersed in a cold water bath in the space af a few seconds. The equipment naw in use at Ryan was designed by Ryan plant engineers and does the jab in record time.

Another example is the development by Ryan plant engineers of a new method af laading manifold parts into the air furnace. This methad has just recently been put inta use, and is expected ta save huge quantities of steel in the caurse af a year.

There are cauntless other examples which cauld be cited if space allowed. In any event, it shauld be evident by naw that Plant Engineering plays an extremely important part in the building af airplanes.

The new airplane, whase develapment we have been following, so far exists anly on paper. Tools have been designed far its manufacture, production schedules have been set, and the layout af that part af the plant which will be devated ta its manufacture has been made an paper.

In accordance with the layaut, Plant Engineering installs new equipment which it has purchased, and rearranged old equipment. This aften invalves nat anly moving of objects, ta which the moving of a grand piano is child's play by comparison, but alsa the preparatian of special faundatians. In view af the fact that the land an which Ryan stands is all filled land, this sametimes involves sinking piles ta depths af nearly sixty feet.

Under the able direction af Durward H. Palmer, Plant Engineering plays a tremendaus part in the praductian af every airplane Ryan builds. The fact that we hear less abaut this department than some athers is, in itself, a campliment. It means that it is successfully carrying aut its main jab of keeping things running smaothly.

Do They Have Your Number?

Several ananymous Ryan warkers are holding stubs that are exchangeable far Praduction Drive Awards. A number af these awards wauld have been made by Eddie Rickenbacker an his recent visit ta the plant had the Production Drive Cammittee been able ta locate the authars af the winning suggestions.

The committee is particularly anxiaus to hear from the Ryan employees wha hald the following suggestion stubs. If yau have a stub bearing ane af these numbers, fill in your name, department and badge number and drop it in the suggestion box sa that awards can be made.

548	1021	1080
552	1044	1102
724	1048	

In additian, the committee would alsa like to hear fram Ryanites holding the following suggestion stubs:

0105	487	1100
452	1079	

What's Your Draft Status?

All farmer 3-A men are naw being reclassified by their local draft boards. Generally, the first informatian that a man receives of this action is a natice to repart far preliminary physical. When a Ryan worker receives such a notice, he should ga immediately ta the Selective Service division af the Personnel department, far not until then can the company request his deferment.

There are five times in particular when a Ryan warker should natify the Selective Service desk without delay:

1. When he receives his questiannaire (Form DDS-40.)
2. When he receives natice of classification, regardless af what it may be.
3. If he receives natice of his baard's intention ta reclassify him.
4. Thirty days prior ta the expiration af his deferment.
5. When he receives natice to repart far physical.

Effective at once, all men who have registered far the draft must carry with them at all times their draft registration card. and their mast recent classification card. This is a natianal ruling and violatars will be prasecuted by the Federal Gavernment. If your draft registration card has been lost, notify Selective Service at once sa that a duplicate one may be abtained far yau.

Keep Your Record Up-to-date

If any of these five things has happened to you since yau jained Ryan, be sure to let Personnel knaw about it:

1. If you have changed your name—thraugh marriage, divarce or court actian.
2. If you have changed your address.
3. If yau have changed yaur phone number.
4. If your draft classification has been changed.
5. If there has been any change in the number af dependents you have.

For your own welfare it is important that Personnel's records show all these changes. Your social security payments may ga astray if yau change your name and that fact isn't shawn on your sacial security records; if Personnel daesn't have your latest address, the day might came when you would be taken ill at the plant and Personnel, in trying to get you hame, would take you to the wrang address; there are any number of emergencies where your carrect hame telephone number might be needed; and, af course, any change in your draft status, if not reported promptly, lets you in far severe legal penalties.

How Much Is a Billion Dollars?

If you had started at the beginning of the Christian era to spend at the rate of $1000 a day, and had kept it up continuously, your tatal expenditures ta August 1, 1942, would amaunt to about $709,163,000. To reach the billion-dallar tatal at this rate, you would have to ga an spending $1000 a day for another 796 years, ar until A.D. 2739.

—Reader's Digest.

Sea-Going Ryanites

Working at Ryan all day, then sailing the seas for Uncle Sam at night, doesn't seem like a tough grind to six enthusiastic sailor men who work for Ryan. They think it's fun. Serving in the U. S. Coast Guard auxiliary, they're subject to emergency call at any time, and they also get regular assignments to put in a night—or perhaps a Sunday—on harbor patrol. All six of them own their own boats, but ordinarily their patrol work is carried out in one of the regular well-equipped 38-foot Coast Guard boats.

The main job of the harbor patrol is to make sure that no suspicious-looking fishing boat or other craft sails harbor waters unchallenged; harbor authorities are vigilantly watching for attempts at sabotage by enemy agents. The harbor patrol is also supposed to give assistance if a plane crashes in the bay, to keep all boats out of seaplane landing areas, and to keep the water clear of heavy logs or other dangerous obstructions.

Clearing the waters of floating logs is tricky business. Doing the baloncing act this time is Eddie Glidden.

Here are the six sea-going Ryanites who soil coastal waters in their spare time as Coast Guard Auxiliary officers. Left to right, Eddie Glidden, Lofting; Mac Cattrell, Chief Draftsman; Joe Johnson, Fuselage foreman; Manley Deon, Service department; Don Wilcox, Assistant Chief Inspector and Willard Sarsfield, Cutting.

It's full steam ahead as Glidden and Sarsfield put the ropes in ship shape order.

Above: Coffee time on board. At the left: Commander W. L. "Bill" Phillips, who commands the Coast Guard boat on patrol duty.

Bert Halland, who arganized Ryan's new Quality Cantral Department twa manths aga, naw serves as its manager.

If You Make A Mistake

The telephane rang in Bert Halland's af-fice. One af the plant inspectars was an the wire.

"Watch aut for Discrepancy Repart number 309," he said. "It's a hald-up and it's hat."

Bert, the Quality Manager, is a big, friendly fellaw but he doesn't waste words. "Okey, thanks," he said, and hung up.

A couple af minutes later his secretary stepped in with a Discrepancy Report marked "Urgent." It was number 309—a report fram the First Article Inspectian Crib in-dicating that the first af a new type af farging just being machined was nat in accardance with the drawing.

These forgings, when completed, are valued at more than a hundred dallars each, and several hundred af them were ta be machined. If the machine cantinued to turn aut unsatisfactary fargings, thausands af dallars would be wasted.

However, the machine had already been stapped. The air-tight inspectian and qual-ity cantrol system had caught the very first mistake and the Machine Shap Fare-man was notified by the First Article In-spectar that something was wrang. This Ryan system works sa quickly, especially an "First Article," that anly one ar twa additional fargings had been machined be-fare the aperator was instructed to suspend praductian.

As saan as Inspectian discavers a mistake, Quality Cantral has the responsibility af making sure the mistake daesn't pap up again. So Bert Halland, as saan as he had read repart 309, sent ane af his factary liaisan investigatars hat-faating it to the scene af the trauble.

The liaisan man went inta a huddle at the machine with the aperatar, the fareman, and the First Article Inspectar. Within a cauple af minutes the cause af the mistake was tracked dawn and the liaisan man had Bert an the line again.

"We've found the trauble an 309," he said, "and we think we know haw ta fix it. If we simply readjust the machine set-up this way—" In a few seconds he gave Halland an explanatian af the trauble, and recammendatian for its cure. Bert, with twenty-seven years af experience behind him in building, wrecking and flying air-planes, was able ta grasp the story in-stantly and to see that the liaisan man's recammendatian would wark. "Okey," he said, "that'll da it," and in less than a half hour the expensive fargings were again ralling off the machine. This time they were right.

The incident was a good example af the high-speed, faal-praaf, air-tight working af aur Quality Cantral Department which Bert Halland originated and put into effect at Ryan twa manths ago. In this case, the

Here's what happens when Quality Control hears about an error in the factory

system not only saved the company thousands of dollars in scrapped forgings, but also speeded production by getting perfect parts into the production line with a delay of minutes instead of hours or days.

The quality control system consists of a few simple printed forms and rigid follow-up which makes its workings automatic.

When an inspector finds a mistake has been made anywhere in the factory, he fills out an Inspection Discrepancy Report, one copy of which is on Bert Holland's desk within thirty minutes after the inspector spots the error. Bert passes the form along to one of his liaison men who immediately tracks down the cause of the error and reports back; within a couple of hours Holland has taken action on the condition reported and has made his recommendation for correction. Within twenty-four hours he receives a reply to his recommendation, indicating what action has been taken. The action reported as having been taken is confirmed by one of the department's liaison men, and the mistake becomes a closed chapter.

However, seconds count in the case of a "hot" discrepancy, one which might cost the company hundreds or even thousands of dollars in scrapped parts, if it were not rectified immediately. So, whenever the importance of the situation justifies it, Holland doesn't wait for his speedy paper system to function, but rushes the whole procedure through by telephone and gets the whole situation cleared up in a matter of minutes. He knows that his reports and follow-up sheets will be made out and come through in due time, so that the Quality Control Office's files will have a complete history of the mistake.

Before Bert's promotion to Quality Manager, he was Chief Inspector of the company. His success as quarter-back for the Inspection team speaks for itself, and today the entire Inspection Department is responsible to the Quality Manager. Here's how they collaborate:

The job of Inspection is to find mistakes and report them to Bert's office. Then Quality Control takes over. The "bloodhounds" (liaison investigators) track down the causes of those mistakes and report their findings to the Quality Manager, in whose office recommendations are made for corrections.

Before the Quality Control Department was organized, the inspectors had to struggle through all the work of investigating the causes of mistakes, figuring out how to rectify them, and making recommendations for corrections. This loaded the Inspection Department down with endless leg-work which took a lot of time away from its basic job of inspection. Now, the inspectors have been freed from everything except actual inspection; they work so closely with the Quality Control Department that not even the tiniest error is apt to go unrectified for more than twenty-four hours after an inspector first spots it.

Examining a part to make sure of its quality are A. E. "Bill" Billings, Chief Quality Control Supervisor; Quality Control Manager Bert Holland, and Dave Bracken, Quality Control Liaison Man.

Proof that Bert's system is working brilliantly is the amazing drop in material sent to the scrap heap. The big chart in the Quality Manager's Office, which is kept up-to-date by the Salvage Group, also set up under the Quality Control Department, shows the figures. There was $1400 worth of material scrapped between October 18-24, which was just before the quality control system went into operation. Between December 13-19, after the organization of the Quality Control Department, only about $100 worth of material went to scrap.

Another reason why Quality Control has lowered scrap values, and in many cases actually speeded production, is that the system won't permit arbitrary rejection of a part just because it doesn't conform exactly to specification. Many times, in spite of a minor discrepancy, parts are considered usable. At least the Production Department is given the benefit of the doubt and the Discrepancy Reports are signed out "Parts accepted subject to fit on assembly," and signed by both company and Government Inspectors. This permits the parts to pass on to the point of assembly where they are carefully checked during assembly. In the meantime, action has been taken to rectify the cause of the unsatisfactory condition outlined in the Discrepancy Report.

In every plane factory there is endless discussion because engineers draw blueprints specifying tolerances much closer than many production men think necessary. Since production men must work from the drawings, Bert believes they should have the chance to question tolerances which, in their opinion, are unreasonable.

Thus was developed a simple form known as an "Unsatisfactory Tolerance Report." This is a small form, addressed to the Quality Manager, which may be filled out by by virtually anyone in the factory from the rank of leadman up.

It shows what the questionable tolerance is on the drawing and what the man in the shop thinks it could be. From all over the factory these forms come to Bert Holland's desk where blueprints affected are unfolded and carefully studied. If Bert agrees that the report is reasonable, he writes an Engineering Change Request and takes the case up personally with the proper authorities in Engineering.

"The boys in Engineering are always open-minded and cooperative," Holland says. "I never ask them to make a change unless I am thoroughly convinced the change is necessary and worth while. When I'm convinced, I don't have much trouble selling Engineering on the same line of thought. So the boys in the shop are happy and things run a lot more smoothly.

The quality control and inspection system doesn't depend on close attention or laborious work to make it click. It's streamlined and automatic. "I'm a stickler for organization," Holland says. "I think a system should work fast and work automatically without any chances for slip-ups. If anybody has to do a lot of telephoning, running around, and raising the devil with other people while rummaging through a lot of red tape to get things done, he doesn't have much of a system. Our set-up is just about fool-proof, and our close, automatic follow-up technique makes sure that all errors are corrected quickly. If our reports don't show up at the right place at the right time, our tickler file automatically reminds us we still have work to do—and we don't hesitate to do it."

The Quality Control liaison men who investigate all errors have years of experience behind them in either aeronautical engineering or aircraft inspection. They know how to point out faulty procedure tactfully,

(Continued on page 19)

Portrait sketch by Paul Hoffman

CARL PALMER
Finishing

He almost was a railroad man and could have been a fisher — instead he's our ace painter

The kid was only sixteen, and small for his age. The Santa Fe division superintendent glared at him.

"Where's the station agent?" he demanded.

"What can I do for you?" the boy drawled, in the soft tones he'd picked up in Texas.

"You can show me the station agent."

"That's me. What can I do for you?"

The superintendent's face turned purple. "You can get to blazes out of here! What's come over this blankety blank railroad, putting a child in charge of the whole Los Cruces station?"

So the kid, whose name was Carl Palmer, lost the station agent's job he had worked up to in two years of railroading, and went in search of new worlds to conquer.

If the choleric division superintendent of the Santa Fe railroad hadn't happened to look in at Las Cruces, Carl Palmer might be a railroad man yet. But fate yanked him away from the start of a promising railroad career, tossed him here and there through scores of jobs all over America, and landed him in Ryan seven years ago, as the popular, hard-working foreman of our paint shop. Today, at 40, Carl Palmer feels he has seen enough of the world to last him a lifetime, and has settled down to a permanent career with Ryan.

Placed in a children's home at the age of two, Carl has been earning his own living since he was thirteen. His knack for all kinds of manual and mechanical work has kept him well supplied with good jobs wherever he went, even in the depths of the depression. Building, fishing, logging, pipe-laying, cement contracting, painting — those are only a few of the trades at which our paint shop foreman has done well.

He was born in Port Arthur, Texas, went to work in New Mexico on his first railroad job, and tried himself out in various building trades after his ill-fated encounter with the Santa Fe superintendent. He gradually built up a prosperous contractor's business — but the wanderlust was in him and he chucked his business to see some more of America.

"I've done that dozens of times," Carl reminisces. "I'd have a dandy job. Then some day I'd hear that long, mournful wail from a train whistle. It always got me. I'd drop my tools and grab the first rattler for parts unknown."

Carl's restlessness has led him to toss away many good jobs. Once it betrayed him into passing up a small fortune. He was offered a share in a fishing expedition to Alaska—but he happened to have a yen right then for a camping trip into the Oregon backwoods, so he turned down the offer. He learned later that his share of the first season's haul in Alaska would have amounted to $10,000.

In 1928 Palmer was in San Diego when the aviation bug bit him. A friend of his was building a back-yard plane for his own amusement, and Carl bought in on it. When they got the plane finished, neither of them knew how to fly, but Palmer's friend taught himself by a long series of take-offs, ten-foot flights and landings, interspersed with minor crack-ups. Finally reaching the point where he considered himself a seasoned aviator, he offered to impart his knowledge to the more cautious Carl. Just before Carl climbed into the plane for the first time, however, his friend took one last worm-up flight and crashed the plane into a mud hole. "I watched about $5,000 of my money smashed into nothing in about five seconds," Carl remembers.

It didn't cure him of the airplane fever, though. It just made him determined to go ahead. "In the next couple of years, my partner and I designed and built about six or seven planes for friends who wanted them built. We didn't have the least idea of horsepower requirements or aerodynamics or any of that technical stuff. But we felt our way along by trial and error and we did pretty well.

"I finally got so hopped up on the subject that I quit a $14-a-day job and went to work for $5 a week for the old Mahoney company just so I could learn aircraft technique. I didn't stay at that salary long, though—they seemed to like my work and pretty soon I was making better dough as well as learning a lot of tricks of the aircraft trade.

"The last plane I designed in my spare time got some Navy pilots interested and was test flown at North Island. I think I could have landed a good Navy contract if I'd had financial backing because that plane was several years ahead of its time in design.

(Continued on page 25)

How Fliers Are Made

Here's what happens to AAF cadets before — and after — they fly our Ryan PT-22 trainers

Out at the huge Santa Ana Army Air Base, Uncle Sam's hard-studying fighting flyers of tomorrow have a favorite story to illustrate the intense concentration of their curriculum.

They tell of the cadet who dropped his pencil in class. By the time he picked it up, he had missed the equivalent of one year of college mathematics.

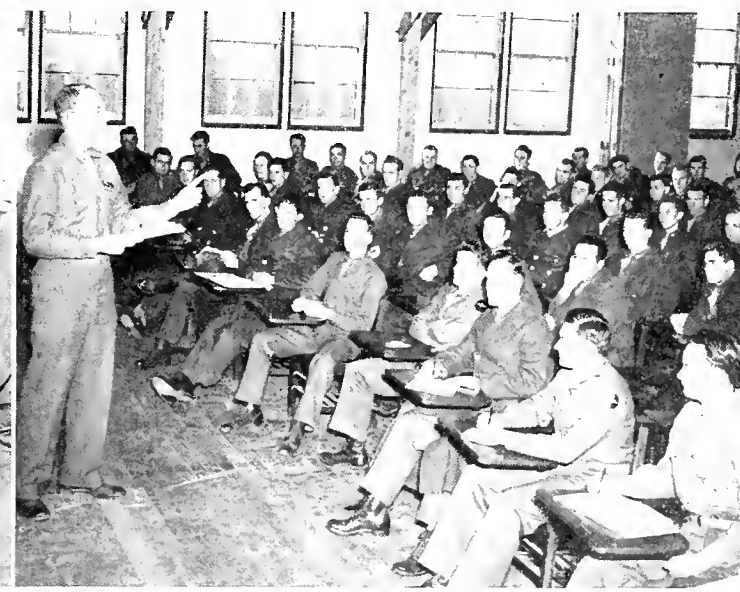
Yes, youngsters who constantly complained that their high school or college professor "went too fast" and "gave too much homework" find out what real mental work is after the Army Air Forces accept them for training. The funny thing is, they like it. And they amaze themselves by the amount which human minds can absorb under the pressure of total war.

Life in the scientific army of today is one perpetual process of learning, as well as doing, for both officers and men. And to prepare their own hundreds of thousands of enlistees for their highly technical work, the Army Air Forces has established the nation's largest university—the Flying Training Command.

National headquarters for this branch of our air arm is Fort Worth, Texas. Administration is divided into three geographical units, all located in the southern half of the country because of obviously more favorable flying weather: South Coast, Gulf Coast and West Coast.

(Continued on page 18)

Above, Army Air Forces cadets going through Santa Ana's stiff physical training, which they must complete before they can fly a Ryan PT-22. Below, left, a would-be flier undergoes the AAF's severe eye examination. Right, a classroom shot of the husky and alert-looking youngsters who may soon be flying Ryans. (Official photographs, Santa Ana Army Air Base.)



Your Guardian Angels

From your first day here till your last, the Personnel department is looking out for you

by KEITH MONROE

Eddie was pacing angrily up and down outside the office when Frank Saye arrived. It was only a little after 7:30 a.m. and the Personnel office isn't scheduled to open until 8—but Frank Saye usually makes it a point to show up early just to deal with cases like this one.

"Frank, I just got off third shift," Eddie barked. "I've been waiting here till the office opened so I could see somebody about getting a release slip. Can you talk to me?"

"Sure, Eddie," replied Saye. "But why do you want to quit? Maybe you can tell me what's wrong so it won't happen again and make us lose another good man."

Eddie poured out his troubles. He was fed up with everything. The fellows he rode to work with on the car-pooling plan were unreliable and had made him late several times. He didn't like the room where he was staying. His best girl had been stolen by the fellow who worked next to him at the factory. All in all, he just felt miserable and he wanted to get away.

"Eddie, you're a good mechanic, and we hate to lose you," said Frank. "It'll make it just that much tougher for us to go on building planes . . . Some of your best friends are over in the South Pacific now, aren't they?"

"That's right."

"Well, if you think you're having a tough time, how about your friends over there? How'll you feel if you have to tell 'em you quit a war job because your room was uncomfortable or your girl gave you a brush-off? . . . All your reasons for quitting are little ones. They can all be ironed out in time, can't they?"

Eddie thought it over. "I guess I'd better stick," he said at last.

Frank Saye is Ryan's specialist in persuading people not to quit. As Employment Manager, one of the most interesting parts of his job is to listen to men and women who are unhappy and ready to leave, and then persuade them to go back to work.

It costs $70 to hire a Ryan worker and start him on a job. Up to a year and a half ago the turnover of employees at Ryan, while considerably smaller than at most other companies, was still quite costly. But Frank Saye was put to work as "exit interviewer" in September, 1941, and now nearly all would-be resigners are persuaded to stay.

Before beginning personnel work here, Frank put in a long period of seasoning in the Ryan factory. Coming to Ryan after sixteen years of globe-trotting as an industrial consultant, he started in this factory as a bench mechanic, and worked his way up through the ranks to the position of supervisor and assistant to Factory Manager G. E. Barton. Consequently he knows something about all the dozens of different aircraft jobs. When an electrician comes in, he talks electrician's terms. If it is a painter or a welder, Frank talks **his** language.

Saye can call the first name or nickname of virtually every Ryan employee who has been with the company for more than a year or two; he is on terms of such close personal friendship with dozens of them that he knows their wives and children. Naturally, it is no trick at all for Frank to get one of them to sit down, smoke a cigarette, and unburden his troubles.

Frank Saye, Employment Manager, leans back to chat for a moment with one of the Personnel department secretaries.

Lewis E. Plummer, Ryan's kindly director of industrial training, served for 22 years as the supervisor of the high school and junior college at Fullerton, California, before coming to Ryan last year.

An eighteen-year-old boy steps into Soye's office. "Will you give me a release slip, Frank?" he asks. "I've decided I'm not much good as an aircraft worker."

Frank quickly sizes up the real reason why the boy wants to quit. "Where's your home town, Bill?" he asks.

"Carlisle, Pennsylvania," Bill says huskily.

"Carlisle, eh?" Frank muses. "That's a pretty nice town, I guess."

"Oh boy, I'll tell the world it is," the youngster responds. "Just about the nicest town you ever saw. I think I'll go back there. Besides, I've had a letter saying my mother is sick, and I'm worried about her. I think I ought to be with her. I can live at home and it won't cost me nothing. There'll be plenty of jobs even in Carlisle these days."

As Frank had guessed, part of the real trouble is homesickness.

"I know just how you feel, Bill," he says. "I think it would do you good to go home and see your mother. I'm going to talk to your foreman about giving you a leave of absence for a month—so that after you've been home awhile, you can come back here if you like without losing your seniority rights or anything else. When you've been home a month, if you want to come back your job will be waiting for you."

As the boy walks out, Frank smiles and shakes his head. "Right now that kid hasn't any idea he'll ever be coming back here," he remarks to his secretary. "But he will. I'll keep tabs on the weather in Pennsylvania, and in a week or two when I notice they've had some extra bad weather, I'll write that fellow a personal letter. I'll ramble about the lovely weather in San Diego—how we don't have trouble with fuel rationing or anything like that—and remind him we still hope to see him back. And inside of a month if his mother is okay he'll be ready to come back. I've seen dozens of fellows like that. I've never yet known one who didn't come back if I kept in touch with him."

Domestic trouble is another fairly frequent reason why a worker walks into Frank's office. Many a married man or woman has wanted to quit because of some difficulty at home.

"Home trouble is one of the toughest things to lick," Frank admits. "If a man isn't getting along with his wife, there isn't an awful lot I can do to fix things so he'll be happy on the job. But I always try. By calling in the wife and talking to her, I sometimes get results. If a wife is sore at her husband, I've found I don't get anywhere by telling her he's a wonderful man, but if I start claiming he's a bum mechanic, she flies to his defense. Before she knows it, she's insisting he stay on the job. Then I call in the husband and excuse myself for a drink of water. By the time I wander back, the wife has usually disappeared and the man has a grin a mile wide; he's forgotten all about quitting."

In the rare cases where a worker wants to quit because of personal friction, Frank can almost always save the situation. Either he turns on the Irish blarney and smoothes away the friction, or else he can advise the worker to ask his foreman for a transfer to some other department.

But talking to people who are on the way out—or think they are—is only part of Frank Soye's work. It's also his responsibility to talk to those who are on the way in. He and his interviewers have a friendly chat with every applicant who survives the original weeding out process to keep undesirables out of Ryan. In this interview, Frank, or one of his assistants, always tries to place the applicant in the exact job that will fit him best and make him happiest. These personnel men—each of whom started his training with a long period of "familiarization" work with the company, know the requirements of every job, and can judge readily which of the available jobs might suit the applicant.

However, when Personnel decides that an applicant will fit into a certain department, Frank Soye always calls in the foreman of that department and gives him the final say on signing up the worker. "Once in a great while, a foreman will know of some reason why a certain type of person wouldn't fit smoothly into the department," Frank explains.

After a new worker has been put on the payroll by Frank Soye, he or she then comes under the jurisdiction of Lewis E. Plummer, who puts all incoming employees through an "induction course"—one hour a day for eight days, on company time—to prepare them for work at Ryan.

The course familiarizes new Ryanites with all company rules and procedures, and shows them how the work they will be doing ties in with the work of all other departments. One class session is devoted to a sound slide film, "The Airplane and Its Parts," furnished by the Aircraft War Production Council. Another hour is devoted to a supervised tour throughout the entire factory.

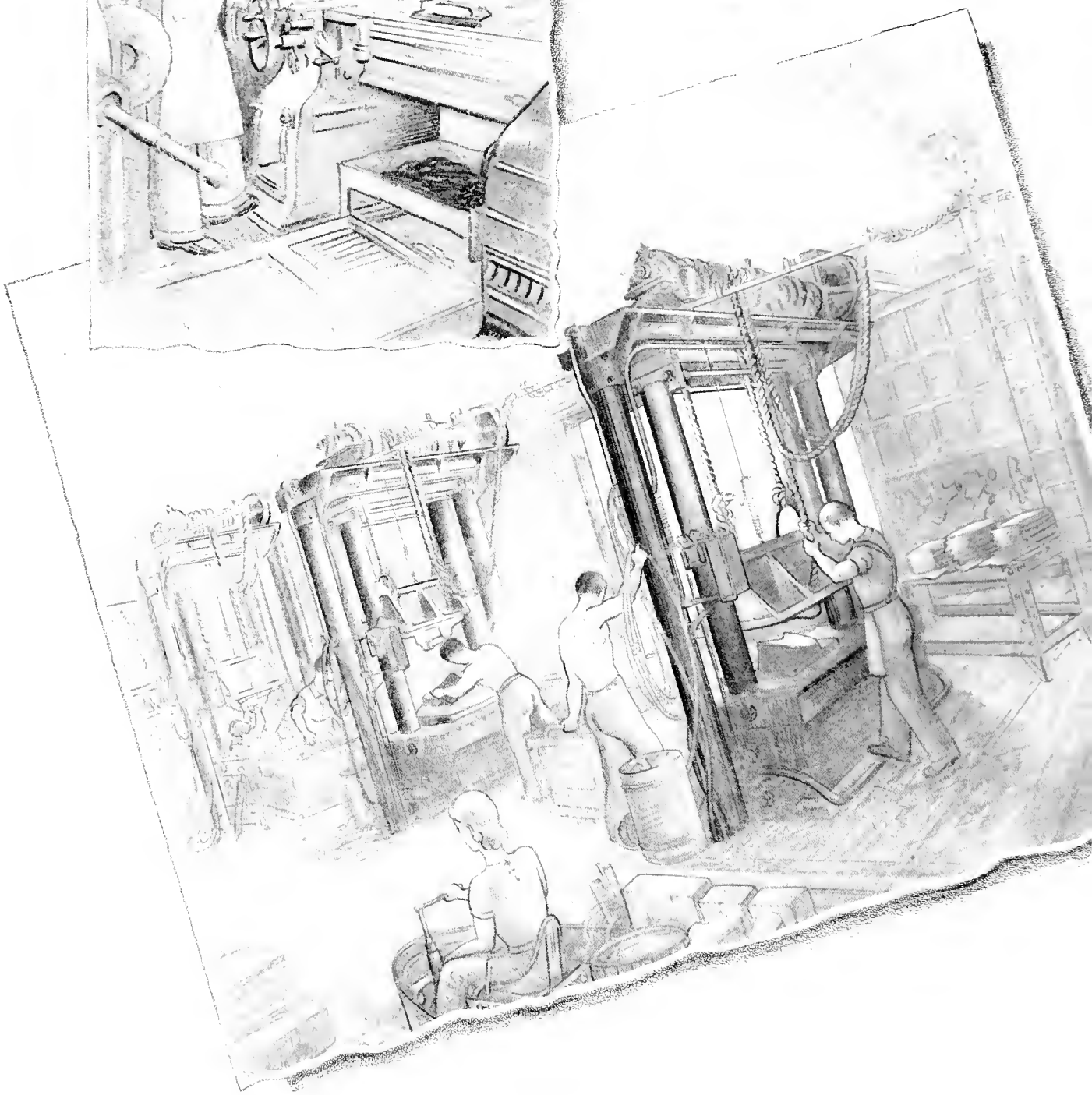
Classes are kept small and are handled, not through formal lectures, but through chatty discussions in which everyone takes part. At the end of the course there is an examination. "Each employee corrects his own paper, so he can see for himself how much he has learned, as well as giving us a check on how well our teaching is sinking in," explains Plummer.

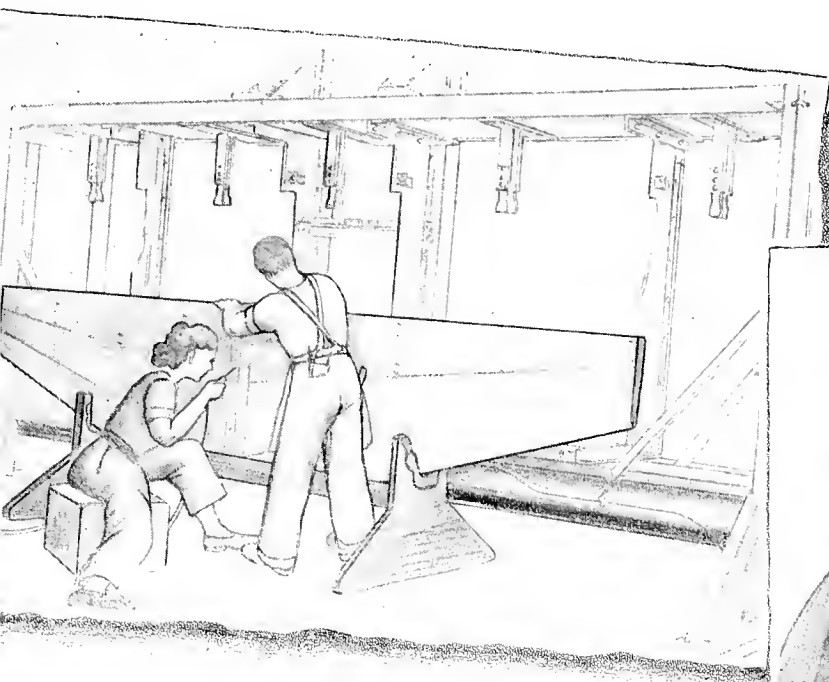
New workers aren't the only ones who attend Plummer's classes. Company executives, from Claude Ryan on down—130 of them altogether—have gone through the induction course. "They decided they'd like to take it just to make sure they wouldn't break any company rules themselves," Plummer laughs. "I guess most of them learned a few things they'd never known before about our factory."

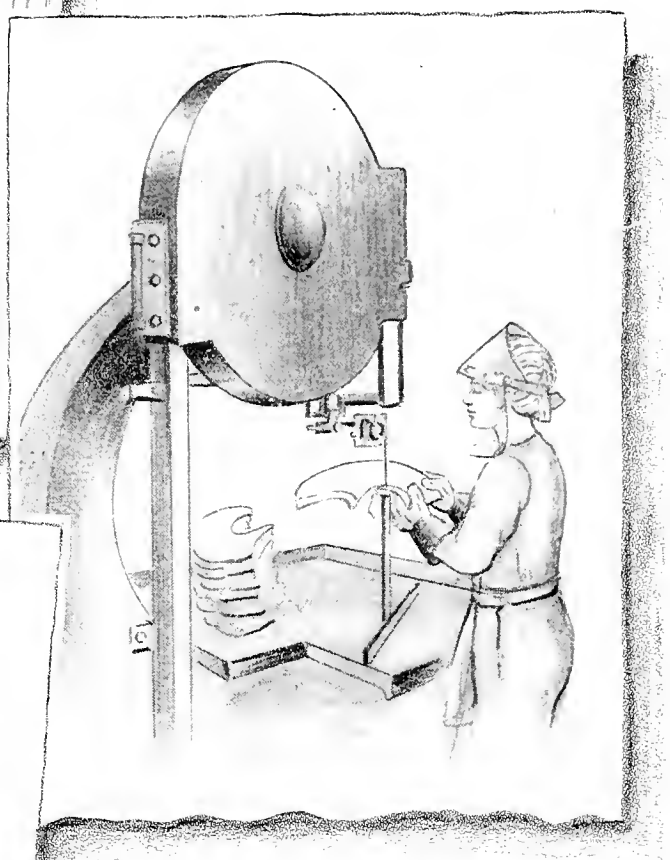
All industrial training in the company clears through Plummer's division of Personnel. Free courses for employees in blueprint reading, mathematics, engineering, and other aeronautical subjects have been given. In addition, Plummer provides counseling service for individual employees who want

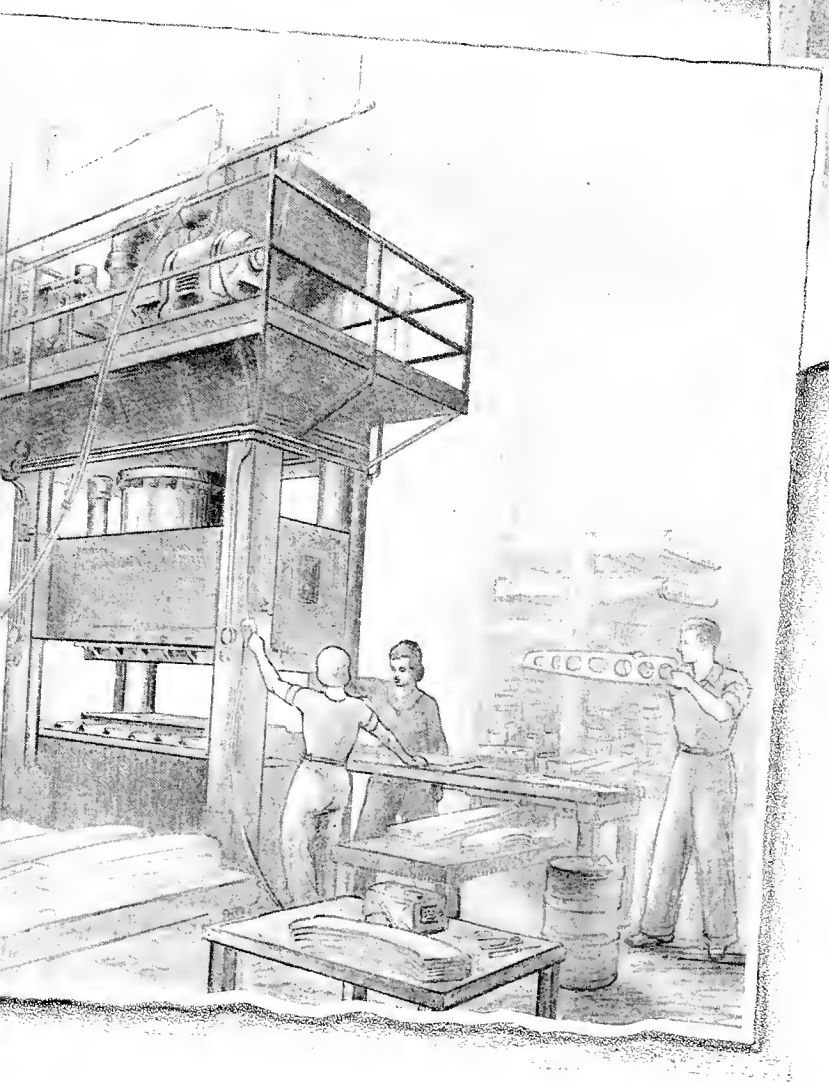
(Continued on page 17)

Plant Sketches









This is the second group of pencil sketches which Mrs. Mary Plummer Lester of the Engineering Department has prepared for Flying Reporter readers. The drawings were inspired by actual plant scenes which are undoubtedly familiar to most Ryan employees. They may also give the folks at home some idea of how and where Ryanites work.

MORE

TIPS ON TAXES

(Continued from page 1)

though they are not imposed by the law directly upon him. Therefore, California State sales taxes paid during 1942 may now be deducted although previously this tax was not allowable.

Deductions are allowed for losses on property (including automobiles) resulting from fire, storm, accident which are not covered by insurance.

Another important provision of the Revenue Act of 1942 is the allowance of extraordinary medical expenses. This new deduction applies to expenses for medical care (including health and accident insurance premiums) of the taxpayer, his wife and dependents. The part of such expenses which is deductible is that which exceeds 5% of the net income, computed without the deduction for medical expenses, but does not exceed $2500 for a husband and wife filing a joint return, or a head of a family, and $1250 for a single person. An example of how the medical deduction is computed is shown below:

Gross income	$2400.00
Deductions.....	150.00
Net income	$2250.00

As stated above, the deduction for medical expenses is only allowable to the extent that it exceeds 5% of the net income. Therefore if this taxpayer had spent $200 for medical expenses he would be entitled to a deduction of $87.50, which is the difference between the medical cost of $200 and $112.50 which is 5% of the net income of $2250.

After entering on the return the items of gross income and subtracting therefrom the allowable expenses, the remainder is the net income. From this is deducted the personal exemption of $500 for a single person or $1200 for the head of a family, and a credit of $350 for each dependent. In determining dependency, a taxpayer is not allowed to take credit for the dependent which makes him the head of a family. For example, if a man supports his mother and sister he is allowed an exemption of $1200 for being the head of a family but is allowed a credit for only one dependent.

James C. Nookes, Ryan's Comptroller, put in several evenings of hard work on his own time to prepare this income tax advice for you.

After deducting the personal exemption from the net income, the balance is the "surtax net income" which is taxable at rates from 13% up, depending on the amount thereof. The surtax net income is then reduced by the amount of "earned income credit" to arrive at the "normal tax net income" which is taxable at a flat rate of 6%. The surtax and the normal tax are added together to find the total tax payable.

Before attempting to compute the earned income credit the taxpayer should understand that:

(a) Earned income meons wages, solaries, or other compensotion for services rendered.

(b) Net income is the gross income less the allowable deductions.

Bearing in mind the foregoing definition, the taxpayer can compute the earned income credit as follows:

(a) If the net income is $3,000 or less, the earned income credit is 10% of the net income regardless of the omount of the eorned income.

(b) If the net income is more than $3,000 the eorned income credit is 10% of the earned income or 10% of the net income, whichever is less. However, the earned income credit cannot be less thon $300 or more thon $1,400.

In the State of California certain income when received by either the husband or wife becomes community property, which means in effect that the husband and wife are coowners. The wife has a vested property right in the community property equal with that of her husband; and in the income of the community including salaries or wages of either husband or wife, or both. Therefore, a husband and wife living in California may each render separate returns and report one-half of the income which, simultaneously with its receipt, becomes community propcity. The tax advantage of this procedure is that it reduces the percentage bracket of the surtax net income and results in the payment of a smaller tax. To make this clear, assume that a married taxpayer with no children has a gross income of $4000 and deductible expenses of $300. His wife does not work and has no income. If the husband alone

(Continued on poge 17)

FORM 1040
Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

UNITED STATES
INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

Page 1

1942

OPTIONAL FORM 1040A MAY BE FILED INSTEAD OF THIS FORM IF GROSS INCOME IS REPORTED ON THE CASH BASIS FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR, IS NOT MORE THAN $3,000, AND CONSISTS WHOLLY OF SALARY, WAGES, OTHER COMPENSATION FOR PERSONAL SERVICES, DIVIDENDS, INTEREST OR ANNUITIES.

(Do not use these spaces)

File Code

Serial No.

District

(Cashier's Stamp)

FOR CALENDAR YEAR 1942

or fiscal year beginning ....., 1942, and ending ....., 1943

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY. (See Instruction C)

GEORGE WELDER
(Name) (Use given names of both husband and wife, if this is a joint return)

3562 TORCH STREET
(Street and number, or rural route)

SAN DIEGO (Post office) SAN DIEGO (County) CALIFORNIA (State)

WELDER (Occupation) 000-00-000 (Social Security number, if any)

THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.
(Name and address of employer)

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
(If more than one employer, attach statement showing name and address and amount received from each)

Cash—Check—M. O. First Payment $.....

Item and Instruction No.	INCOME	Amount	Deductible Expenses (Attach itemized statement)		
1.	Salaries and other compensation for personal services,	$ 2,400.00	$ 2,400	00	
2.	Dividends				
3.	Interest on bank deposits, notes, etc.		60	00	
		Less amortizable bond premium			
4.	Interest on corporation bonds, etc.	$	$		
5.	Interest on Government obligations, etc.:				
	(a) From line (b), Schedule A	$	$		
	(b) From line (i), Schedule A	$	$		
6.	Rents and royalties, (From Schedule B)				
7.	Annuities				
	ITEMS 8, 9, AND 10, BELOW (AND PAGES 3 AND 4) NEED NOT BE CONSIDERED UNLESS YOU HAVE INCOME (OR LOSSES) IN ADDITION TO ITEMS ABOVE.				
8.	(a) Net gain (or loss) from sale or exchange of capital assets, (From Schedule F)				
	(b) Net gain (or loss) from sale or exchange of property other than capital assets. (From Schedule G)				
9.	Net profit (or loss) from business or profession. (From Schedule H)				
	(State total receipts, from line 1, Schedule H, $.....)				
10.	Income (or loss) from partnerships; fiduciary income; and other income. (From Schedule I)				
11.	Total income in items 1 to 10				$ 2,460 00
	DEDUCTIONS				
12.	Contributions paid. (Explain in Schedule C)		$ 25	00	
13.	Interest. (Explain in Schedule C)		150	00	
14.	Taxes. (Explain in Schedule C)		75	00	
15.	Losses from fire, storm, shipwreck, or other casualty, or theft. (Explain in Schedule C)				
16.	Bad debts. (Explain in Schedule C)				
17.	Other deductions authorized by law. (Explain in Schedule C)				
18.	Total deductions in items 12 to 17				250 00
19.	Net income (item 11 minus item 18)				$ 2,210 00

COMPUTATION OF TAX

20.	Net income (item 19 above)	$ 2,210 00	27.	Normal tax (6% of item 26)	$ 47 34
21.	Less: Personal exemption. (From Schedule D-1)	$1,200 00	28.	Surtax on item 23. (See Instruction 28)	131 30
22.	Credit for dependents. (From Schedule D-2)	1,200 00	29.	Total (item 27 plus item 28)	$ 178 64
			30.	Total tax (Item 29 or line 16 Schedule F)	$ 178 64
23.	Balance (surtax net income)	$ 1,010 00	31.	Less: Income tax paid at source	$
24.	Less: Item 5 (a) above	$	32.	Income tax paid to a foreign country or U.S. possession. (Attach Form 1116)	
25.	Earned income credit. (From Schedule E-1 or E-2)	221 00 221 00			
26.	Balance subject to normal tax	$ 789 00	33.	Balance of tax (Item 30 minus items 31 and 32)	$ 178 64

I/we declare, under the penalties of perjury, that this return (including any accompanying schedules and statements) has been examined by me/us, and to the best of my/our knowledge and belief is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Internal Revenue Code and the regulations issued under authority thereof.

(Signature of person (other than taxpayer or agent) preparing return) (Date)

(Name of firm or employer, if any)

George Welder (Signature of taxpayer) 1/14/43 (Date)

(If this is a joint return (not made by agent), it must be signed by both husband and wife) A return made by an agent must be accompanied by power of attorney. (See Instruction F)

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Page 2

Schedule A.—INTEREST ON GOVERNMENT OBLIGATIONS, ETC. (See Instruction 5)

1. Obligations or securities	2. Amount owned at end of year including your proportionate share of such obligations held by estates, trusts, partnerships, or common trust funds	3. Interest received or accrued during the year	4. Amount of principal omitted on which is exempt from taxation	5. Interest on amount on excess of exemption, and dividends subject to surtax only
(a) Obligations of a State, Territory, or political subdivision thereof, or the District of Columbia, or United States possessions	$	$	All	x x x x x x x x x x
(b) Obligations issued prior to March 1, 1941, under Federal Farm Loan Act, or under such Act as amended			All	x x x x x x x x x x
(c) Obligations of United States issued on or before September 1, 1917			All	x x x x x x x x x x
(d) Treasury Notes issued prior to December 1, 1940, Treasury Bills and Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness issued prior to March 1, 1941			All	x x x x x x x x x x
(e) United States Savings Bonds and Treasury Bonds issued prior to March 1, 1941			$5,000	$
(f) Obligations of instrumentalities of the United States (other than obligations to be reported in (b) above) issued prior to March 1, 1941			None	
(g) Dividends on share accounts in Federal savings and loan associations in case of shares issued prior to March 28, 1942	x x x x x x x x x x x x x	x x	x x x x x x x x	x x x x
(h) Total (enter as item 5 (a), page 1)				$

(i) Treasury Notes issued on or after December 1, 1940, and obligations issued on or after March 1, 1941, by the United States or any agency or instrumentality thereof (enter amount of interest as item 5 (b), page 1)	Amount owned at end of year $	Interest received or accrued during the year (subject to normal tax and surtax) $

Schedule B.—INCOME FROM RENTS AND ROYALTIES. (See Instruction 6)

1. Kind of property	2. Amount	3. Depreciation or depletion (attach schedule)	4. Repairs (explain below)	5. Other expenses (itemize below)	6. Net profit (columns 2 minus sum of columns 3, 4, and 5) (enter as item 6, page 1)
	$	$	$	$	$

Explanation of deductions claimed in columns 4 and 5 .....

Schedule C.—EXPLANATION OF DEDUCTIONS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, AND 17

1. Item No.	2. Explanation	3. Amount	1. Item No. (Continued)	2. Explanation (Continued)	3. Amount (Continued)
12	Red Cross	$ 10 00	14	Auto license	$ 17 00
12	Episcopal Church	15 00	14	Calif. income tax	34 00
		25 00	14	Calif. unemployment ins.	24 00
13	Bank of America Mortgage	150 00			75 00

Schedule D.—EXPLANATION OF CREDITS CLAIMED IN ITEMS 21 AND 22. (See Instructions 21 and 22)

(1) Personal Exemption

Status	Number of months during the year in each status	Credit claimed
Single, or married and not living with husband or wife, and not head of family		$
Married and living with husband or wife	12 mos.	1,200 00
Head of family (explain below)		

(2) Credit for Dependents

Name of dependent and relationship	Number of months during the year: Under 18 years old	18 years or over	Credit claimed
			$

Reason for support if 18 years or over .....

Schedule E.—COMPUTATION OF EARNED INCOME CREDIT. (See Instruction 25)

(1) If your net income is $3,000 or less, use only this part of schedule		(2) If your net income is more than $3,000, use only this part of schedule	
Net income (item 19, page 1)	$ 2,210 00	Earned net income (not more than $14,000)	$
Earned income credit (10% of net income, above)	221 00	Net income (item 19, page 1)	
		Earned income credit (10% of earned net income or 10% of net income, above, whichever amount is smaller, but do not enter less than $300)	

QUESTIONS

1. Did you file a return for any prior year? Yes If so, what was the latest year? 1941 To which Collector's office was it sent? San Diego, California
2. If separate return was made for the current year, state:
   (a) Name of husband or wife .....
   (b) Personal exemption, if any, claimed thereon .....
   (c) Collector's office to which it was sent .....
3. Check whether this return was prepared on the cash basis ☒ or accrual ☐ basis.
4. Was the rate of your salary or wages increased or decreased after October 3, 1942, and before the end of your taxable year? Yes (Yes or No)
5. Did you receive during your taxable year any amount claimed to be nontaxable other than interest reported in Schedule A (see Instruction H)? No If so, attach schedule showing source, nature, and amount of such income.
6. Did you at any time during your taxable year own directly or indirectly any stock of a foreign corporation or a personal holding company as defined by section 501 of the Internal Revenue Code? No If so, attach statement required by Instruction K.

16—24240-1

FORM 1040 A
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

OPTIONAL
UNITED STATES
INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN

THIS RETURN MAY BE FILED INSTEAD OF FORM 1040 BY CITIZENS (OR RESIDENT ALIENS) REPORTING ON THE CASH BASIS IF GROSS INCOME IS NOT MORE THAN $3,000 AND IS ONLY FROM SALARY, WAGES, DIVIDENDS, INTEREST, AND ANNUITIES

CALENDAR YEAR 1942

Do not write in these spaces
Serial No.
Amount Paid $
(Cashier's Stamp)

PRINT NAME AND HOME OR RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

JOHN DROPHAMMER
(Name) (Use given names of both husband and wife, if this is a joint return)

1559 SHEETMETAL STREET
(Street and number, or rural route)

SAN DIEGO — SAN DIEGO — CALIFORNIA
(Post office) (County) (State)

Occupation MACHINIST — Social Security number, if any 058-07-4045

Name and address of employer THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO. SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
(If you had more than one employer, attach statement showing name and address and amount received from each)

Cash—Check—M. O.

DEPENDENTS ON JULY 1, 1942

List persons (other than husband or wife) *deriving their chief support from you* if they are under 18 years of age or if they are mentally or physically incapable of self-support

NAME OF DEPENDENT	RELATIONSHIP	IF 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER, GIVE REASON FOR LISTING
MIKE DROPHAMMER	SON	

GROSS INCOME LESS ALLOWANCE FOR DEPENDENTS

1. Salary, wages, and compensation for personal services		$ 2,506	63
2. Dividends, interest, and annuities		30	72
3. Total		$ 2,537	35
4 Less. $385 for each dependent		385	00
(If you are the head of a family (see definition under item 6 on other side) *only because of dependent(s) listed above*, $385 for each listed dependent *except one*)			
5. INCOME SUBJECT TO TAX		$ 2,152	35

TAX

6. Tax on item 5 (from Column A, B, or C of table on other side)		$ 146	00

I/we declare, under the penalties of perjury, that this return has been examined by me us, and, to the best of my our knowledge and belief, is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Internal Revenue Code and regulations issued under authority thereof, and that I/we had no income from sources other than stated hereon.

February 4, 1943. (Date)

John Drophammer (Signature)

(Signature)

(If husband and wife income is both husband and wife, it must be signed by both)

Filing requirement. — An income tax return must be filed by single persons having a gross income (item 1 above) of $500 or more and married persons having a gross income either separately or combined of $1,200 or more.

Military and naval personnel. — Members of the military or naval forces of the United States below the grade of commissioned officer on December 18, 1942, should not include in gross income the first $750 if single on such date, or the first $100 if married or head of a family on such date, received as compensation for active service.

Returns of husband and wife. — Husband and wife may use this form as a joint return if they were living together on July 1, 1942, and if their combined gross income for the calendar year is not more than $3,000. A separate return may be made on this form if the gross income for the calendar year of the one filing the return is not more than $3,000, except that in the case of a husband and wife living together at any time during the calendar year separate returns may not be made on this form unless each elects to use this form.

Allowance for dependents. — Allowance of $385 for each dependent is applicable when this form is used. Where Form 1040 is used, the allowance for each dependent is $350.

Amended returns. — If a qualified taxpayer elects to use this form, amended return may not be made on Form 1040.

Filing of returns and payment of tax. — The return must be filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue for your district on or before March 15, 1943. The tax may be paid in four equal quarterly installments commencing March 15, 1943. Pay tax, if any, to the Collector and if payment is made by check or money order, make payable to "Collector of Internal Revenue."

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INDICATE YOUR STATUS ON JULY 1, 1942, BY PLACING CHECK MARK (✓) IN THE APPLICABLE BLOCK (☐) BELOW

1. Single (and not head of family) on July 1, 1942 ☐
2. Married and not living with husband or wife (and not head of family) on July 1, 1942 ☐

IF YOU CHECKED No. 1 OR No. 2 ABOVE, FIND YOUR TAX IN COLUMN A

3. Married and living with husband or wife on July 1, 1942, but each filing separate returns on this form ☐

IF YOU CHECKED No. 3 ABOVE, FIND YOUR TAX IN COLUMN B

4. Married and living with husband or wife on July 1, 1942, and spouse had no gross income for the entire year ✓
5. Married and living with husband or wife on July 1, 1942, and this return includes gross income of both husband and wife for the entire year ☐
6. Head of family (a single person or married person not living with husband or wife who exercises family control and supports closely connected dependent relative(s) in one household) on July 1, 1942 ☐
(State number of such dependent relatives ...)

IF YOU CHECKED No. 4, 5, OR 6 ABOVE, FIND YOUR TAX IN COLUMN C

IF Income subject to tax (item 5 on other side) is Over	But not over	COLUMN A Your tax is	COLUMN B Your tax is	COLUMN C Your tax is
$0	$525	$0	$0	$0
525	550	1	0	0
550	575	1	0	0
575	600	7	0	0
600	625	11	0	0
625	650	15	0	0
650	675	20	3	0
675	700	24	6	0
700	725	28	9	0
725	750	33	11	0
750	775	37	18	0
775	800	41	22	0
800	825	46	27	0
825	850	50	31	0
850	875	54	35	0
875	900	59	40	0
900	925	63	44	0
925	950	67	48	0
950	975	71	52	0
975	1,000	76	57	0
1,000	1,025	80	61	0
1,025	1,050	84	65	0
1,050	1,075	89	70	0
1,075	1,100	93	74	0
1,100	1,125	97	78	0
1,125	1,150	102	83	0
1,150	1,175	106	87	0
1,175	1,200	110	91	0
1,200	1,225	115	96	0
1,225	1,250	119	100	0
1,250	1,275	123	104	0
1,275	1,300	128	109	1
1,300	1,325	132	113	1
1,325	1,350	136	117	7

IF Income subject to tax (item 5 on other side) is Over	But not over	COLUMN A Your tax is	COLUMN B Your tax is	COLUMN C Your tax is
$1,350	$1,375	$141	$122	$10
1,375	1,400	145	126	14
1,400	1,425	149	130	17
1,425	1,450	154	135	21
1,450	1,475	158	139	25
1,475	1,500	162	143	29
1,500	1,525	167	148	34
1,525	1,550	171	152	38
1,550	1,575	175	156	42
1,575	1,600	180	161	47
1,600	1,625	184	165	51
1,625	1,650	188	169	55
1,650	1,675	193	174	60
1,675	1,700	197	178	64
1,700	1,725	201	182	68
1,725	1,750	206	187	73
1,750	1,775	210	191	77
1,775	1,800	214	195	81
1,800	1,825	218	199	85
1,825	1,850	223	204	90
1,850	1,875	227	208	94
1,875	1,900	231	212	98
1,900	1,925	236	217	103
1,925	1,950	240	221	107
1,950	1,975	244	225	111
1,975	2,000	249	230	116
2,000	2,025	253	234	120
2,025	2,050	257	238	124
2,050	2,075	262	243	129
2,075	2,100	266	247	133
2,100	2,125	270	251	137
2,125	2,150	275	256	142
2,150	2,175	279	260	146

IF Income subject to tax (item 5 on other side) is Over	But not over	COLUMN A Your tax is	COLUMN B Your tax is	COLUMN C Your tax is
$2,175	$2,200	$283	$264	$150
2,200	2,225	288	269	155
2,225	2,250	292	273	159
2,250	2,275	296	277	163
2,275	2,300	301	282	168
2,300	2,325	305	286	172
2,325	2,350	309	290	176
2,350	2,375	314	295	181
2,375	2,400	318	299	185
2,400	2,425	322	303	189
2,425	2,450	327	308	194
2,450	2,475	331	312	198
2,475	2,500	335	316	202
2,500	2,525	340	321	207
2,525	2,550	344	325	211
2,550	2,575	348	329	215
2,575	2,600	353	334	220
2,600	2,625	357	338	224
2,625	2,650	361	342	228
2,650	2,675	366	347	233
2,675	2,700	370	351	237
2,700	2,725	376	355	241
2,725	2,750	384	359	245
2,750	2,775	386	364	250
2,775	2,800	391	369	254
2,800	2,825	396	374	258
2,825	2,850	401	379	263
2,850	2,875	406	384	267
2,875	2,900	411	389	271
2,900	2,925	416	394	276
2,925	2,950	421	399	280
2,950	2,975	426	404	284
2,975	3,000	431	409	289

The income to be reported in this return is gross income (not including income which is wholly exempt from income tax) without any deductions. The taxes in the above table make allowance for personal exemption, earned income credit, and deductions aggregating 6 percent of gross income.

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More About

"TIPS ON TAXES"

(Continued from page 14)

files a return the tax will be computed as follows:

		Tax
Gross income	$4000.00	
Deductions	300.00	
Net income	3700.00	
Personal exemption	1200.00	
Surtax net income	2500.00	$340.00
Earned income credit	370.00	
Normal tax net income	$2130.00	127.80
Total tax		$467.80

Now assume that the husband and wife theoretically divided their income and each filed a separate return. In that case the tax calculation would be as shown at the top of the page.

It will be observed that the use of separate returns produces a tax of $226.40 for both the husband and wife, or a total of $452.80. This results in a tax saving of $15.00 over the first method. However, this procedure will not result in a tax reduction if the surtax net income is less than $2000.00

OPTIONAL RETURN

A taxpayer who has a gross income from salaries, wages, dividends, interest, annuities or compensation for personal services of $3000 or less may elect to file his return on Form 1040-A and compute his tax in accordance with the table shown thereon. This table has been prepared so that it automatically gives effect to the allowable deductions and the earned income credit, and no further deductions are allowed other than the credit for dependents. The optional method is advantageous to the taxpayer who has few or no deductions, or to a taxpayer who was married or had additional dependents prior to July 1, 1942. However, the tax computed under the optional method is sometimes larger and sometimes smaller than the tax computed in the regular way, and the taxpayer should make his computation in both ways before deciding on which method to use. As an illustration, assume that a single person has a gross income of $2000 and allowable deductions of $500. Under the optional method his tax would amount to $249.00. Computed in the regular way it would only be $181.00 as shown below.

		Tax
Gross income	$2000.00	
Allowable deductions	500.00	
Net income	1500.00	
Personal exemption	500.00	
Surtax net income	1000.00	$130.00
Earned income credit	150.00	
Normal tax net income	850.00	51.00
Total tax		$181.00

All income tax returns for the calendar year must be filed not later than March 15, 1943, with the Collector of Internal Revenue, San Diego, California. All returns must be signed but are not required to be sworn to. The entire tax shown by the return may be paid at once or it may be paid in quarterly installments, in which case one-fourth of the amount due should accompany the return.

Separate Returns by Husband and Wife

	Husband		Wife	
	Return	Tax	Return	Tax
Gross income	$2000.00		$2000.00	
Expenses	150.00		150.00	
Net income	1850.00		1850.00	
Personal exemption	600.00		600.00	
Surtax net income	1250.00	$162.50	1250.00	$162.50
Earned income credit	185.00		185.00	
Normal tax net income	1065.00	63.90	1065.00	63.90
Total tax		$226.40		$226.40

In addition to the Federal return, residents of California are required to file a return and pay a state income tax. In general, the items of income and expense allowed by the State are exactly the same as those allowed by the Federal Government. However, the following differences are important and should be carefully noted:

(a) The personal exemption is $1,000 for single persons and $2,500 for heads of families.
(b) Federal income taxes are not deductible in computing the amount subject to State tax.
(c) The State does not allow an earned income credit.
(d) The tax rate is 1% on the first $5,000 of taxable income, which is net income less the personal exemption.
(e) The return is due April 15, 1943.

Persons becoming residents of California during the year are required to include in their State returns only that portion of their income received and deductions applicable since their arrival in the state. However, the entire personal exemption may be taken.

MORE ABOUT

YOUR GUARDIAN ANGELS

(Continued from page 11)

to study any phase of aircraft work or related subjects. From eight to a dozen workers drop into his office for advice every day; Plummer can always tell them exactly what courses are available, and where. Several times he has induced the University of California or the San Diego Vocational School to put in new courses because of Ryan workers' requests for them.

Another interesting part of Plummer's work is giving "Job Instruction Training" which teaches foremen and leadmen how to teach new jobs to their own workers. About 300 foremen, leadmen and prospective group leaders have taken this training.

At each J.I.T. class session a foreman is called up before the class and asked to show just how he would teach one of his workers some job in his department. "Who'll act as pupil?" the instructor says when the foreman is ready to start.

This time Ernie Moore volunteers. He is taking the course along with the other production men.

"Okay," says the foreman. "Look, Ernie, all you have to do on this job is just loop this wire over this way—"

"Like this?" asks Ernie, looping the wire the wrong way.

"No, no, like this," says the foreman. "And then you fasten the wire."

"I don't get it," says Ernie, putting on his most puzzled look.

Many of the "pupils" deliberately act dumb just to give their would-be instructors a good work-out. So the foreman, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, starts telling Ernie again how to do the simple job in hand. Then he shows him how to do it, taking one step at a time. Then finally, when Ernie at last seems to grasp it, the foreman has him, in turn, tell how the job is done and show how it is done. After the foreman has finished, the whole class picks his performance to pieces, pointing out even the tiniest errors he may have made in his method of teaching. "If The Worker Hasn't Learned, The Instructor Hasn't Taught," is the motto drilled into every foreman and leadman.

MORE ABOUT

PILOT TRAINING

(Continued from page 9)

The West Coast training center has its headquarters in Santa Ana. In an intense curriculum which compresses academic, athletic, and mechanical courses into months instead of years, this center turns out one-third of the nation's combat fliers.

First stop for every man due to be trained in the Army Air Forces West Coast Training Center is a sprawling wooden city, several miles outside Santa Ana, which didn't exist even on paper a year ago—the vast Air Base which combines the duties of reception, classification, and pre-flight training.

Time was when only college graduates were admitted to flight training. The terrific expansion of the Air Forces has caused this restriction to be dropped in favor of a searching aptitude examination devised and tested to deliver only first-class material to the training centers. Any man between the ages of 18 and 26 can take this examination at any main Army recruiting office. General intelligence, vocabulary, scientific and mathematical aptitudes, and background in world affairs are the measuring sticks. Most normal, alert high school graduates can pass the test. The physical examination, of course, is a strict one. Eyes, ears, and heart especially must be perfect, the general tone of health must be good, the sense of balance and muscular coordination exact.

Arriving at the Air Base, the cadet spends the first few days getting things: complete sets of dress and work clothing, assignments to quarters, extensive questionnaires, inoculations against smallpox and typhus and tetanus. For three weeks he undergoes a variety of physical and mental tests at the Classification Center. In charge here is the Psychological Unit, a complete department of officers and men conducting continuous research into the problems of fitting the square pegs of military aviation into the square holes. From highest ranking officer to lowest private personnel of the unit consists entirely of college graduates with a heavy sprinkling of Ph.D.'s Some of the most famous names in psychology have left their college faculty positions to labor here in patriotic anonymity.

When he leaves the classification center a cadet is marked as a future bombardier, navigator or pilot . . . all three of them flying officers, on equal status with equal pay. Or if he has special education qualifications and is not fitted for duty aloft, he may be classified as a ground officer in armament, meteorology, photography, engineering or communications and sent to technical school outside the Training Center.

For nine weeks now cadets pursue an intensive course of study in Ground School: navigators and bombardiers in one group, pilots in another. Academic classes are held in army organization, customs and etiquette; naval and aerial recognition; physics; mathematics; radio code; psychology; photography; meteorology; theory of flight. Lecture and study sessions are broken up with drill in the "school of the soldier" and strenuous physical exercises.

Cadets who leave the Santa Ana Army Air Base fan out in three streams .To Mather Field, advanced flying school near Sacramento, go the navigators for 15 weeks of intensive professional instruction in the art of guiding a plane to a destination by a variety of methods. They spend many, many hours aloft at their little desks in the Beechcraft AT-7 training planes, guiding the pilot on cross-country practice flights in preparation for the day when they will direct a ship to Tokyo or Berlin.

Bombardiers earn their wings a little more quickly than do navigators. Eleven weeks after leaving the Base, the future "eggplanter" graduates from one of several bombardment school. Over the wastes of the Mojave or the Arizona-New Mexico desert country the bombardier cadet flies in AT-11's on mission after mission, many of them at dawn, others in the dead of night. He learns the intricacies of the amazingly accurate American bombsight, whose secrets he vows to defend even at the cost of his life. He plants practice bombs, composed of sand with a small amount of powder to indicate location of hits, singly and in "strings" (one after another) and in "salvos" (all together).

Slightly more complicated is the career of the future pilots, who must attend three more schools for nine weeks each after leaving the pre-flight center.

In the primary or "grammar school" such as the Ryan schools at Tucson and Hemet, the cadet gets his first taste of flying—65 hours of dual and solo work in a sleek, nimble Ryan or other primary training plane of 160 to 225 horsepower. Primaries are all civilian contract schools, directed by a small staff of Army Air Forces officers but with instruction handled by civilian flyers.

The basic or "high school" stretch is another nine-week affair where the cadet really learns to fly in military fashion. Here he gets acquainted with Vultee BT-13's basic training planes with 400 to 450 horsepower engines. In these ships he spends 65 more hours in the blue, three of them at night.

Comes finally the last nine-week period of advanced or "college" stage where the cadet puts a real combat type plane through all the paces of acrobatics, precision formation flying and cross-country hops both night and day. Future fighter pilots, chosen largely for relatively small stature, daring and lightning reflexes, train in single-engine planes of 650 horsepower engines, such as the North American AT-6. Incipient bomber pilots, who may be larger men with great stability and endurance for long flights in upper altitudes, perfect themselves at twin-engine schools like La Junta, Colorado. Some will go to the big four-engined schools such as Hobbs, New Mexico.

After graduation, bombardier, navigator and pilot meet at tactical units and learn to fly the huge Fortresses as a team. Now they are "flight officers," ranking above any enlisted man or warrant officer and just below a commissioned officer. Those who prove themselves will be commissioned second lieutenants very shortly. Flight officers receive second lieutenant's pay and allowances, plus 50 per cent of their base salary for flying duty.

A relatively new specialty of the AAFWCTC is the training of glider pilots at special desert fields such as Twenty-nine Palms, California. Special wings and flying pay go to graduates of this course in motorless craft, which are intended for great things some day as silent troop and cargo carriers.

In sunny Arizona, too, are the AAFWCTC flexible gunnery schools. Navigators and bombardiers, who will man machine guns when their bombers are attacked, spend several weeks here. Enlisted men who qualify go through the regular five-week course and emerge with aerial gunner's wings and a rating of sergeant with flying pay.

Saving precious time, manpower, planes and gasoline are synthetic training devices which give flying officers necessary groundwork without tying up ships or flying personnel. Link trainers in basic and advanced schools, cunningly contrived "planes" which never leave the ground, teach blind flying through instruments alone. The navigator's "navi-trainer" and the synthetic bomb planters in big sheds at the bombardier schools do for their cadets what the Links do for pilots.

FINAL NEWS

by Enid Larsen

Just to show you that there are some really live souls haunting the northwest corner of the building, here goes for a bit of chatter.

The other day we received a letter from Derril Hillberg, (I'm sure lots of you will remember him) who is now a private in Uncle Sam's Army. After completing his training, he hopes to wind up with a Staff Sergeant's rating. Bill Halt, another ex-Final Assembly member, is now co-pilot on a B-17 in the Army Air Force. Best of luck, fellows, from us all.

Did any of you hear the horrible din in the vicinity of the Hillcrest Bowl Sunday afternoon, January 24th? The natives haven't been able to decide whether it was the toppling of the pins, the roar of the spectators (what spectators?) or the groans of the losers. I'm not saying too much about the latter, but the fellows paid double, and you know what that means. Anyway, we all had a howling good time. The team line-ups were: For the Ryan Babes, Doots Kuyawa, Enid Larsen, Bunny Litchy, Winn Bilben (a last minute sub, but still quite the babe) and Jan Finn. For the Ryan Bums, Ed Sly, Claude Nadeau, Bud Sly, Larry Martin and Jim Key. That makes a series apiece for us, so there is bound to be another meeting not too far in the offing. Keep in practice, boys.

Well, fellows and gals, that's about all for this time. Here's hoping there will be a little more news for the next issue.

THE GREATEST ABILITY IS **RELIABILITY!**

WHEN THERE'S A CHANCE FOR PROMOTION THE MAN WHO CAN BE **DEPENDED UPON** IS THE MAN WHO GETS THE JOB!

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

Whot chess? Nothing remains. Furious, the ghosts of Ruy Lopez ond Capablanca walk down the long oisle, mournful and embittered. Summoned by our last column from their bright particular Elysium where there are gambits without number and combinations of a million moves, they expected to find a meteor and discovered only a used firecracker.

We could be mean and incisive about the reasons for the sudden deflation, but let it pass. Worse things have happened to mankind and it has survived. Suffice it to say that Thein—he of the Encyclopedia (Britannica) mind—retired undefeated. What is that good phrose about the kingdom of the blind?

By oll means, let us get back to earth—good, rich, brown, earthwormy earth. The kind a man can sink a spade into ten inches deep—none of your adobe, off which the sclerometer ball bounces sky-high. Millard Boyd has taken up residence on the slopes of Mt. Helix; shortly you will be hearing of "Boyd—Lime King of La Meso," and will come to work with pockets bulging with that fine fruit which is as the Rock of Ages to the good bartender.

Likewise, chief checker Benes has bought arable land in that vicinity (so our spies tell us); his talents run more to avocados, a fruit (sic) which nature hos cunningly compounded out of papier-moche, putty, and vaseline. Good luck, tillers of the soil! May moths and pests and blights look upon your vegetation with loathing, and may you have ample rainfall even in the rainy season.

Incidentally, have you seen Brush's caricature of Benes? Very good indeed. As was his epic cartoon entitled "Wolves." He is busily working it into a grand mural for a sewing machine company.

And good-bye to Snyder, who leaves to turn the tide ogainst the Axis. His talents —especially the talent for matching coins— will be hard to duplicate, thank goodness. Perhaps his high point in gambling came on the day he formed a pool based on the color gum-drop Bethke would select from an assortment. It is said he would woger on the angle a B-24 prop come to rest at, or the number of fluorescent bulbs that would burn out in a month. Good luck to him too.

Note: The new time cards, when posted end to end and run through an old player piano, give excellent sound background for surrealist movies and other nightmares. Pianist Cliff Ohman is at present working on a Concerto for Orchestra and IBM Machine, which should be as good as anything Anthiel ever did. The only difficulty is in getting the cards from Payroll. They have ideas of their own, which result in a better and sweeter music.

"Most excellent military maneuver— certainly save face"

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MORE ABOUT

QUALITY CONTROL

(Continued from page 7)

and get things done without ruffling the other fellow's feelings.

"Of course," Holland says, "the hearty cooperation we receive throughout the factory is the greatest factor in the success of our system. Every department has played ball with us right down the old beam. We wish to express our thanks to the entire Ryan organization, because it has been through your help that we have been able to help you. You've really gone all out to help us maintain the high Ryan standards."

Holland has an interesting viewpoint about mistakes. He says, "Show me a man who doesn't make mistakes and I'll show you a man who isn't worth a darn. The law of averages allocates some mistakes to every man or woman who does anything; and where there are no mistakes there is nothing done. If the Quality Control Department can control and correct the unintentional mistakes made quality will just about control itself.

"If I'm wrong, I want to be told about it (and I usually am, in no uncertain terms, without delay). I find that the boys in the shop appreciate being told of their mistakes too. That's the spirit which will, in due time, convince Mussolini, Hirohitler and Company that they once made a mistake too."

ANYBODY WANNA SHOOT?

Every time the hunting season comes around conversation seems to swing to guns, pistols and rifles. This time, somebody at Ryan decided a considerable amount of the conversation was useful and something should be done about it. Something was done, and now the question is being asked—Did you sign up? What for? Why, the

"RYAN EMPLOYEES' RIFLE CLUB."

And, judging by the names being turned in, everybody must be answering "Yes." You don't even have to own a gun — yet!

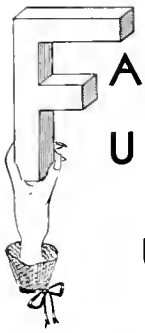
If you are an expert marksman or have never had a rifle in your hands — sign up.

If you are scared to death of any sort of a gun — sign up.

Signing up does not mean you are a member. To obtain a Government Permit for ammunition we must know how many prospective members we must prepare for.

Further information will be published after all names are in.

You can sign up in Engineering department with George D. Sinclair; Personnel department with H. L. (Red) Rolph, or Material Control with Douglas Clarke.



FASHIONS and URBELOWS

by Frances Statler

Guests for dinner—hubby's boss and his wife. The good silver, china, and best linen table cloth.

But when it comes to cutting the bread, trouble lies ahead. If you're like most of us, the top of the slice will be ¼ of an inch and the bottom ¾ of an inch. Hardly an attractive addition to your lovely table setting. So if you're not already blessed with a bread knife, try heating an old butcher knife and laying the loaf on its side. I'll bet you find it cuts like butter, which you probably don't have anyway. Hope the boss was properly impressed, for most men say they've never seen a woman yet that could cut bread.

The Du Pont Company tells us that before long we may be sleeping and sitting on air bubbles wrapped in cellophane. Sounds slightly fantastic, doesn't it. But the future holds a lot of surprises for us which can't be told until after the war. You can also spy on your neighbors through a new see-through-one-way plastic storm sash.

You amateur architects and those planning on building an ultra-modern house might be interested in a recent book, "On Being an Architect," by William Lescaze.

More conservation on the home front—it saves time and money for you to do your own spot cleaning. For grease or paint spots, place the article on a clean white towel, flannel cloth or blotter. Saturate spotless cheese-cloth in benzine or naphtha, and rub spot the way the woof goes and not in a circle. You are less likely to leave a ring this way. If the spot is on silk or wool and especially hard to get out, use chloroform, but don't take too big a sniff.

You know that small gadget you use in your dress placket to prevent having gaposis? Well, they're becoming scarcer than the proverbial hen's molars, so you'd better take care of the ones you have by sliding them shut before washing.

If you have any ancestors hanging on your walls—pictures, I mean—in a dull gilt picture-frame, try rubbing the frame with an onion. It will brighten it up considerably. A piece of walnut meat is a life-saver for covering up scratches on your furniture where Junior decided to carve his name.

Keep on saving that waste cooking fat. One pound of it will produce enough glycerine to fire four 37-mm. anti-aircraft shells.

When you come home at night after a hard day's work, don't eat heavy food of any kind. Soup is better than meat at such moments. To keep in the best of health, relax a few minutes before you approach the main meal of the day—and no arguments at the table!

Did you know that when you throw away the water in which you cook your vegetables, you're throwing away that precious vitamin B-1? Use that water for soups, sauces, gravies. Vitamin C is water-soluble, too. Try cutting a vegetable in larger pieces—less loss of vitamin C that way.

If you're bothered with those little red bumps the best procedure to follow is this: Scrub with pure toilet soap, touch with alcohol before removing infection with sterile needle. Wrap fingers in clean cotton. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure so . . . go on a salad, fruit and vegetable spree and forget the gooey sundaes, chocolate pies, and candies for a while. But if you're planning on a big occasion and one pops out unexpectedly cover it up with a darker shade of foundation cream than you usually use.

For an effective campaign against blackheads, send to Grace Donohue, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for her new 15% Colloidal Sulphur Cleanser and Milky Lotion. It's just $1.00 plus 10% tax and a boon to all blackhead sufferers.

With Spring in the offing once again the female populace sprouts out in those luscious, juicy prints. They do brighten up the landscape as well as your spirits. If you do get an all-over print, say a black and white, top it off with a bright red bolero jacket. To make a new costume, add a black skirt and a white blouse or use it as a sport jacket with white dresses or slacks.

If you have trouble getting lipstick on, try a lipstick brush. They're not new, but if you've never tried one before, you have a surprise coming. Although they do take a little practice, you'll never be without one when you've once learned how to use it. They're also useful in conserving your lipstick, as you can use it clear down to the bottom of the tube. When you buy your lipstick refill, be sure and slightly heat the bottom so it will stick to the case, and you'll have one as good as new.

You bachelor gals that live alone might be interested in a new device for brewing coffee, just one piece plus a paper filter. Its name is Chemex.

Back to lipstick again. The makers of Tabu, the "forbidden" perfume, have come out with a lipstick just as lovely smelling as their perfume. Complete price without mortgage is just $1.50.

If you have one of those seasonal colds, but just can't stay home and miss that big date, try spreading a thin veil of blue eyeshadow over your lids. The blue fades out the redness and turns it into a cool blue-violet shade.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer has hit on a clever new idea, the V-Kit. It's a smart denim envelope, fitted with six beauty aids. It becames a practical make-up apron which ties around your waist and holds your beauty aids at attention while you beautify. Just $4.00 plus taxes.

Well, I guess I had better let you get back to work and "Keep 'em Flying," but I don't mean your curly locks. For safety's sake, keep your locks up and out of sight.

KNOWING SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING ISN'T NEARLY AS VALUABLE AS KNOWING EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMETHING

Mo Loft Sez

by Honest Duke

Loft members still remoining disseminated are increasing.

The grapevine has it a la Bob Wall that Herb "Nomad" Crouch, W. R. "Chink" Lee (the original "Pack Rat"), J. C. "Spanky" McFarlane, and Dean "Sharkey" Haugh are out scouting on a new project that is to require the attention of an ever increasing number of persons. While Carl "Obie" Oberhauer, Bob Hayward, "Choppy" Welsbacher, "Gortho" Glidden, L. A. Perchal, et al are standing watch and protecting departmental interests in general.

Meanwhile a flanking movement has been undertaken by another group of former loftsmen out on sub-contract with the Service Department at North Island. Under the inspiring and capable leadership of Manley Dean and Gene Charles they have become quite well organized as evidenced by their adoption of a theme song which, sung to the tune of Living in the U. S. A., goes something like this:

Hip Hip, Hooray; We're here on the island to stay,
So, come on and sing, let those rivets ring, Hip Hip Hooray.

Space prevents printing all ninety-nine verses whose only uniqueness is their similarity.

The Service Department was seriously considering enclosing one of their number in each PB2Y-3 stabilizer they worked on to facilitate driving the last few rivets when "Deak" Holt destroyed the originality of the idea by disclosing and firmly maintaining that, upon opening one of the stabilizers, he had discovered a Consolidated riveter down in one corner all shrivelled up. The idea was immediately abandoned.

W. M. "Doc" Burton, who is in dry dock at this writing as a result of a faulty appendix from which he is convalescing very nicely after a tough start, will no doubt regain some of his faith in the adage, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap". This is a result of the report that Bob "Fresh Air" Blakeney was incapacitated for a day as a result of his proud refusal to seek shelter from the elements.

"Smokey" Damron gets the stainless steel slug this month for valiant regularity in the face of extraordinary obstacles. The power interruption during a recent storm prevented him from combing his hair with the electric fan as usual, but undaunted, he was right on the job bravely as ever.

J. M. "Instant Jim" Weed (he always starts in the middle so when he's half way done he's finished) has developed a new technique of backing up for a good start when tackling a new job.

Remember: It isn't the people that you can't get along with, it's the ones you can't get along without that really count (just ask any draft board).

The CAA has developed a simple but highly effective stall warning device for use in training planes, thus helping to prevent the most common of accidents during early stages of pilot training.

—FLYING.

SECOND THOUGHTS

by Jo Viall

On filling out on income tax return form:

Well there it is: and you have to do it. Couldn't be a better time for it than right now while you're still laid off convalescing from the flu. A hasty look at the blank is enough to see that this will be easy. Seems like a straightforward set-up that anybody can understand. Except for the small print. Maybe the Treasury Department is tactful like insurance companies writing policies, or landlords writing leases, and puts everything unpleasant in the finest type.

Better look up that piece in the morning paper on tax returns. While out of bed, may as well get together everything needed for this. Take those manila envelopes marked "Receipts," "House," "Car," and "Misc." That "Document Folder" probably has a lot of helpful stuff in it, too. This box of old correspondence, may be needed. When you shake it, there are clanking sounds. That's funny. Well for heaven's sake! Here's the dog's comb. Lucky to find that, when they probably don't make those little things out of steel any more. When whistled up, Rover remembers the comb perfectly, the smart dog, although he hasn't seen it for months, and he is off like a streak.

Oh well. Wonder what this other funny-looking thing is. Could be the key to the typewriter. That's it all right, but what's the sense in locking a portable? Anyone wanting to steal it could just carry it off. You wouldn't need the regular brush to clean it. An old toothbrush would do just as well. Must be plenty in the bathroom medicine closet. Now **there's** a good thing to do while lying in bed. Collect those tweezers, the file and scissors and take care of some of those grooming details you think you never have time for.

(Voice of parent and keeper, "What on earth are you doing wandering all around this cold house?" and after a mumbled reply, "I'll get what you need. Get back in bed unless you want to stay there for another two weeks.")

Now you're settled back under the covers, except for the hand mirror. If it weren't for this armload of papers and things, you could just reach over and get it. The darn bedside table is too small. Let's put the clinical thermometer, cough syrup, box of cold capsules and four magazines on the floor. The drinking glass, spoon, alarm clock and flashlight may as well go down, too. Now you're all fixed up; the stuff on the bed will be still handier than if there were room for it on the table.

Little naps are a great help to recovery.

All the envelopes and other data would go in that suitbox over on the trunk where they'd be handy for an early start tomorrow. You can't do that close work by electric light and besides the Music Hall program will be on the radio in a few minutes. Now that everything is assembled, making out that tax return can be polished off in a short time. Tomorrow.

My, it's nice to be back in the Ryan factory after an absence. Manifold Small Ports, second shift is still the best department in the best aircraft outfit and so on. Bill Funk, our floor inspector, continues to walk his beat among us. Undoubtedly he runs up more mileage per shift than anybody but the long-distance loper, leadman Louie Baker. Bill goes about measuring, thumbing, squinting and shaking his head while he goads us into doing things just exactly as the blueprints say they should be done. One night he was peering through a twenty-foot length of tubing and (yes, it was a woman) asked "What are you looking for?" Without turning, Bill said: "Termites." And that was that.

Other notable ground-coverers of the neighborhood are the dispatch booth people who come among us frequently with a yellow sheet and an intent, unhappy expression. They look for the little part that wasn't there. They find it, too! One of the new sleuths is Arthur Cocking, former farm-machinery dealer from Iowa.

Buckner usually has an extra box tucked away near his drill-press collection and sometimes can be talked out of it. He is an exception, though, and one of the pleasantest people anywhere. He never loses his temper and seldom goes as far as a shake of the head over a temporary setback. We really missed him while he was out two weeks with the flu.

A non-squawking award should go to Charlotte Studebaker, too. In her quiet, agreeable way, Charlotte gets a maximum output from her machine. Our special liking for that gal dates back to the time she appeared in G-3, taking over the "newest member" status held by us for the two days previously.

Mac McCollough never gets in a lather, either. He does a lot and that quickly, but there is never any fuss about it. Mac can fix or make anything that's needed and a piece of metal will roll over and say its prayers for him any time. Before his Ryan job, Mac ran a machine shop in Imperial Valley where he was welder, blacksmith, toolmaker and whatever the territory required.

There is absolutely no truth to the report that Ruby Dillard was patting herself on the back when she sprained her arm. She was minding her own business, as usual, when the accident happened. The sprain has been troublesome, causing Ruby to lose nearly a month. Helen Rheo, attractive newcomer to Manifold Small Ports, started work in Ruby's territory and found all the men on jobs there generous and quick to help her. That's just our good neighbor policy, Helen.

It will be hard to replace L. C. Calvert, who left us the end of January, with Army bugle calls ringing in his ears. He was a native San Diegan and goodness knows where we'll find another. A thing like that would happen just when our Beulah, who keeps all the loose ends tied in G-3 was away. An illness in the family has kept her out for a week. She reassures us that she'll be back in time to see that some thinking is done for the next "Second Thoughts."

Highly Experimental

by N. R. Wallin

I guess the big news story of this issue is the big wind and rain storm of last weekend. The wind blew so hard that it took the paint off some of the buildings on this side of the field—oh, all right, suppose the paint wasn't waterproof. And look what it did to the wind vane! You should have seen Louis Chapman's eyes pop out when he saw his wood shop start to float off. "Olie" Olson and Kenny Krull are experts on the business end of a water pump.

I imagine that the cartoon from the pencil of Homer J. Bilkie (alias Bert Brush, the salvage engineer) is for from being news as I heard that copies of it went like hotcakes. In case you haven't seen it, it just shows what happens when that little blonde dispatcher walks through the factory. "Bilkie," old boy, it couldn't be better unless it had sound effects! Brush can also tell jokes as well as he draws them—if you haven't heard him tell the one about the swing shifter who went to sleep in church, you have really missed a treat.

Frances Marchman won the check pool last week. She says it was impossible to get a train back from Los Angeles on Sunday night.

Mrs. Harry Parker sent us some of the most delicious fudge cake I ever stowed away. If that is going to be the reward, Harry is going to catch cold more often so we can send him more flowers.

C. W. Kirby asked us to take up a collection and buy him a pipe, and was he surprised when we presented him with a Sherlock Holmes special—the biggest Jimmy Hannum could find. Now we wonder if Mrs. K. will let him keep it.

If any of the old timers in Fuselage read this they will be interested to know that I recently received a letter from "Little Joe" Groszek. Some of us will remember his Flying Reporter column "The Body Builders." Little Joe is back home in Chicago working as a draftsman for a tool company. He is interested in the doings of the old gang and if any of you care to drop him a line, I know he will be tickled pink to hear from you. His address is 1859 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.

Last week we regretfully said goodbye to chief test pilot Joe Rust, who has been loaned to another company. Joe is a fine pilot and a swell guy to work with, and we'll miss him a lot. We are fortunate, however, to have as good a man as Eddie Oberbauer to take his place. His is a case of "local boy makes good" as Eddie started to work with Ryan several years ago as a bench hand. Congratulations, Eddie, and good luck, Joe.

Note to Hirohito: People who live in paper houses shouldn't throw bombs.

"Keep 'em Flying"

. . . Buy More War Bonds!

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

That man is here again

Need help in preparing your income tax returns? You can get free advice and assistance from a deputy collector of the U. S. Treasury Department who has been assigned to Ryan just for that purpose. He'll be here the week of February 15; place, Comptroller's office. Just stop in during that week if you need assistance.

Good neighbor

During the recent heavy rains, one of Consolidated's engineering staff, Jim Delaney by name, spent about twenty minutes driving his car back and forth ferrying Ryan employees through the torrent to the Ryan back gate. Just another example of the friendliness between the two companies.

More promotions

The steady stream of promotions being announced at Ryan just goes to show that there's always room farther up the ladder for those who qualify themselves for promotion. This month's advancements include Robert Elliot to assistant foreman of Final Assembly and P. N. Carpenter to assistant foreman of Wing department.

New child care facilities

Mothers and fathers having difficulty in arranging care for their children during working hours are invited to take advantage of the new Child Welfare Counseling Service which has been established at Room 425, Union Building, Third and Broadway. The phone number is Main 1024 and office hours are 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Lindbergh stops in

One of the recent visitors to Lindbergh Field was Charles A. Lindbergh who stopped in to chat while here on a special assignment. Dan Burnett, who has been a friend of the flier ever since he worked on the "Spirit of St. Louis" in 1927, showed Lindbergh the latest developments on the PT-25, in which "Lindy" was much interested.

Lindbergh usually drops in at San Diego about once or twice a year and usually finds time to say hello to Claude Ryan, Dan and some of his other old friends—Walter Locke, John Van der Linde, Ed Morrow, and O. R. McNeil—who were here when the "Spirit of St. Louis" was being built.

Wedding bells must wait

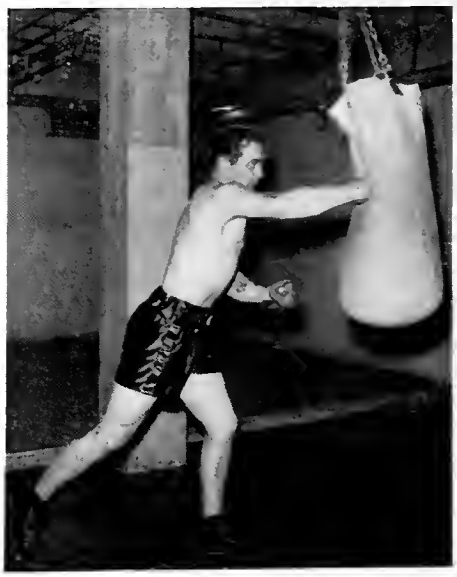
Before Pearl Harbor, Connie Vaden was a specialty dancer in several of the famous bright spots in San Francisco and Chicago. After Pearl Harbor, she became a band-saw operator on the swing shift in our Sheet Metal department. Not long ago she took a leave of absence to prepare for her marriage to a young Navy man. A few hours before the marriage was scheduled to take place, he was ordered to sea on submarine duty. So the wedding bells haven't rung for Connie yet — but she's back on the job determined to work harder than ever to help win the war and bring her man home again soon.

Fun in the blackout

A well-known Ryanite (who shall be nameless) had a somewhat gruesome experience the morning after the recent wind storm which blacked out all electric lights in several parts of San Diego. That morning his wife had to fix breakfast in the dark, and while he was eating his porridge by the dawn's dim light, he was horrified to encounter a large foreign object in his oatmeal. For a moment he thought it was a big crab for it seemed to snap at him as he touched it. Cautious investigation, however, revealed that the big creature in the bowl was his false teeth which he had left in a dish for cleaning the night before.

This is Major Harry R. Tremaine, who has just moved in as the Army Air Forces' resident representotive at Ryan.

Charles A. Lindbergh gets the low-down on the PT-25 from his old friend, Dan Burnett.



Jim Hyde of Manifold Assembly, one of Ryan's top boxers, gets in shape for a coming bout.

Cannie Vaden, band saw operatar an the swing shift, whase marriage plans were interrupted at the eleventh haur by a sudden call ta submarine duty far her fiance.

The brand-new title af Autamative Service Manager goes ta Hugh Waldman farmerly in the Airplane Service department, wha will naw be in charge af maintenance and aperatian af all company autamative equipment.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

English war paint

It is compulsory in many British munition plants for women workers to use cosmetics. The powder protects their faces from certain chemicals which are injurious to the skin. These munition plants hold an inspection before every shift to determine whether the girls have enough make-up on.

The show must go on

The trouper spirit still prevails in Mabel Walzer, a woman worker at the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Aircraft plant in Akron, Ohio. Mabel used to be headline performer in vaudeville. She retired several years ago and bought several real estate properties in Akron with her substantial savings. But then war came. Mabel knew that women workers were needed, she remembered the old call — "The show must go on." She figured the big show was now the war, so went to Goodyear and got a job.

False alarm

C. M. Ripley of the General Electric Lecture Bureau always travels with a bagful of dummy explosives. He uses them to illustrate his lecture on modern warfare.

Not long ago the lecturer was on a train headed for upstate New York. The car in which he was riding was too cold to suit him, so he moved to another, leaving his bag behind him.

The conductor, finding the bag in an empty car, opened it to find out to whom it belonged — and out fell the dummy explosives.

At the next station the alarmed conductor phoned the police, and when Ripley stepped off the train a few stations later, an impressive array of national, state, and local authorities (including two FBI men) closed in on him and whirled him off to police headquarters.

But Ripley's credentials were all in order, so he was allowed to continue to Stratford, where his audience of school children awaited him.

Incidentally, while detained at police headquarters, the lecturer borrowed a phone, called the local high school, and made a speaking engagement.

The English have a way

British labor has sponsored a new law which provides that any man or woman worker loafing on the job, coming late without due cause, or being absent without sufficient reason may be fined $400 or sentenced to three months imprisonment or both.

Pulling his punches

When Bob Pastor, No. 1 contender for the world's heavyweight championship, filled out his application for a war job at General Electric, he was asked to state his previous occupations. Not knowing how to list his boxing career, he mentioned only "Worked for James A. Stewart & Sons in New York in 1931."

When the application was given to a girl to copy, she noted that he hadn't had a job since 1931. Turning to one of the men in the office, she remarked:

"Here seems a deserving fellow who hasn't had a job in 12 years. I'm glad he landed here."

But going ten rounds with Joe Louis isn't exactly what you'd call being unemployed.

SPORTS

Ryan Bowlers Lead In Industrial Leagues

The Ryan Number 2 team has just issued a cordial invitation to the Ryan Number 1 and Ryan Number 3 teams of the Industrial League to come up and see them sometime. They've won a lofty perch five games ahead of their closest competitor and they're determined not to leave. The Ryan Number 1 team is in fifth place and the Ryan Number 3 in eighth place in this twelve-team league.

Deadlocked for first place in the Swing-shift Industrial League are the Ryan Number 1 team and the Consair Designers, and there's chance for plenty of excitement in the outcome of this duel. The Ryan Number 2 team is snoozing cosily clear down the line but they point out that the league is really just getting started.

The Ryan Winter League continues to produce a hot race with the Hot Shots still breathing down the neck of the Thunderbolts, who cling to first place week after week.

Here's a tip to bowling fans—keep one eye on that up and coming office team; they're getting tougher every week.

Girls Outshine Men

The girls' basketball team has muscled into the limelight this month by winning its first two league games. On the offense Velmo Grubbs, Ellen Mosely and Vida McKee are proving very offensive to opponents, while Alice Mumper, Kollie Kockritz and Geneva White are comparable to flypaper in their technique of defensive guarding. Recent recruits who are expected to be additional bad news for future opponents are Shirley Gatliff and Dorothy Bryan.

On the other hand, fate has been playing against the men's first shift team, which so far can chalk up only one win out of five starts. If there were some trophy for exceptional and unwarranted hard luck, the men's first shift team would enter a claim for it. Not once have its five first members been able to play at one time. At present Eddie Herrin has a slight case of water on the knee; Ed Harris is out with tonsilitis; Ed Taselar is on the shelf with a side ailment; Bill Danluk has had to drop the game due to a recent operation; Captain Carmack Berryman moans that old age has caught up with him and Bill Thomas.

It won't be long now, though, they say. Fred May is still in tip-top condition and still showing the way in offensive punch, and new strength has been recruited to put the team back in real competition.

The men's swing shift team has taken it on the chin in all their games to date but they aren't complaining. "There's another day coming—and soon," they claim. Already they are challenging the first shift team for a game.

Ethel Lundstrom and Ellen Moseley, Ryan mermoids, are ready for a refreshing dip at the Consair pool.

Gibson and Ralph Tie In Golf Tournament

True to the old "rain or shine" golf spirit, 61 Ryonites turned out en masse for the January 17th golf tournament at the Coronado Country Club.

But this time something new has been added.

Giving serious challenge to the male element in the tournament were five of the fair sex—so serious that one, Mrs. Ward, turned in a 65 low net, which was good for third place. They promise a tough struggle for the boys in tournaments to come.

Old timers at Ryan golf tournaments, Larry Gibson and Red Ralph, tied for low gross with a pair of 82's and Leeper climbed on the bond wagon in third place with a low gross of 86. Pawloski and McDonald clambered aboard with low nets of 60 and 66 respectively.

The claim that the flat terrain was exceedingly deceiving furnished the boys some consolation for the large number of high scores turned in. At any rate, the sand traps came in for real punishment, and some of those re-conditioned balls were all but annihilated.

Next time the tournament will be back at Emerald Hills where the boys hope they'll be able to just roll 'em down the hills.

Ryan Swimmers Come to Life

The recent heavy rains seem to have persuaded a number of Ryonites that the ancient sport of swimming has some modern applications after all. At least something has awakened the Ryan aquatic fans from their lethargy, and brought them out to display their prowess at the Consair pool at the Y.W.C.A. Out to uphold the Ryan banner in the coming swimming meet February 14, several Ryan relay teams and individual entries are readying themselves. The Reporter's sleuth failed to come forth with any names, but he'll undoubtedly be lurking around to get them when the meet, under the sponsorship of the Florence Chambers Swimming Club, comes off.

There's still plenty of room for more Ryonites in this field of sport and there's a lot to be learned from the enthusiastic coaching of Jack Chess and Rod Stedman. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, the beginners battle the elements and on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the Ryan experts take to the water. Swimming hours for men and women can be found in the last issue of Flying Reporter.

Ryan Represented In Boxing Match

Although outpointed, Ryan still made a good showing at the recent boxing matches where Jim Hyde gave battle in a manner that drew praise from the experts. It promises to be a hot fight when Rommel Hogan comes back for a return match soon, for Jim says he hopes to be in tip top shape and belt the champ into the next block.

The names of any other Ryanites interested in the manly art of self-defense will be music to the ears of coach Red Molley, who is looking for more aspirants for this rugged recreation.

Baseball Washed Up--Temporarily

Sunny California is no place for baseball in January. At least the records for January show five scheduled games cancelled because of rain.

Bill Billings and his boys, however, haven't been letting any grass grow under their feet. They've been out batting the ball around on some intensive hitting practice and they're all ready to sally forth and smack a few homers as soon as that sun comes out. There are still five games left and, with the weatherman's cooperation, the boys will be putting on five great performances.

GOLF BY DEFINITION

Submitted by M. M. Clancy

Golf is best described by the following piece, written by Dovid Forgon, old time Scotch golfer:

It is o science, the study of o lifetime, in which you may exhaust yourself but never your subject.

It is a contest, a duel or o melee, calling for courage, skill, strategy and self control.

It is o test of temper, o trial of honor, o revealer of character.

It offords o chonce to play the mon, ond act the gentlemon.

It meons going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to noture, fresh air, exercise, o sweeping oway of the mental cobwebs, genuine recreation of the tired tissues.

It is a cure for care—an antidote to worry.

It includes componionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunity for courtesy, kindliness and generosity to an opponent.

It promotes not only physicol health but moral force.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac

Dick Mocomber of Tool Plonning ond his wife were talking and Dick said, "Don't you think it obout time to teoch the boby to say 'papa'?" Mrs. Mac replied, "I hodn't intended to tell him who you were until he become a little stronger."

* * *

If you have time to spore, don't spend it with someone who hosn't.

* * *

If you wish to keep your lips from slips, five things observe with care—

Of what you speak—

To whom you speak—

And how—

And when—

And where—

* * *

A bewildered guest eyed the youngster who was driving noils into the furniture. He turned to his host. "Don't you find it rother expensive to let your children play like thot?" he asked.

The host smiled proudly. "Not at all," he replied cheerfully. "I get the noils wholesole."

"Fronk Soye told me you con cotch more flies with molosses than you con with vinegar."

"What do I wont with flies anyway?"

* * *

A convicted murderer pleoded, "But Judge, I'm in poor health; I can't do a 99-year sentence."

To which the judge replied, "Well, just do what you can of it."

* * *

We were in o big department store looking over the stock when we sow o keen feminine number opprooch the rather good-looking floorwalker.

"Do you hove notions on this floor?" she osked sweetly.

"Er, yes, we sometimes do, madam," the floorwalker said, blushing. "But we must suppress them during business hours."

* * *

"I'm having a terrible time," Mrs. Cloncy confided to a friend. "It's simply owful trying to get something for my husband."

"You poor deor," soothed the other. "I don't suppose you've had even one offer yet."

* * *

You can't ossume your way to victory. You've got to work like hell and buy more Bonds.

MORE ABOUT

CARL PALMER

(Continued from poge 8)

We built it for a private owner—ond the last I heord of it a few yeors ago, it was still going strong."

Having married in 1928, Corl wos feeling less and less of his old wanderlust. Finally he built a home in Imperial Volley and decided to settle down, but just about that time he wos hit by another of the tough breaks which have punctuoted his life. His house burned down — with not a penny of insurance on the home, its furnishings, or the spare rooms full of Wotkins products which he was selling at thot time. It wiped him out—just at o time when the depression was ot its worst. But he just grinned his lazy Texas grin ond storted rustling odd jobs as o pointing contractor.

In 1935 the Ryon Aeronauticol Company offered him o position os one-mon paint shop. The job was to lost for six weeks. He hos been head of Ryan painting operotions ever since.

Starting on one of the S-T jobs, plus o little overhaul work on some Greot Lokes trainers, Corl hos seen his paint shop staff multiply a hundred fold. It moy multiply severol more times os the compony gets into work on its new Navy assignments. But no matter how large o crew he has, Corl Polmer will do all right. Ryon workers respect his croftsmonship ond they like his friendly ways. Carl is a big, powerful mon — he used to be an omateur boxer — but there is nothing pugnocious obout the warm brown eyes or his wide grin. Palmer relies on friendliness rother thon bossiness to keep his crew going at top speed.

Ryan Manifolds *Fight* on every front

The specially built exhaust systems of the Douglas A-20 Havoc and Boston attack bombers are one of the vital factors in their combat effectiveness and high performance. In every air battle the A-20s have shown superior striking power and ruggedness under fire. Contributing to the deadly efficiency of these remarkable planes, Ryan builds the exhaust systems that control the gas and heat of their mighty engines. Similar Ryan manifold systems are standard equipment on scores of other United Nations combat and cargo planes now fighting on every front.

Exhaust Systems Manufacturing Division

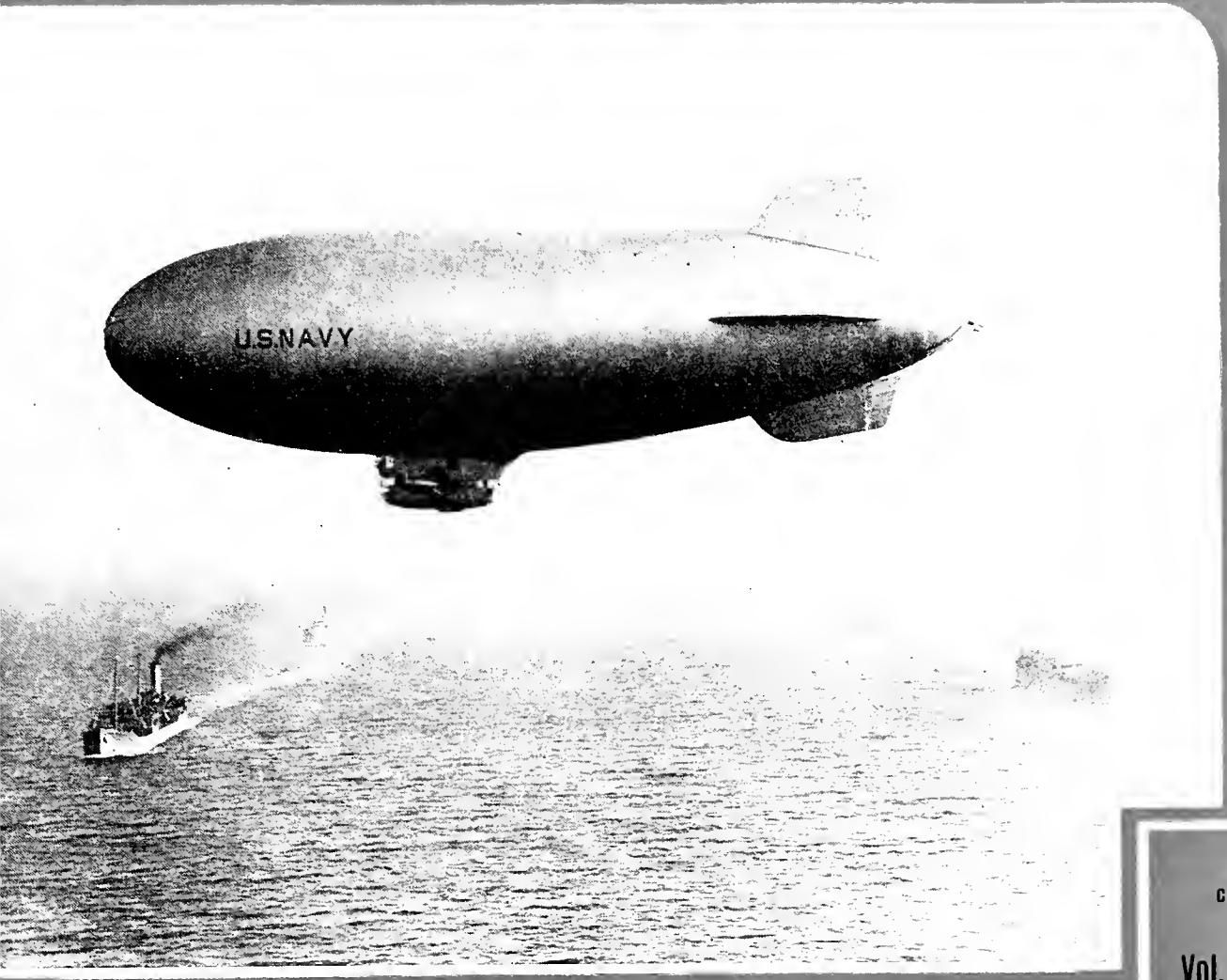
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Buy, buy War Bonds or
Bye, bye Democracy

RELY ON Ryan
A NAME OF MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE

Ryan Flying Reporter



BLIMP ON CONVOY DUTY

Vol. 5 No. 4

MARCH 5TH 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Congratulations are in order for just about everyone at Ryan.

In the last two months you've hung up one of the best attendance records of any war production plant in America.

In December we were worried, like hundreds of other companies were, about absenteeism. So many people were taking days off — apparently without good reason — that we were losing one day's production time out of every eleven. On Saturday and Monday there were so many absentees that some departments were seriously handicapped.

But now the situation is a lot brighter. Since January 1st our absentee rate has been falling rapidly. It has declined 24 per cent from the former average — and better still, the absentee rate on Monday and Saturday is down 32 per cent from what it was late last year.

I believe thoroughly in the patriotism of Ryan workers. I felt that once they realized the cumulative effect of their individual absences, and saw how the few hours taken off by each individual worker pile up to make a staggering loss in man-hours, they would be shocked into better attendance. I think circumstances have borne me out.

On January 1st the Flying Reporter printed a chart showing how serious the absentee situation at Ryan had become. Once you realized how things stood, you came through magnificently. In the week following the appearance of the chart, absenteeism here dropped 17.6 per cent. It kept on dropping week after week — in spite of one of the stormiest Januarys in San Diego history. We naturally expected a record-breaking number of absentees that month, but instead, we had a record-breaking attendance — notwithstanding terrific windstorms, several heavy rainstorms, and flooded highways approaching the plant.

You'll be interested to know that the fine improvement in our attendance rate here has attracted the attention of other companies all over the country. Associated Press news stories about it have been printed in daily newspapers from here to New York.

Congratulations on a good job well done. But let's not rest on our laurels. I know your record will keep on getting better and better from now until Victory.

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan

FLYING REPORTER

A New Job For Ryan Manifolds

Navy blimps—equipped with Ryan manifolds—are proving deadly poison for enemy subs

by KEITH MONROE

Here's something we'll bet you didn't know before: Ryan exhaust manifolds are going to war — but they're not all going on airplanes!

Big Navy blimps, the bloodhounds of the air which are poison to U-boats, are being equipped with aircraft engine exhaust manifolds made here in the Ryan factory. So the manifold you built yesterday may be present today at a scene like this:

It is dawn off Cape Hatteras — favorite hunting ground of submarine wolf-packs. In the control car of a blimp 2000 feet above the sea, a Navy captain stands at one of the broad windows, watching the clouds on the horizon turn pink as sunrise approaches.

Suddenly there's a sharp call from the port lookout: "Periscope feather below!"

The captain whips out his binoculars. Barely visible through them is a tell-tale plume of white cutting the waves far below.

"Man the bomb sights. Go down to 200 feet," the captain orders.

The great bag tilts downward. In the gondola, the men of the night watch tumble out of their bunks. The crew member who has been tending coffee at the tiny electric stove jumps to man a machine gun; the bombardier springs to the bomb sights. The navigator's pencil begins to race over his pad, making notes of the ship's exact latitude and longitude.

"Cut your speed and stay over her," the captain orders. This is one of the ways a blimp is much more effective than a plane in anti-submarine warfare — the blimp can stay right on top of its prey.

The steady roar of the blimp's engines subsides into an idle sputter. Now the crew can see the wavering cigar-shaped outline of the sub through the green water, its periscope still cleaving the waves.

"Port depth bombs ready," the captain barks. "Release!"

The airship jerks twice as the "ash cans" leave. Through the windows, the crew can see them hurtle downward and hit the water.

Seconds later, a towering geyser of foam jumps from the sea, hangs in mid-air almost under the belly of the gondola, and falls back into the turbulent water. As the blimp crew yell triumphantly and pound each other on the back, a spreading oil slick rises from the depths to mark the spot where the bombs landed.

Such scenes as this have been repeated over and over in recent months. They represent one of the big reasons why Winston Churchill could say last month that the Allies are drawing steadily ahead toward winning "the greatest of all battles of this war, and the battle that stands at the forefront of every discussion — the battle against the submarine."

It was in 1940, when the U-boat peril first began to cast a menacing shadow into the future, that high admirals of the American fleet looked around for ways to meet it. They soon found a need for that half-forgotten craft, long eclipsed by other arms of the fleet, the non-rigid airship — sometimes called a

(Continued on Page 12)

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☆ ☆ ☆

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☆ ☆ ☆

Copy deadline for the next issue is March 15th

5 years or more at Ryan

CHARLES SHERMAN

The butchers, bakers, condlestick mokers et cetera have nothing on Charles Shermon of the Finishing Department — he's tried his hand at just about all their trades. In fact there aren't many fields that Chorlie doesn't know something about.

He's worked in o bakery and a lumber yard, for a hotel and a commercial fishing outfit. "That fishing job was probably my most interesting work before I came to Ryan," Charlie says. "I leaned over the rail and fed the fish for the first three days and nights, but that didn't keep me from going back again."

"Many times," Chorlie continues, "when we fished inside the bay, we anchored about where the Ryan dope shop is now. I never thought that some day I would be standing on solid ground there helping to win o war."

One winter afternoon when Shermon's outfit had been fishing off the coast south of Tijuana, they were caught in a blow. Back up the coast they come without engines and without sails, the boat awash in the high seas and with the wind astern. Fortunately, both the men and the wind wanted to go in approximately the same direction, and so they literally blew into the bay in the wee hours of the morning.

For a while Shermon took Hotel del Coronado visitors out pleasure sailing in his 30 foot sailboat. "You meet all kinds of people on a job like that," Sherman philosophizes, "but after a long trip on a rough sea, they shape down to about two classes. The fellows who can take it give themselves the airs of hale and hearty old sea dogs, while the ones who can't take it huddle together to find solace for their deflated egos and stomachs."

Chorlie Shermon comes so near being a native of San Diego that the difference is only a technicality. Born in Iowa, he came out here before he entered school, and went to the old Middletown school — one of San Diego's three schools back in the days when the population was struggling to top 15,000. He started to work for Ryan in 1935 when Carl Palmer gave him a job painting. There were only three men in the Finishing Department at that time, and only about 200 in the entire plant. Today Shermon is assistant leadmon of the department.

Charlie has three mighty good reasons for doing his bit in the war effort—three boys in the service, one in the Army and two in the Navy. The son in the Army was stationed at Honolulu on the fateful December 7th. "We didn't hear from him for three weeks afterword," Charlie recalls. "Those were the longest three weeks we ever lived."

Charlie is expecting again in March — about 500 baby chicks to add to his already good sized flock. There'll be no meat shortage in the Sherman household, for he and his wife also raise ducks and rabbits.

Besides caring for his poultry, Charlie has time to cook and sew — arts which he learned from necessity as one of nine children. "You ought to taste my bread," Charlie laughs.

A Dozen Duration Don'ts

We got such a bang out of the following article and clever illustrations when they appeared in North American Aviation's employees publication that we asked for permission to reprint it in Flying Reporter for our own readers. The message was a personal one from J. H. "Dutch" Kindelberger, president, to North American employees, and because he started as a helper in a steel mill at the ripe age of 15, he should know something of the factory man's viewpoint.

My first reward for ingenuity came when I was fired from a job in a factory because I made the mistake of suggesting an improvement in the machinery. The improvement made the machines almost automatic, and three men, including a wiser young Kindelberger, were informed their services would no longer be required.

That was 30 years and a lot of airplanes ago, and before the days of Suggestion Plans.

Since we are all interested now in maximum output, here are a few don'ts for those who haven't yet awakened to the fact that war is not a game of marbles.

DON'T make a separate trip to the crib for each tool you need. It was funny in jokes about plumbers, but funny stories won't win the war.

DON'T maintain your social life on the job. Perhaps you **do** know how to win the war, and perhaps you **are** a brilliant conversationalist, but free speech can be defended better with hard work for the duration.

DON'T lounge in the washrooms. It's against company rules, but you have a better reason for not doing it now.

DON'T quit working before quitting time. It's your privilege to work for your country, while in Europe they encourage forced labor with machine guns and concentration camps.

DON'T save time by ignoring safety rules. Make up your own set of safety rules based on common sense for your own particular job, and follow them religiously. The man in the hospital too often has lost days by trying to save minutes.

DON'T do your job the hard way. The hard way is usually the long way, and work simplification means nothing more nor less than getting the most results with the fewest motions.

DON'T indulge in horseplay and practical joking on the job. The gag you think the funniest is probably the most dangerous. Eyes and limbs have been lost as a result of certain persons' distorted conception of humor.

DON'T let anybody tell you it's better to look busy if you run out of work. Report to your foreman. If he can't find another job for you, you'll probably have his job before long.

DON'T regard the Suggestion Box as something put there for the other fellow. Your simple idea to improve your own job is probably better than anyone else's. Furthermore, you can't improve yourself out of a job these days.

DON'T watch the pretty girls (or the handsome men) go by. The women have taken on man-sized jobs in this war, and they would just as soon dispense with admiring glances (in the shop).

DON'T forget that your personal health is the most important asset you have, but twice as hard to preserve when you are working long hours. Watch your diet, get wholesome exercise regularly, and don't let your social life interfere with your sleep. You won't be helping your country or yourself if you land in a sanitarium before the shooting's over.

DON'T take time off from the job unless it is absolutely necessary. If each of our men and women is absent one day this month, there will be nine fewer planes out the door at the end of the month. When you look at the absentee problem in this light, you should realize that the war literally can be won or lost in mill and factory.

Reprinted through the courtesy of North American Aviation, Inc.

Unsung Heroes at Ryan

It takes a special kind of heroism to stick at a war job that may seem just routine. To do the same task, day after day and week after week — there's no excitement and no glamour in that kind of war work. And yet, those jobs must be done or the war could never be won! On this page we salute the unsung heroes and heroines who uncomplainingly carry out relatively obscure parts in the war effort. People who do the jobs shown here have courage and determination, or they wouldn't have stuck to their posts.

Bench riveting seems unimportant, but airplanes couldn't fly without it. These girls are riveting gussets on elevators and fins. Their work may not seem very interesting, but it's so important that inspectors check it three times.

Here's one of the jobs that has to be done—washing and cleoning dural and alclad parts to prepare them for spot welding. When parts come from the drop hammcr or the router, they're greasy and dirty. They have to go through the etch tank and the wash tank, then be dried carefully with an air-blow. If these unsung heroines in the Sheet Metal department didn't do their job well, there'd be a danger of dirt being welded into the metal, which would cause the weld to crack under vibration. Poorly cleaned parts, if not caught in inspection, might mean that an airplane part would break in the air.

There's little glory or fun in this jab, either. It's just a routine operation that has to be done all day lang to help beat the Axis. The aperator is grinding the weld seam on a slip jaint manifold section, so that the collar will fit smoothly on the manifold. This job is vital. The seam has to be smooth ta prevent gas escaping through the manifold collar and crippling the efficiency of an airplane motor.

Taking wrinkles out of manifold parts in Planishing is another important task. Gas must flow smoothly through the part — if it didn't the manifold would burn out and the airplone would catch fire in midair. These planishing operators must do their routine job carefully — a poor piece of work might mean that inspectors would have ta reject a whole manifold section worth ten times the cost of the faulty part.

The Missing Oxygen Truck

To avert a plant shutdown, Ryan men took their lives in their hands recently

Just how close the Ryan plant came to a complete shut-down of its welding facilities one night recently was never suspected by workers on the production line. But the margin was far too close for the comfort of the factory managers.

On that wild night, the phone in Plant Engineer D. H. Palmer's office was ringing every few minutes from six o'clock until after three in the morning; Ryan men were scouring San Diego for certain precious bottles; police escorts were screaming their way across town to and from the Ryan factory; and members of the Plant Protection department were risking their lives on the most dangerous assignment they've tackled in a long time.

The cause of all the excitement was a shortage of liquid oxygen. The truck which regularly brings it from Los Angeles just didn't show up.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when the situation first began to look desperate. The phone in Palmer's office rang, and an angry voice from the factory demanded, "Where in blazes is that blankety-blank truck? It better show up soon! We're turning on our reserve oxygen supply now—it won't last much more than two hours."

"Keep going as long as you can," Palmer advised. "We haven't found out yet what happened to the truck, but we're still trying. In the meantime, I'll try to borrow a supply from the other factories in town."

But Consolidated, Rohr and Solar between them could spare only a few bottles. While the minutes ticked away and the oxygen supply dwindled, Ryan men began combing the city for additional bottles of the vital chemicals.

John van der Linde, K. O. Burt, Ernie Moore and a half-dozen others kept the telephone wires hot as the search went on. The Plant Engineering office was the focal point of all the calls that poured in.

"I got more phone calls in nine hours that night than I usually get in a week," Palmer said afterward. "Time after time I'd hang up the receiver only to have the phone ring again before I could even mop my forehead."

Toward eleven a final, despairing call came from the factory. "I guess we're licked, Mr. Palmer. We've used up just about all the oxygen we got from the other plants. It's going to give out any minute now."

"Well, don't shut down until you have to," the Plant Engineer sighed. "We may be able to dig up more oxygen somewhere around town—the boys are still looking. And we should locate that truck before long."

The truck was believed to be somewhere between Los Angeles and San Diego, and Palmer thought it might arrive at any moment. The last word he'd received was that the truck had been scheduled to start at 7:30 that evening.

Al Gee, chief of the Plant Protection service, had been standing by for hours, ready to take to the highway in search of the truck as soon as Palmer gave the word. But Palmer didn't want to give the word.

"Sit tight, Al," he had advised. "You don't stand much chance of finding that truck until I get a description of it and some idea of where it is."

But now, with the factory facing a shut-down at any moment, Palmer wondered if he should send Gee out as a forlorn hope. The chief's car was equipped with police siren and red light, so that if he spotted the oxygen truck he could escort it along the dimmed-out highway at top speed.

But just as Palmer was pondering whether or not to turn Gee loose, the phone rang again.

"We finally found more oxygen, boss," said an excited voice. "There's a company here in town

(Continued on page 11)

D. H. Palmer, Plant Engineer: "I didn't even have time to mop my forehead."

Al Gee, chief of Plant Protection: "It was just part of our job."

The Girls Everyone Likes

Time was when the aircraft industry belanged ta the men. But a glance at the Ryan Personnel department is ample proaf that things aren't what they used ta be. A second laak, thaugh, and wha would camplain?

The dainty bits of femininity that bedeck the Personnel department these days have vastly more impartant jabs than mere ornamentatian. They're the girls wha made aut your pass, the waman you talked to about your draft baard, the girl that ardered yaur license plates, the waman wha put through your insurance claim. They're an hand . . .

from the time an employee enters Ryan. They'll arrange for his transportation and file his insurance claims. Be he day or night shift worker, they're ready to answer his questions and talk to his draft board. They'll keep his employment record—they'll even "statistize" him. And if he leaves, they'll check him out.

from the time an employee enters Ryan . . . .

Peggy Rowe and Mrs. Tylene Poindexter an the "front decks" are old hands at making newcamers feel at hame, far they've helped hundreds af new Ryan emplayees get started.

"We feel that the men and women will have a better interview with their prospective faremen," Peggy explains, "if they get over the feeling they're in a strange place, so we ask them to sit dawn for awhile and we see that plenty of reading material is handy."

"One thing we've noticed," Tylene adds, "is that men are more easily put at ease than women. A man becames engrossed in a magozine, and we may have ta call him two ar three times before he hears us, but a waman keeps one eye and ear open and quite often is one jump ahead af us when we start to call her."

Humorous incidents are always popping up on the front desks. Such as the day when, after signing up four Johnsons fram Texas in a row, the girls began to get suspicious. A fifth man waiting naticed their bewilderment and drawled his reassurance, "That's all right, lady. We're all Jahnsons —we're five brothers."

. . . They'll arrange for his transportation . . .

The work af the transportation division is samething like a jig-saw puzzle, canstantly matching up riders with drivers, and trying to get them to came out even.

"The success af the rider-driver plan," explains Mrs. Madeline Toohey, "depends on the punctuality, dependability and tolerance af bath riders and drivers. Sa far it's been warking aut very well."

There are exceptians, af course. Once in a while a driver signs up ta bring sameane ta wark, but never keeps the date, leaving his trusting "passenger" stranded an a street carner. But an the other side af the ledger are men like a present Ryan emplayee wha walked twa miles fram his hame ta transpartatian twice every day until sufficient gasoline cauld be abtained for him. "That's the kind af people that most af our Ryan emplayees are," Mrs. Toohey adds.

"Once in a while," Madeline laments, "we find ourselves in the daghause. Some Ryan driver forgets ta notify us af a change among his riders, and before we know it, the ratianing baard is an aur heels ta find aut why we didn't infarm them af the change. We're pretty good at explaining, but when it comes ta ration boards, we'd much rather just keep them happy. We'll have a lat easier time getting necessary supplemental gasoline and tire rations far Ryan workers if the boards knaw that Ryan emplayees caaperate ane hundred per cent."

Girls of the Personnel department spend their time making life easier for Ryanites

Transportation troubles are only a part of Madeline's work. She also signs up new employees for group insurance and is Uncle Sam's bond salesman at Ryan. "No, you don't have to put 10 per cent in bonds," she may remark to a dubious new employee, "but over 90 per cent of Ryan employees do." The result is usually another Ryan 10 percenter.

. . . *and file his insurance claims.*

"Sometimes I glance in a mirror and catch myself looking grim as an old bear," Lenore Walters laughs. "People come to me only when there's something wrong. Usually it's when they want to collect on their insurance or they think an error has been made in their pay checks. The folks are all good-natured about it, but not even Ryanites go into peals of laughter when money's involved."

Besides handling a little bit of whatever's cooking in the way of transportation, insurance and bonds, Mrs. Walters is the employees' contact with the payroll department and with the insurance company. Ryan workers who have questions regarding their checks can bring the stub to Personnel and Lenore will follow through for them. "Some of the men and women are apologetic about asking me about their checks," Lenore says. "But they shouldn't be. The company is just as anxious as they are to get discrepancies i r o n e d o u t promptly."

Lenore is a strong advocate of the company's group insurance plan for she has had an opportunity to see the benefits employees have received when illness or accident has struck. The plan at Ryan provides that if the employee signs up within 30 days after he is employed, no physical examination is required. Then if the employee should later leave the company, he can convert his insurance to any regular policy, still without a physical. "It's a wonderful opportunity," Lenore explains, "for it gives him a chance to buy insurance now under the group rates and convert it later, even though a physician might then find him uninsurable."

Sickness insurance starts the eighth day of illness, but the absence must be covered by a special form filled out by the attending physician. If Ryan employees who are absent due to illness and who expect to collect on their insurance will phone in (Extension 309), this form will be mailed to their home.

Be he day or night shift worker . . .

It may be four o'clock in the afternoon for most people but it's early morning as far as Mrs. Blanche Atridge of Personnel swing shift is concerned. Although most Ryan personnel workers will soon be closing up their day's work, Blanche has just come on duty, and swing shift questions are already beginning to flow in.

"I'd like to get a new 'A' gas ration book," says a Ryan worker as he ambles up to the transportation desk.

"Did you lose your other book?" Blanche asks."

The employee rubs his chin and grins. "Well, yes and no," he explains. "As a matter of fact, it was washed away."

Somehow hubby's shirt was sent to the laundry with his pencils, pen, notebook and gas ration book still in the pockets. When the shirt came back, the pencils and pen were neatly lined up in one pocket and carefully stowed away in the other was the spiral binding off the notebook. Not a trace remained of the ration book.

On matters of transportation, insurance, bonds, personnel records, selective service, payroll deductions and the thousand and one miscellaneous questions that arise during swing shift hours, Blanche is an expert at finding the right answers. "We get everything from soup to nuts in the way of problems," she says, "but the variety is one of the most interesting parts of the job."

. . . *they're ready to answer his questions . . .*

"Murph'll know" seems to be the stock answer to questions not covered by the regular divisions of Personnel. Murph, in these cases, is Mrs. Mildred Murphy, secretary to Gary Adams, Personnel Manager.

"Where do I get a pass to the factory?" "To whom do I report some keys lost?" "Do any of the girls have some thread? I'd like to sew on a button." "How do I get to the income tax man?" They're all in a day's work.

Having been with the company the longest of any of the women in Personnel, Mrs. Murphy has most information at her finger tips. But the biggest reason why Ryan employees say, "I'll go ask Murph," is because they know that if she doesn't have the answer, she'll soon find it.

Besides being the unofficial information bureau for Ryan employees, Mrs. Murphy until recently supervised the entire personnel record division. Now she's busily engaged as secretary to Gary Adams. "He's got more things buzzing at one time than a hopped-up beehive," Murph claims. "Merely keeping track of him is a job in itself."

. . *and they'll talk to his draft board.*

"They come to us with all sorts of problems," says Mrs. Janet Liebmann, who handles selective service at Ryan, "from whether their particular status with the draft board would warrant their getting married to whether or not they'll have time to pay off a loan before induction. But we're glad to have them come, and we try to give them as much information as we can. Of course, though, we can't always tell just what action the draft boards will take.

"Most of the fellows are awfully good sports about the whole thing," Janet continues. "Nobody has ever held a grudge because we weren't able to get them a deferment."

There's time enough in selective service for the girls to enjoy some of the loughable incidents which pass their way. Once in a while a fellow who is 1-A will come in with a face a mile long, his chin dragging on the floor, and check out for Army induction. A few days later, he'll be back looking even more gloomy—he's 4-F. "What'll my girl say when she finds out I'm 4-F?" he laments.

They'll keep his employment record.

"Keeping up with the Ryanites" is the job of Bernice Dirks, who takes care of the personnel records of all Ryan employees. "The most interesting part of this job," Bernice confides, "is watching the progress of each employee as he works up the ladder into positions of more and more responsibility."

The record division of Personnel has three complete files on Ryan employees, one by department, one by clock number, and one by alphabetical listing. So it's an easy matter for Bernice to thumb through the files when a question comes up concerning the department, number or name of a particular employee.

"Sometimes they don't give us much to go on," Bernice says. "The other day one Ryan employee called up to find out the name of another employee 'whose name begins with "S".' That sounded impossible, but by knowing the department he was in and how long he'd been with the company, we located the man in question."

—*they'll even "statistize" him.*

Statistician for all personnel records is Mrs. Dorothy Wells, who, when she is not busy tabulating this or that, is Frank Saye's secretary.

Dorothy is a staunch believer in the old saw that "figures don't lie," and whenever a graphic record is needed on any phase of personnel work, the job is dumped in her lap. The most recent item to land there was the problem of presenting absenteeism at Ryan in figures that were easily understood, yet could be compared from day to day. When a report of that kind appears in finished form, it looks so simple that it gives little hint of the hours and hours of work that went into its preparation.

In the problem of absenteeism, however, the report was only a start for Dorothy, for now she's busy helping Ryan foremen check on absentees in the various departments.

When she isn't lining up figures, Dorothy has the sometimes voluminous job of checking the references given by prospective Ryan employees on their application blanks. "We don't always call all the references," Dorothy explains, "but we do want to be sure that there aren't any 'Buffalo Bills' listed."

. . . *And if he leaves, they'll check him out.*

"One disadvantage to my job," laments Mrs. Nardis Gibson, "is that I only meet Ryan workers who are about to become ex-Ryan workers." Most of the men who leave are entering the service, but still

(Continued on page 21)

A Visit From Rickenbacker

One of America's great heroes thrills Ryan employees in informal visit here

The visit of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker last month will long be remembered by the hundreds of Ryan employees who cheered his hard-hitting, off-the-cuff talk to them.

As one of the great American heroes of this war and the previous wor, the indestructible flier made a deep impression on his hearers. He told of the hardships endured by our forces in the Pacific, and pleaded with all workers to back up the fighting forces by hard, persistent work on the production line.

Seven Ryan employees got the thrill of their lives when "Rick" presented them with War Production Drive medols for production-speeding ideas they had submitted through the Shop Suggestion System.

Don Magargal of Wood Shop was presented with a bronze medal for originating a paint carrying truck. Silver medals went to F. Robbins of Sheet Metal and William Dean of Plant Engineering for a combination clamp and handle they worked out; to Michael H. Nussbaum of Fuselage for an anchor nut bucking bor; Donald Morril of Manifold for a new-type clamp; Ross F. Plumb of Inspection for a pickling solution container; Robert Webster of Tool Design for a new method of cleaning castings.

Five other employees were unable to be present to receive awards from Rickenbocker's hands. They work on second or third shift. If they had been present, bronze medals would have gone to Marvin Lee Smith and J. Kendrick of Drop Hammer, and to E. M. Ebbs of Sheet Metal. L. H. Steinauer of Sheet Metal and Leonard Hartlett of Machine Shop would have received silver medals.

Below: Representative employees of eight major Southern California aircraft factories, who dined with Eddie Rickenbacker at the Los Angeles Biltmore. The two Ryan employees shown are Mrs. Mary I. Saner, Sheet Metal, seated at Rickenbacker's left, and Ray Markowski, Manifold, standing third from right. © Aircraft Times.

Pictures at right show Rick during his visit to the Ryan plant: Greeting the cheering crowd of employees, center, and presenting War Production Drive medals, top and bottom

Income Tax Check List

Here's a quick way to check whether or not you've included all important items on your tax return

by J. C. NOAKES

The items of non-taxable income and allowable deductions mentioned in "TIPS ON TAXES," published in the February 13th issue of the Flying Reporter, were of necessity described in somewhat general terms. While the following list is not all-inclusive, it specifies particular items which should be considered by the ordinary taxpayer.

When preparing your return, check the items under "Non-Taxable Income." If you have included income from any of them — take them out; they do not have to be reported. Then carefully check the list of allowable deductions to make certain that you have claimed all the expenses you actually incurred during the year. The item numbers correspond to those on return form 1040.

Non-Taxable Income

Accident insurance proceeds
Bequests and devises
Damages:
- Alienation of affections
- Breach of promise to marry
- Slander or libel

Dividends on unmatured life insurance policies
Gifts
Husband to wife—allowance for acting as housewife
Inheritances
Interest on bonds of a state, city, or other political subdivision; interest on most federal securities issued prior to March 1, 1941; interest on postal savings deposits, if made before March 1, 1941.
Life insurance proceeds paid on death of the insured
Pensions received by veterans from the United States
Unemployment insurance benefits
War veterans' pensions
Workmen's compensation insurance benefits
World War veterans' bonus

Allowable Deductions

Item 1—Deductible Expenses:
- Union dues
- Employment agency fees
- Unemployment insurance contributions up to $30
- Cost of any tools purchased

Item 12—Contributions paid:
- Donations to church, Red Cross, Community Chest, Salvation Army, Y.M.C.A., U.S.O., etc.

Item 13—Interest paid on:
- Bank loan to purchase automobile
- F.H.A. loan
- Mortgages
- Notes and other debts

Since the article "TIPS ON TAXES," published in the February 13th issue of the Ryan Flying Reporter was written, the Collector of Internal Revenue has ruled that the California gasoline tax of 3c per gallon may be deducted from the 1942 federal income tax return.

Item 14—Taxes paid:
- Admissions
- Automobile use tax ($2.09 in January and $5.00 in July)
- Safe deposit boxes
- Telephone, telegraph, radio and cables
- Transportation
- Real estate and personal property
- State income taxes
- California gasoline tax (3c per gallon)
- California sales tax
- Automobile license plates and driver's license
- Dues and initiation fees

Item 15—Losses — when not compensated for by insurance or otherwise:

Residence
- (1)—Damage by fire
- (2)—Damage by storm
- (3)—Water pipes freezing and bursting, etc.

Automobile
- (1)—Due to casualty:
  - (a)—Even though due to faulty driving of taxpayer or other person operating automobile, if not due to wilful act or negligence.
  - (b)—Caused by faulty driving of driver of car collided with.
- (2)—Due to fire
- (3)—Due to theft

Item 17—Other Deductions:
- Alimony and separate maintenance payments
- Medical, dental and hospital expenses, including premiums on accident or health insurance, in excess of 5% of net income but not exceeding $2,500 for heads of families or $1,250 for single persons.

Michael Brush

Portrait Sketch
by Paul Hoffman

CLARENCE HUNT

Machine Shop

The hard-working foreman of the Machine Shop wants to set records for safety as well as speed

Clarence Hunt looks more like a bank clerk than a master mechanic. He is a soft-spoken inconspicuous man with spectacles and a precise mustache, who might seem out of place presiding over the uproar of the Machine Shop. But when you glance at his hands, he doesn't look out of place any longer. He has the long, muscular fingers with square tips typical of the men who are artists with machines.

All his life Clarence Hunt has worked with machines. Born near San Diego in 1901, he has lived here all his life except for two or three one-year stretches when he took jobs outside the city. And from the time he began as a machine shop apprentice at 14 he has spent all his working hours with machines.

Clarence really came up the hard way. His father died when he was eight, and he went to work six years later to help support his mother. Deprived of a high school education by this misfortune, he nevertheless strikes you as a well-educated man. And he is. All his life he has been devoting spare time to reading, studying, and taking night school courses—which is one of the reasons why he has risen steadily in his chosen field of machine work.

His first job as a boy was as a messenger for a San Diego department store. Two years later he became an apprentice in a local machine shop and promptly fell in love with machines. Before long he was able to get a better job with the California Iron Works, where he stayed three years. By 1928, this young mechanic was developing ideas of his own and branching out into experimental work. He spent a year in Hollywood helping develop one of the first experimental talking picture machines. Then he came back to San Diego and put in five years of experimentation in collaboration with his uncle, working out a unique new fish filleting machine. The patents on this machine have proved to be a good investment for Clarence, and he has been collecting dividends for his five years' work ever since.

"I think it will be a lot better investment after the war," Clarence remarks quietly. "The machine was just beginning to be widely used when war started in Europe. Since then, it's been harder and harder for fish companies to get enough fish to stay in business. But after the war I think they'll really go to town with the machine we developed."

When Clarence finished work on the filleting machine in 1934, he got married. With a wife to support, he decided he couldn't afford the luxury of extensive experimental work any longer, so he signed up with Consolidated as a milling machine operator. He stayed there for three years—then in January of 1939, he switched to Ryan.

He started here running the lathe in the Machine Shop. But before long, this quiet, unpretentious-looking fellow showed so much "know how" that he caught the attention of his superiors. He was put in charge of the night shift, then became assistant foreman of the day shift, and in September, 1941, he became foreman of the entire Machine Shop department. Under

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MORE ABOUT

THE MISSING OXYGEN TRUCK

(Continued from page 5)

that has thirteen bottles, and we've persuaded the owner to come down and open the place up so we can get it."

"Man, you're a sweetheart," exulted Palmer. "Don't spare the horses in getting that stuff over here. I'll have a police escort pick you up."

Half an hour later the wail of sirens tore across the sleeping city and heralded the arrival of the new oxygen supply. Palmer's engineers had figured out a special hose arrangement that night to accommodate the bottles on the manifold, so the new supply was plugged in at once. This was a minor miracle in itself, since at first there hadn't seemed to be any way to use the oxygen directly from the bottles.

"Well, I don't know how we did it, boys," Palmer said when the new bottles were safely installed, "but so far we've kept from shutting down. By the clock, our oxygen should have given out an hour ago. I guess we've kept going on borrowed time. Anyhow, we've got enough now to keep us going till nearly morning. Now if we can only find that truck . . ."

He picked up the phone again. He'd been trying intermittently to reach someone in Los Angeles who could tell him the whereabouts of the oxygen consignment. Now he'd try once more.

This time, at last, he got results. But the results were bad.

"Our truck is just about ready to leave for San Diego," said the Los Angeles trucker. "We thought it was going to leave at 7:30, but our regular driver turned up sick. Now, when the truck reaches Capistrano it'll hit the dim-out zone. So from there on it'll just have to creep along. But it should get there fairly early tomorrow morning."

Palmer swore. "Brother, that doesn't help us much. We've got to have that oxygen in about four hours or we'll shut down. You tell your driver there'll be an escort waiting for him at Capistrano. Is he willing to barrel that buggy at top speed from there on in?"

There was a long pause.

Both men knew what Palmer's question meant. Liquid oxygen is more dangerous to handle than dynamite.

After a delay, the trucker came back to the phone. "He says he'll do it. Tell your escort to pick him up at Capistrano."

At 12:20 a.m., Al Gee and Lieutenant G. R. Bills of Plant Protection started on the 65 miles of pitch-black highway between here and Capistrano. Exactly 65 minutes later, at 1:25, they screeched to a stop on the main street of the little town.

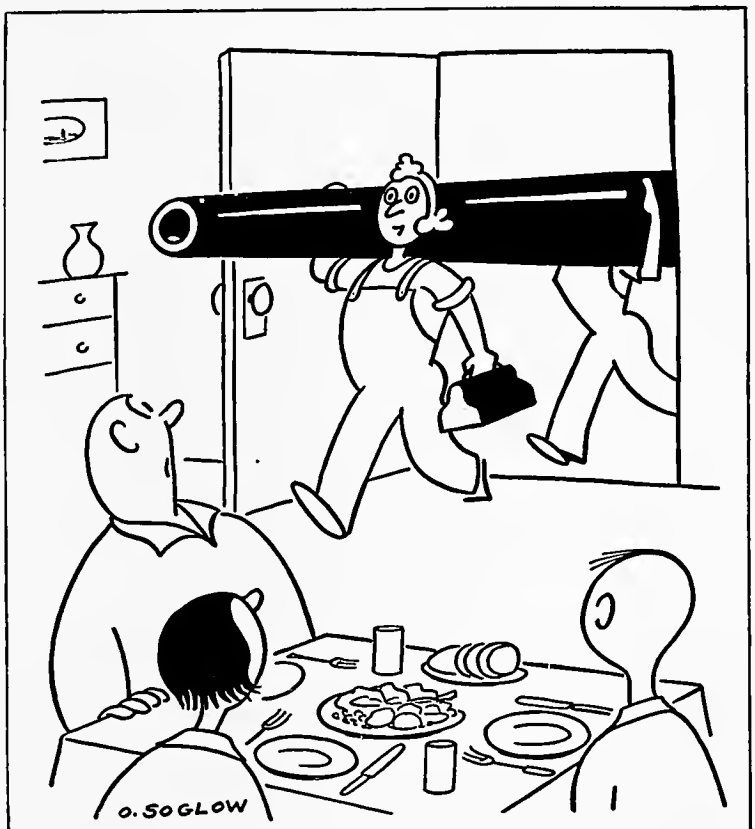
After a short wait, the truck pulled in. The last lap of the Ryan Company's night-long race with time began—up and down hills and around sharp curves on the dark coast road to San Diego.

With their speedometer touching 60 and a truckload of high explosives close behind them, Gee and Bills were as poker-faced as ever. They knew that if the hurtling truck rammed them, collided with another car, or swerved off the road, their chances were little better than the truck driver's. But they didn't slow down.

"It was just part of our job," Gee said afterward. "Anyone in the Plant Protection service would have taken the same risk. As a matter of fact, a lot of the other men in the department worked harder than we did that night."

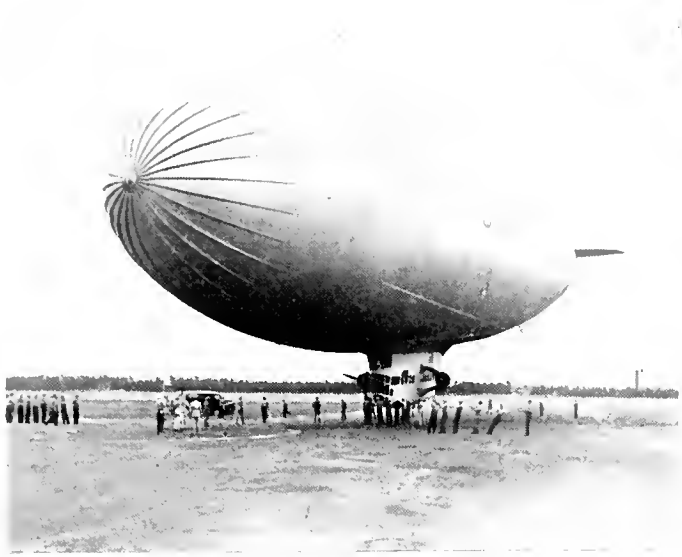
At any rate, the two vehicles shot into San Diego at 3:10 a.m., and a few minutes later the Ryan plant had its full quota of liquid oxygen on tap.

As Ernie Moore remarks, "Anybody who says that manufacturing can't be exciting at times is crazy."



"We brought back some home work."

V-200-10/12 *Drawn for the Office of War Information*



Late-model Goodyear "blood-hounds of the air" can settle on the ground, unlike older airships, which required mooring masts. At right: A close-up view of the outside of the control cabin. (Official photograph, U. S. Navy.)

MORE ABOUT

BLIMPS

(Continued from page 1)

dirigible, but more often o "blimp." (The first such craft were officially designated as A-limp; the later models were classed as B-limp, thus leoding to o slang term which eventually found its way into the dictionary.)

Two hundred Navy patrol blimps were authorized by Congress eorly in the war — and for good reason. A blimp can fly low, fly blind, see deep under the water, and is fost enough to cover more area in a day's reconnoissance thon the fleetest surface vessels. It can stand still in the air, floot with both engines shut off, or put down a sea anchor and ride there as securely as a boat. It can even fly backward.

The new patrol-type Goodyear airship costs less than o torpedo boat or a large patrol plane; yet it is lorger than any other non-rigid craft ever built. It has o gas capacity of over 400,000 cubic feet, as compored to the 123,000 cubic feet of the tiny commerciol advertising dirigible ond the 7,000-000 of the huge rigid airships formerly in trans-Atlantic service. Today's patrol blimp is obout 250 feet long and 76 feet high, powered by two radial air-cooled oviotion engines.

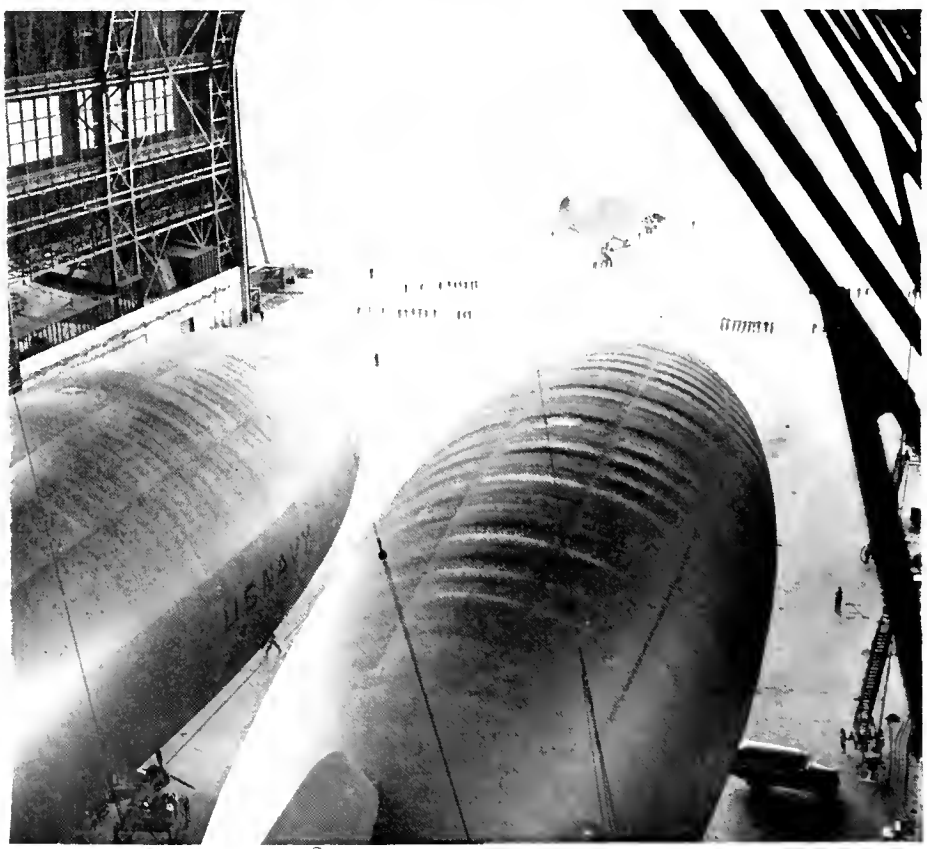
When a blimp spots a submarine there are several things the commander can do. He can either ottempt to bomb the U-boat at once or trail it until help arrives. If the submarine sees the airship and submerges, the blimp can simply lower a listening device and continue to trail it by the sound of its propeller.

The airship is vulnerable to the submarine's deck guns — but not as vulnerable os you might think. One blimp, leaking gas for 72 hours from 14 gaping holes, was still able to fly 400 miles for repairs. In the past, at least, the undersea craft have been reluctant to engage in bottle with ony form of aircraft, because of the disadvantage in position. In World War I, the very presence of blimps in a given area was good reoson for U-boats to steer clear.

Blimps are being used more and more for convoy escort as well os anti-submarine patrol. The Novy has revealed that thousands of surface vessels have been escorted by its blimps — and that only one of these ships hos been lost to submarines. Thot one, incidentally, was lost when the blimp escort service was just getting organized. The lone vessel wos torpedoed near the rear of the column while the airship wos miles awoy near the head of the convoy.

The blimps have amazing endurance, too. Exact details can't be revealed, but you'll get an ideo of the stoying power of these ships when you know that one blimp, after spotting a lifeboat containing survivors from a torpedoed ship, hovered overhead for 10 hours while surfoce craft were summoned and plowed to the rescue from 250 miles away. While keeping their eyes on the lifeboot, the crew of the blimp lowered food,

It takes a mammoth hangar to house the Navy blimps. Here's one of the coastal airship bases. Location? Military secret! (Navy photograph.)



The spot at right of photo isn't an island, but an oil slick—marker of the watery grave of an Axis U-boat. (Official photograph, U. S. Navy.)

clothing, blankets and other comforts to the drifting seamen.

Many rescues, incidentally, have been made by airships since the war began. The modern Navy blimp can land in water to pick up people from the sea, as well as take on loads from moving—or sinking—surface vessels. In case seas are too heavy for a blimp to descend and make a rescue, every airship now has a complete rescue kit, provided through the cooperation of the Red Cross, which weighs only 17 pounds. It contains everything from food to cigarettes and matches, and will float on the water in case the survivors on life-raft or boat don't catch it as it comes down.

And so, as you read this, countless Navy blimps — in which Ryan manifolds are a vital part — are ranging the sealanes off our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. And not only in coastal waters, but perhaps much farther afield, even to the 800 miles of submarine-infested seas between Halifax and Iceland — where the waters are grim and cold and deep, daylight hours are short, and an icy veil of fog hides the blurred forms of many a deadly U-boat.

The hunt for submarines will be long and stern, and ships will go down and men will be lost, but the chase will be relentless as long as our sea lanes are needed for transport of war supplies. And in that unending silent hunt, a part is played by every Ryan man and woman who helps build Ryan manifolds.

In the first World War, blimps played a valuable part, both here and in Europe, in reconnaissance and convoy operations—so valuable, in fact, that no ship convoyed by a blimp was lost, and many enemy operations were spotted.

Once an American airship detected a group of suspicious-looking craft emerging under cover of fog from remote coves and inlets along the Long Island coast. The blimp kept the strangers in sight, meanwhile radioing ashore for help. When armored craft arrived and boarded the mysterious ships, they found them loaded with mines destined for New York harbor and the outer shipping lanes.

In 1919 men's minds were afire with the possibilities of lighter-than-air craft. The British, French, Germans and Americans all began building the giant zeppelins.

But within a few years the subject of rigid airships was virtually dead. The loss of the Hindenburg by hydrogen fire, coming on the heels of tragic setbacks in this country, was enough to dismay anyone except Commander C. E. Rosendahl and his stout-hearted associates at Lakehurst Naval Air Station.

Rosendahl and his staff didn't give up. They knew that most of the dirigible disasters of the postwar years were due to the fact that inflammable hydrogen gas was used. Helium might prove better. Furthermore, non-rigid instead of rigid airships might overcome other handicaps.

The United States has a monopoly on helium — the only non-inflammable gas which balloons can use. So, while other countries were forced to abandon the use of airships, our country kept experimenting with them. Twenty years of peacetime work by the Navy, and by Goodyear, gradually developed new types of blimps which were far more potent wartime weapons than anything seen in 1918.

By 1938 the Navy was carrying on intensive training of blimp crews in preparation for the new war that had begun to loom on the horizon. Daily practice patrols all the way from Montauk to the Virginia Capes were carried on. More than any one thing, it was this demonstration, over an eighteen-month period, which finally led to the revival of an airship program in this country, the ordering of blimps and land bases.

Eyes are glued to the water every second when an airship is on patrol.

Cooking quarters are crowded aboard a blimp, but the food is always good.

The strain of constant watching makes blimp crews eager to snatch every minute of rest.

An airship crew's only link with home—the radio operator. (Photos courtesy U. S. Navy.)

WING TIPS

by Chuck Kellogg

My hope in writing this article is that you readers who haven't had the chance to work at the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, as some of us have, will be able through this article to appreciate the difference between this plant and ours, and the influence this job will have on the changing of our factory.

Our first day at Consair was one of many surprises. Entering the grounds, by way of the overpass into Plant No. 2, with the dark of the night all around you, one has the feeling that he is entering an underground and different world. As it is very dark at 6 o'clock in the morning, the great buildings loom out of the shadows like a cliff in the early morning fog. There are thousands of workers alongside of you so you hide your fears and follow along to where you work.

We Ryan workers were shown into building No. 1 where we stood for awhile and gazed at the size of the building and structures built within it. There are rows and rows of lights and for a minute we couldn't grasp the change that had taken place.

We were at first unable to see the entire building as we were directly under the first balcony .There are two rows of balconies, two stories high and running the complete length of the building. The building itself is as large as our whole plant and one-half of it is devated to the production of PB2Y3 center sections, which we Ryan men were to work on.

An inexperienced person cannot help but feel awed at the banging of rivet guns, the boom of punch presses, and the scurrying of the numerous small motor cars that are carrying parts to their places. There is a general buzz of activity throughout the whole building. Every worker knows his job and is hurrying to it.

Some of our men were to work in the vertical jigs, which is the main assembly of the center-section. The rest of the men were to work in the flat line, which is the finishing and touching up of each part.

The vertical jigs take up half the assembly space, and are fifteen feet high. The building is twice the height of the jigs, as all assemblies must be removed from the jig through the top by lifting with a large crane attached to the ceiling. There are fifteen of these jigs, which are sixty feet long and fifteen feet high.

The remaining space is taken up by the flat section, where the center-sections are laid flat on a conveyor belt which moves the parts along as they are completed.

It is easy to see that we Ryan workers have quite a job ahead of us. It is a very important job, and we'll be on our mettle to do as well as Consolidated has done.

One of the high lights of our stay here (for me) was the sight one day of Mr. Burwell, a wing assembly mechanic, driving rivets with a gun almost as large as he is. He weighs only about ninety pounds, and I am prepared to swear that he was vibrating more than the gun, but he drave the rivet and it is the rivets that count.

New First Aid Rooms For Ryan Workers Planned As Part Of Factory Expansion

First Aid facilities several times as large as our present medical room are being planned for the new Ryan factory building, company executives said this week.

Insurance underwriters have approved the plans for our spacious new First Aid rooms, which will be housed in a structure adjoining the newest factory addition now under construction. There'll be a comfortable outer waiting room, opening directly off the large new outdoor lunch area which will be part of the factory grounds. There'll be separate treatment rooms for men and women—large, well-ventilated, and more completely equipped than our present facilities.

The present First Aid room will be kept in operation as a dispensary.

Plans for the new First Aid facilities have been drawn for many months, but announcement was withheld—as in the case of the coming hot food service announced last month—until the management was fairly sure that wartime construction difficulties would not interfere with the plans.

MAINTENANCE

by John Rodgers

VICTOR DU SHAUNE has been appointed foreman of this department and is doing a swell job. We who know Victar wish him luck and success.

BILL FREEBORN, our assistant foreman, always has that pleasing smile—but you can never tell what's behind that smile. Luck to you, Bill.

Grandpa RAPER, BILL KINDALL and the short Texas welder seem to have their ups and downs, mostly downs, but old Bill has things well in hand.

It would be well if some of us would take stock of ourselves once in a while. When we do that we always find that we have an over-supply of what might be termed loose connections.

STARKWEATHER the pipe fitter was off sick several days with influenza and is now back at work.

MR. GILLON, the village blacksmith, is doing a swell job. The ringing of the anvil tells a wicked tale.

CHARLIE ALEXANDER, the new welder, is holding his own. MR. KNIGHT, keep Charlie on the go.

K. O. BURT, former foreman of Maintenance, who is now in the Engineering department, is a frequent visitor in the old hang-out. We enjoy seeing you, K. O.

Easy North is having a terrible time with his feet. A girl over here just loves to step on his corns, of which it seems he has quite a few. He says damp weather brings them on, and he may be right. It certainly hasn't been very dry the last few weeks.

That is about all the news from here, but I want to know if there is any truth in the latest rumor about Doug Beebe. I used to see you driving your car around by yourself, Doug, but they say you don't do that any more. They say you are never alone, that there is a certain young lady to whom you stay very close. I even heard that you haven't spoken to any of the other girls for weeks. Come on, Beebe, give me the low down. I don't know anything about her myself—not even her name. I did hear though, that she is very smart, and that she knows a lot of things that you would like to know. How about it, Doug? Send me a note and wise me up.

PERSONNEL

by Lenore Walters

If you want to know the true meaning of optimism ask SUE GUNTHORP of the Flying Reporter! Sue with her most cherubic smile handed us a piece of blank white paper at noon one day and asked for a column on Personnel for that same night. We would like to tell Sue that though we're a swift moving crowd we really can't make news that fast! So-oo with a deadline leering at us,—with a counter filled with people lined up before us, we will snatch what news we can as it flies through the air.

We are about to lose our smiling "you-all" from Texas, TYLENE POINDEXTER. Ty is planning to return to the land where they "pass the biscuits" instead of thrawing them—but we are hoping that she will come back to us soon.

PEGGY ROWE, in spite of herself, is developing a Bourke-White manner when she "shoots" the pictures, in KENNY'S absence, for the identification cards. She has quite a professional squint in her eye now as she lines her victims up to face the "works."

Peace has settled down on the Job Classification side in Personnel. At least they are'nt changing their desks, cabinets and files every day as they did for a while. We seriously wondered if the walls were to be left standing, for each morning when we came to work a new shift of furniture had occurred, and while search would finally reveal old familiar faces, we never were quite sure where to look for them.

If BOB RANKIN loses that sunny grin it's because every time he appears in the open he meets a barrage of "Where is my C book?" "How can I get more gasoline, my tank is dry!" "Where are my tires?" Bob gets hoarse explaining that after all he "ISN'T" the Ration Board nor can he be responsible for ALL it does!

Personnel is welcoming a new member to the department this week—MRS. ESTHER T. LONG, who is now Ryan's Counsellor for Women. Mrs. Long comes to us from Fullerton Union High School and Junior College where she has had wide experience as advisor for senior girls. Welcome, Mrs. Long!

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall

All of us work longer, think more about the war effort at home and abroad and worry overtime about our personal problems or rationing and taxes, but we still talk a lot about the weather. (And hasn't it been something?)

Everybody squawks when we have to wade to work, or eat lunch inside the factory. Those of us who are home-owners, or anyhow FHA customers, feel cheated when we don't get the good soaking rains we counted on for the lawn and new shubbery. Aportment, or other non-gardening residents, outnumber us and therefore out-holler us on the other side. The blue and cloudless skies they were promised here often turn out to be all wet.

The payoff was that spell of July-in-Februory that came about the time we thought we were all set with longies and extra sweaters. Pretty soon the chamber of commerce will have to put out a notice "We are no longer responsible for the weather hereabouts." The big increase in population means that there are now three times as many people dissatisfied with the climate, and even the 'Heaven on Earth' club, once active here, couldn't handle the present situation.

Maybe the weather got so out of hand because we can't check up on it in the daily reports any more, or maybe it's those sunspots again. Whatever caused the southern California upset, and however little we can do about it, there is plenty of talk.

Did you happen to see the piece Mr. Ickes wrote in a recent Post on "Women After the War is Won"? He thinks, just as we do, that we are doing a fine job at production and defense, but fears we'll never be home bodies again. Mr. I. is right in believing that the same woman who had to learn to be capable and independent cannot be very convincing as a frail creature, unable to drive a nail, who bursts prettily into tears when the head of the house says "Certainly not. Where is that quarter I gave you last week?"

Gals working here at Ryan say they never were that droopy to begin with, and don't think they've changed much anyhow. They like the weekly pay checks and the ability to handle a production job, but they've had no chance to get out of practice on household chores.

Even the ones who do not have to cook and wash for a family when they are off shift, still have to do wash-bowl laundering, darning and the inevitable straightening-up that goes with living in one room. Most of them are working hard to help win the war so that afterward they can have nice homes. They say that when they return to full-time jabs in the kitchen and nursery, Mr. Secretary, they have no wish to wear the pants of the family, but that they would like to keep the POCKETS. Overalls and slacks have shown them freedom from the bulging handbag, their former carry-all.

The laboring ladies know that they are working through a terrible emergency and that they must do their very best for the duration. Nearly all of them have men on the battlefronts. They feel that the planes and parts they turn out are the greatest help they can give to that husband, son, or friend, but they are still family women.

Final News

by Enid Larsen

Here we are, off to another flying start. Afraid we're losing altitude mighty fast though, as there isn't much to write about. Good old Final Assembly isn't like it used to be before the Gremlins sneaked in and took much of our gang over to Consair for awhile. With the greater percent of the remaining gang working down near the Fuselage Department, we at the desk are getting into the alarming habit of talking to ourselves. As yet, we haven't reached the final stage of answering ourselves, but better hurry back gang, or we're off to the nearest padded cell.

However, the fellows and girls who are left over here are really putting out the work. All are banging away at the old rivets, just more than goin' to town, which isn't so bad from the bonus standpoint either.

By the time this goes to press, we'll have some new Trainees in our Department. Not bad, I'd say. Just watch Ryan grow!!!

DELL KIRK has been ill, and confined to his home for over a month, but we are glad to report that he is gaining right along, and will join us again in the near future.

Quite a few of the boys have been nipped by the spring garden bug. During the hot spell a few weeks ago, GUY BAKER got out in his shorts, and really put in a day's work. Better watch him, you young blades, or he will outshine your sun tan this summer at the beach. C. E. JEFFREY is another horticulturist in the making. He was seen in Linda Vista last Sunday with the honest sweat of hard toil running down his forehead. Better stand guard over those gardens, boys, 'cause home grown vegetables are mighty good.

Don't say I didn't warn you that this would be rather a poor sample of what we would like to have contributed from our corner, but maybe there will be lots more to offer for the next issue.

Some of the men of Manifold Small Parts are leading double lives. Between shifts SCOTTY DERR brushes up on bits of his old vaudeville routine and shakes the moths out of his kilt to take part in the shows put on at the Naval Hospital by the Ryan outfit. Our FRANK WALSH can handle a lariat just like SLIM COATS does in those shows. Roping tricks are old stuff to Frank, who picked up plenty of riding prizes in his rodeo days. A flock of cups won on a mechanical bucking broncho are engraved with the name of G-3's PAT PATTERSON. Before he gave up motorcycle racing for acetylene welding, Pat won those trophies and a membership in "The Thirteen Rebels."

Shortly before her Marine son went overseas, BILLY LEONARD was very busy after hours with the plans and arrangements for his wedding. The bride's family wasn't here and the time for preparations was very short, but Billy handled everything so that the ceremony was a lovely one.

Highly Experimental

by N. R. Wallin

We were agreeably surprised recently when BOB GLASS dropped in on us. Bob joined the Army Air Forces last fall and is now a Link trainer instructor at Luke Field, Phoenix. We also received a card from CARLOS WEST, who recently enlisted in the Navy. West is now at Norfolk, Virginia. We are planning to send these boys copies of the Flying Reporter so they will know that they are not forgotten.

According to HARRY IRWIN, several of us are just working for the fun of it. He frequently has to remind the absent-minded ones to punch their time cards.

There are times when we don't know about H. A. AUSTIN and his pet saying, "I don't know about you."

CHET PORTER went to Twenty-nine Palms last week-end to be present at his son's wedding.

Plant 2 has been undergoing a major overhaul the past few days. While drilling holes in the concrete floor to anchor the wing jigs "SMOKY" STOVER and JERVEY broke a water pipe. They managed to keep the situation under control although it looked pretty bad for a little while.

The moving around has slowed up production for a while, but very soon the production line will be in full swing again and "Rosie the riveter" will be back at her job, slowly driving us mad with that incessant da-da-da-da.

LYLE GOULD'S guys and gals have been putting out wings in a way that would make Donald Nelson grin, and the wood-butchers are always on the job to see that they don't run out of spars.

Not long ago the department was shown a movie, "Don't Talk!" Especially timely was the emphasis on keeping quiet about our jobs. Even relatively unimportant facts may dovetail with information the enemy already has. We of Experimental must remember that everything about our job is a military secret—and it is up to us to keep it that way.

Red Cross Drive Begins

As in years past, Ryan Aeronautical Company employees will fully support the American Red Cross during its annual fund-raising campaign which opens in San Diego in March, T. Claude Ryan, president, has told Red Cross campaign officials.

All over the world Red Cross workers are fighting, even dying, alongside our boys in khaki and blue. Red Cross field directors are bringing to these warriors of ours many of the "little things" which help keep morale high, help fill that terrible void of homesickness and loneliness which these lads face in a strange and dangerous battle area.

To finance its activities for the coming year, the Red Cross estimates it will need $125,000,000. Of this national total San Diego is requested to give $200,000.

Your dollars will assist the Red Cross in its world-wide work of mercy. Remember—our fighting men need the American Red Cross; the American Red Cross needs you!

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN DROPHAMMER

It's one of those things. I was reading the FLYING REPORTER and I came across that page with the income tax forms on it. I turned to my wife and said, "That's funny —here's something with the name John Drophammer on it."

She told me not to be silly, that it couldn't be John. I shrugged my shoulders, and tried to dismiss the thought, but there was that feeling. John Drophammer—it must be!

I remember one of us saying that Drophammer was a fairly common name, but it didn't convince me. There was my old friend Abe Goldfarb, the chemist: I suppose that in the Bronx, for instance, Abe Goldfarb is a common name, but if I'd lost track of him for ten years and then ran into the name, something would click: I'd just know it was that Abe. Or say Alfred Browne. That sounds common enough. Yet how often do you yourself run into common names? John Drophammer, indeed.

The next morning I dialed Mr. Noakes and asked him about the whole business. "Those two names on the income tax forms: you just didn't make them up yourself, did you?" I asked.

I could almost see him shaking his head. "No," he answered, "I went through the plant the other day and asked a couple of the boys if they'd mind having their returns made public. I told them about the article I was doing for the REPORTER, and they said it was perfectly all right with them. I thought it was darned nice of them, and it excused me from that silly business of putting down John Doe and Richard Roe." I thought it was darn nice too. I told him so, and hung up. I had some illustrations to make up for the new DRM, to show draftsmen how to draft, but I couldn't keep my mind on my work.

I thought of going down at lunch time and looking up this Drophammer, but I thought it might be embarrassing to both of us to meet again with so many people around, so I desisted. However, I spent some time mulling over those pages in the last issue. So he was a machinist now: and had a child: had money in the bank: earned about fifty a week. It didn't seem to jibe. On the surface of things, it didn't seem to be the same John Drophammer I had known back in New York.

I remember very clearly those days of a decade ago. Jack Drophammer with his slick apartment high over the East River, his slick dinner parties, with scads of other flaneurs, like Philo Vance, Lucius Beebe, Ilka Chase, Alec Woollcott (bless his memory). Ernest was sure to drop in, with his battle and his tales of Spain; more than once the brighter of our contemporary (or Roosevelt) cabinet members showed up. If Sutton Place ever had an extraordinary renaissance, it was at Jack's.

No sooner was I through with my day's stint than I borrowed a car and dashed off to East San Diego. Sheetmetal Street is hard to find, even for a native, but I located it between Roundstock and Torch Streets. I found number 1559 and knocked at the door.

Yes, it was John. He looked steadily at me for a moment and smiled his characteristic partly-crooked smile. "Yes, Vic," he said slowly, "I might have known it. I've seen your name over that quasi-clever Wind Tunnel thing, and I've occasionally caught a glimpse of you in the yard. I guess we had to meet again."

I mumbled something, and he took me by the arm. "Let's not stand out here. Come on in." We went in, and I tried not to size up the living room. He looked at me wryly and shook his head. "Haven't changed a bit. Sit down and tell me how you've been."

But I managed to steer the conversation away from myself, and finally was able to piece together a fairly comprehensive picture of the new Drophammer. It was a slightly fantastic story, but interesting. We talked far into the night uninterrupted (Mrs. Drophammer and the boy were away, visiting relatives); we heard the background radio music go off the air and the noises of traffic outside diminish and disappear. It was well past midnight when we pushed back the coffee cups and shook hands and parted.

Well, this is it, more or less in a nutshell. I accused him of affectation in denouncing his world and coming out here to work. I said it was as phoney as Franz Liszt's conversion to righteousness while still at the height of his powers, but he made me change my mind. I believed him. It seems that during 1933 the last of his investments had collapsed, and he had been left a comparatively poor man. It had not been necessary for him to go to work; more than one of his friends had offered him a partnership or a vice-presidency; Wall Street would have welcomed him with open arms, as the phrase goes; and he could easily have earned more than enough by writing stories instead of those well-known esoteric articles for The Colophon or Scripta Mathematica. But he had already sensed the emptiness and falseness of his accustomed way of living, and gradually drifted away from his friends.

Then, when war broke out, he saw the inevitability of our participation, and he fretted at our lack of decision. "When I saw La Belle France drown in a vat of expensive perfume, clutching a gold kidskin bag to her ample bosom, I feared for my own country," he said, "because we were giving every indication of going the same way. I remembered the commentaries I had written on Spengler's 'Decline of the West,' and how sourly they had been received. Then I decided the best thing I could do was to go to work: actually and physically.

"MacLeish has said—borrowing liberally from T. S. Eliot—that history has many curious twists and passages, but none more curious than that which brings England's second-best Magna Carta to rest in our country's safekeeping; so, in a way it is just as curious that by just as devious a route I, John Drophammer, have returned to work on the machine my grandfather invented and which was named after him; the machine which founded our family fortune and which now is doing its own part in shaping history. And it makes me feel good to be running a drophammer."

"And how is it you came to Ryan to work?"

"That? Oh, I saw their ads from time to time, and it said at the end of each of them that it was a better place to work. If they could afford to say that, I thought there must be something to it."

"And is there?"

"Yes."

Then I asked him if he had any objection to my putting his story into the Wind Tunnel, and he said no. "Only," he concluded, "I don't see any point to it."

Receiving Inspection

by Irene Travis

PEACE IS LAUGHTER

Somewhere in war-torn Europe, it's late evening. The western sky is a beautiful red —but it's the red of shells exploding!

Down a winding muddy road comes a rickety two-wheel cart, loaded with the salvage of a wrecked home — an old rocking chair, a jug of water and the bird cage. Pulling the cart is a grey-haired man in tattered clothes, his shoes heavy with mud. With all the young men on the battle front, the old must care for the women and children. Huddled in a corner of this weather-beaten vehicle, a little, golden-haired girl of four holds snugly in her arms an old rag doll, her dearest treasure. Behind, the family dog tags faithfully along — he, too, is hunting a safer place.

The pinched face of the little girl peers out from beneath tangled curls, "Grandad, what is peace like?"

The old man answers, "Betsy, my child, peace comes when the world, tired of all this struggling, stops to think about itself — and then starts laughing. You have never heard laughter, but I must teach you. When the world laughs again, you must be able to laugh too." Then he taught Betsy to laugh, and it was better than food and drink.

As the days passed the roaring ceased, and the red in the sky turned to blue. The sun came out — a great laughing sun that made all the earth bright again. Betsy laughed and said, "This must be peace, grandad. Now the world is laughing — can you hear it?"

The old man did not answer, but on his tired face she saw a smile.

It's hard for us here in America to visualize the plight of these children of war — hungry, poorly clothed, and forced to flee for their lives from their battle-scarred homes. Today so many of them hear no laughter. Reality is so harsh, so utterly devoid of all elements of good, that even they ask, "What is laughter? What is peace?"

Peace is laughter. When the tired world laughs at itself, then there will be peace. When the peoples of the world begin to think of the little ones who have never known the meaning of peace, to whom laughter is but a myth, then the wars will cease.

Let's keep laughter with us, that peace will find us ready.

NUTS, BOLTS & RIVETS

by Noremac

Only live fish swim upstream—
Be a defense worker, not a pretense worker.

* * *

Traveler: What's this on the register?
Clerk: A bug, sir.
Traveler (laying down his pen): I don't mind if you have bugs in the hotel, but when they come out to see what room you take, that's going too far.

* * *

First Lady: Rumor has it that you and your husband aren't getting on well together.
Second Lady: Ridiculous! We had a word or two and I shot him but that's as far as it went.

* * *

"Things got so bad I couldn't afford to pay Zeke a salary comparable to what he could get down at Ryan's," the farmer said.
"Didn't Zeke leave you?"
"No, he didn't," the farmer said. "He and I sat down and reached an understanding. I can't pay him in cash, so we just put it on the books. When he has enough coming to buy the farm, he takes it over and I start working for him. Then when I have enough coming from him, I take back the farm."

* * *

Bill Wagner: Sue, is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?
Sue: Unquestionably.

* * *

Two young ladies were walking down Fifth Avenue. Suddenly one let loose with a piercing shriek.
"Look," she cried in amazement.
"What's so terrible?" asked her friend. "That's only a midget."
"Thank God," said the other girl. "I thought they were rationing him."

* * *

As Hitler and Goering were driving in the country, their car ran over a dog and killed it. Hitler was in a sentimental mood that day. He commanded Goering to go into the farmhouse and tell the owner. When a few minutes later Goering returned to the car bearing gifts of fruit, vegetables and eggs, Hitler was dumbfounded.
"What are the presents for?" he demanded. "What did you do?"
"I walked in. I saluted and said Heil Hitler! The dog is dead."

* * *

An aged Scotchman was having trouble with his eyes, and consulted a doctor.
"Well, McTavish," said the doctor, "Heavy drinking has brought this on. Now you've got to stop drinking whiskey or you will go blind. You must choose between the two things."
"Ah weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I am an auld mon noo, and I was thinkin' I ha'e seen aboot everything."

New Library Hours For Swing Shifters

Swing shift workers, attention! Starting Wednesday, March 3, the four largest branches of the San Diego Public Library will be open from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. each Wednesday. This special morning opening for the one day a week has been started as a special service for swing shift personnel who find it difficult to borrow books from the branch libraries now.

East San Diego Branch at Fairmount and Polk; University Heights Branch at Park and Howard; Ocean Beach Branch at Sunset Cliffs and Santa Monica, and Logan Heights Branch at 28th and Logan are the four branches featuring this Wednesday morning opening. Situated in widely separated districts, these four branches with the morning hours will make it easy for defense workers in all parts of the city to use the library facilities without having to make special trips to the Main Library.

"This new schedule is being tried as an experiment, but if a sufficient number of people use the branches during the morning hours the change will be made permanent," City Librarian Cornelia D. Plaister announced.

Mo Loft Sez

by Gilbert Cusey

To start off with, I would like to give Honest Duke a word of thanks for filling in for me during my recent vacation. He did such a good job I tried to have him keep on writing, but he said the risks and worries were getting too much for him.

To those interested, North Dakota still has cold weather this time of year. Upon my return to this city of sunshine and service men, the first thing I noticed was that it was raining, so I knew I was in California.

Due to the fact that most of my assistants have been scattered and transportation these days is so difficult, I shall have to depend upon rumors and first-hand accounts as to the doings of the Loft members. The first item of interest is the look on WEED'S face when EVANS placed some rubber cement on his sweater. For further details ask either of the principals in the case.

By the time this goes to press one of the members (BENSON, by name) will be on his way to an appointment with the army. Here's best of luck to you, Benson, and I hope my board, bless them, feel my recent visit home was enough for awhile.

PAT, I would appreciate it if you would jot down a few notes on the doings of the fellows working with you. The name Pat is a code word meaning for one of my secret contributors to get the lead out and some news in.

BOB BLAKENEY stays in the news with his frequent trips outside the factory buildings. He says he can't stand the feeling of being cooped up after so much fresh air during the last few weeks.

Will sign off now so I will still have somebody who will talk to me.

SHEET METAL

by Emil Magdick

After a great lapse of time, Sheet Metal-Second Shift has decided to re-enter the sheets of the Ryan Reporter, which is one of the best aircraft papers we know of. It has improved considerably, and is getting better all the time. Let's take time out and thank all who are responsible for this wonderful paper.

In the past two months the Sheet Metal Department has increased its workers, mostly in the feminine line. They're all a swell group and are doing all right considering the little experience some of them have had. They know they're in there for only one reason, and that is to knock Hitler on his Axis.

You probably know by now that SAMUEL JEROME PINNEY is now foreman of Sheet Metal Assembly and that DICK (RED) WELLS was snatched off the first shift and made assistant foreman on the second shift. Incidentally, he doesn't like to be called "Red." Congratulations to both of you and good luck in your new positions.

C. SPOOKS SACHS, the Rumba King, is now leadman of Riveting and Assembly. Outside of being a leadman, he specializes in rumba and conga dancing. Mind you, with bare feet, too. Glad to have you with us, Sachs.

I mentioned in this column a while back the many states that are represented in the Riveting department. I would like to add a few more. We have two Southern belles from the land of corn pone and turnip greens—yus suh. MRS. L. GUTHRIE and MRS. D. SYROIS who are from Atlanta—and boy, talk about that Southern drawl! We also have MRS. LOUISE WILSON from Texas. In fact she is the first one in this department from Texas. Quite an honor, Louise. By the way, does anyone know where Texas is? If they keep coming, it won't be long before all states will be represented. Oh, yes, we have one person around here from California—BYRON GEER—ever hear of him?

I would like to introduce a few more of the female additions to our department. MRS. FREEMAN, who almost received a degree in Physical Education, gave it up to come to Ryan to work. She hopes to continue her studies in Physical Education after the war. Her husband is in the army somewhere "over there." Mrs. Freeman specializes in swimming.

NELLIE WARFIELD, originally from Glenn Martin, now working here at Ryan, says she enjoys it very much. We also have MARIE BROWN, MRS. ZANE and JUSTINE POWOLNY who are now a part of the riveting gang. Oh yes, Miss Powolny is also from Texas. Well, girls, we all welcome you.

If you have been wondering why SAM PINNEY and "Meatball" MILLER have been losing weight and suffering from indigestion lately—you would probably like to know that "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer" KEENE has been slinging hash their way. Keene's biggest problem is trying to get the boys to wash the dishes

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Hobby hounds take notice

Once again arrangements are under way to give a Hobby Show. This is your chance. If you have a hobby, no matter what it is, get your entry blank. You will have about ninety days to get your exhibit ready to snag the first prize. Entry blanks may be obtained from Red Ralph in Personnel, Ford Lehman in Laboratory, or from George Sinclair in Engineering.

Bring on the blazes

Dan Driscoll and his boys have a big new plaything that they hope they never have to use. It's a brand new $10,000 fire engine. From now on, if there ever is a fire hereabouts, Dan's outfit is all set to murder it.

This engine is the same type used by the San Diego Fire Department — latest model, up-to-the-minute in everything. It has 1,550 feet of hose, which ought to be long enough to reach a fire anywhere hereabouts — especially since it is equipped with a high-pressure centrifugal pump which can suck water out of the bay if there is no hydrant handy. It's a combination hose cart, chemical, and pumper type, so it's ready for anything from incendiary bombs to forest fires. Pretty powerful, too—185 h.p. 12-cylinder engine. It even has a dual ignition system so that if one battery goes dead, the engine won't be stymied; it can still operate from the other battery. So Dan Driscoll and his crew of volunteer smoke eaters figure they're ready for just about anything.

Headline dancer discovered

We've discovered another entertainment ace working at Ryan. Marian Sutton of Manifold Dispatching spent the better part of two years touring Europe. She and her partner Marcellus were a headline dance team which played at such well-known theaters as the Paladium in London and also did a command performance for the King of England. Their tour took them through practically every country on the continent.

Marian has been singing and dancing since she was 12. She's played with top Broadway shows, and has been a featured dancer on the Keith Orpheum circuit in the heyday of vaudeville.

Back in America after her sojourn abroad, Marian opened her own studio in Salinas, where for several years she taught ballet, acrobatic and character dancing. Wanting to play a greater part in the winning of the war, Marian joined Ryan several months ago as a dispatcher. However, holding down a full-time defense job isn't enough, Marian feels. So in spare hours she is promoting entertainment for local service men by organizing Ryan talents into a show of professional caliber. Although the show is still in rehearsal, one performance is already scheduled and others may shortly be booked.

Movie writer working at Ryan

Latest addition to our gallery of unusual characters working at Ryan is George D. Sinclair of Engineering. He's a successful movie and magazine writer — so successful that Myron Selznick, ace Hollywood agent, handles his stuff for him — yet he prefers to spend his days in war work and do his writing from 6 to 12 p.m. "This may sound a bit eccentric," Sinclair says, "But there are two good reasons for it. First, since I don't get checks at any regular intervals from my writing work, I might be pretty hard up sometimes if I didn't have a regular pay check coming from Ryan. Being on a salary saves me and my wife a lot of worry. . . . Second, I served in the British army in the first World War and I like to feel that I have some part in helping win this war, too. My conscience won't let me stay out of war work."

George Sinclair of Engineering—Ryan worker by day, movie writer by night.

Red Ralph puts heart and soul into coaching Ryan's swimming team.

Bob Christy of Plant Engineering shown beside the new steel-saving device he designed.

Morian Sutton of Dispatching—former stage headliner who now spends spare time coaching Ryan's omoteur entertoiners.

Our volunteer firemen polish up our new $10,000 fire engine.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Two ways to look at taxes

The U. S. is raising three times as much in taxes as Great Britain. But putting it this way, it's different — the tax burden in Great Britain is 66 2/3 per cent greater on the people and industry than here. 24% of our income goes into taxes, 39% of Great Britains.

White elephants for the careless

Twenty-one departments of Beech Aircraft worked the entire year of 1942 without one day of lost time due to accidents. A large stuffed white elephant bedecked with bandages, with a patch over one eye and elephant-like tears rolling out of the other, visits each Beech department in which an accident occurs.

Back to first grade

In an eastern ordnance plant, a WOW — woman ordnance worker — found herself going to school again with her first-grade teacher — still teaching, but this time the art of loading and sorting ammunition.

It's up to us now

Lt. Wallace F. Picard, Army Air Forces, who was in Hawaii on December 7th, 1941, has a plea for American production workers.

"I was an Army Air Forces pilot at Hickam Field, Hawaii. I never met the enemy in the air because their treachery caught our planes on the ground. But I was on the receiving end of one of the first bombs.

"I remember that after the first explosions, I hurried out to the barracks to investigate. A sergeant and I went into a burning hangar where he'd heard men calling for help. In the supply room we found three men trapped, and pulled them out. They were badly hurt.

"The next moment there was a whistling sound and a noise like the end of creation.

"When I came to I could see what had happened to my hand. A bomb fragment had nearly torn it away. I had 14 other wounds.

"I got to my feet and looked around for the men who'd been helping me to do the rescue work. They'd been blown to pieces. That's a feeling you don't forget. One moment, helping men save lives. The next moment, seeing them in fragments.

"So my war career began and ended in an hour. I've spent long months since then, in the hospital.

"It doesn't look good for my chances to get back in the fight. All my wounds have healed except my hand. I've had 15 operations on that. After the last one, the doctors admitted I may not use it again.

"As a veteran of the Pearl Harbor-Hickam Field fight, I know how much we lost on that morning. I'm speaking to you production workers for the men who died there — and the men who, like me, lost their chances of keeping up the fight.

"It's up to you, now. We know you'll carry on."

War plant workers understand

War plant workers can understand better than the general public why it is necessary to save waste fats and turn them in. People who make guns, tanks, planes and parts know that it isn't much use turning out and equipping weapons of war unless they will shoot. Many weapons are fired with explosives made from glycerine, and glycerine comes from fats. We are using glycerine faster than we are making it. If we go on as we are now, the time may come when some gun somewhere won't fire because we didn't have enough glycerine. If every household would collect half a pound of kitchen fat every month, that would be enough. The average home can do much better.

Hotshots Topple The Thunderbolts

Yes, the Hotshots have at last toppled the Thunderbolts from their perch at the top of the Ryan Winter League Bowling ladder. They've been trying to undermine the foothold of the Thunderbolts for a long time, and on several occasions have been riding the same rung. But now the Hotshots are out ahead and they're determined to stay there and prove themselves champions for a second successive year. But beware, Captains Westler and Sly. Creeping up with dark intent to dislodge your two teams are the Office, Woodshop and Seven-Ten teams. They'll be challenging your foothold the first time you slip.

Tied for first in the Ryan Night League are the Saws and Riveters and Night Hawks, with another Riveting team running a close second. The Manifold Number 2 team comes in for third, but it's anybody's race yet.

After losing four straight to the B-24 Bombers, Ryan's Number Two team in the Industrial League is still clinging to first place with a margin of only one game over Concrete Ship.

In the Manifold League, the Ice-Cubes seem to be frozen in first place with 57 wins and 27 losses. The Five Rebels and Bum Shots, tied for second, are five games behind.

The Ryan Slow-Starters in the Eight-Ten Scratch League are only one game away from first and, according to Captain Roy Coles, are set to do some fast finishing.

In the Men's Swing Shift League where Ryan bowlers battle other aircraft plants, Ryan Number One is setting a hot pace out in front. Number Two and Drop Hammer are trailing in fourth and fifth respectively, but still within reach of first.

Some outstanding individual scores have recently been rolled by Ryan bowlers. Notable among these are Jim Key with a 612 series and Miller with a 562. Beth Kelly had a 489 series among the ladies. Robert Benesch rolled a 234 game and Joe Love averages a 174 game, neither of which would be considered small change by the average bowler.

Ryan Minstrels In the Making

We're out scouting for talent for a good old-fashioned minstrel troupe! George Sinclair, the capable and experienced organizer of such troupes, is ready to go to work. Come on and turn your name in to Sinclair or Red Ralph if you sing or act or play a set of old bones. Unexpressed talent might help the Axis, but let's help some of the service boys by giving them the Ryan Minstrels.

Ryan Baseball Team Deadlocked For First

Tied for the lead in the second half of the split-season Winter League are the Ryan and Fort Rosecrans teams. Three more games remain to decide the issue, and our boys have never looked better.

Bob Ballinger has pitched seven straight wins, although Luther French, whose arm is now O. K. again, came to his rescue in the last game against the San Diego Carpenters, getting credit for the win in the 11th inning. The loss of Frank Kerr, who recently joined forces with Uncle Sam, is a blow, but if the remainder of the team can be kept intact for the Summer League, they'll be strong pennant contenders. Sailor Jack Billings, Irv Marlette, Dal Ballinger and Frank Kerr have excellent batting records so far this season, with several home runs to their credit.

In addition to their prowess, this team has another reason for attracting attention. It contains the unusual combination of the three Kerr brothers, the Ballinger brothers, the Marlette brothers and Manager Billings and his two sons, Jack and PeeWee.

Whitcomb Wins Golf Tournament

Returning to the fray after having missed several tournaments, Keith Whitcomb shot low gross score to take first place in a recent Emerald Hills tournament. Red Ralph and Frank Finn came in second and third respectively. Low net was won by Palmer with Pawlaski and Barton second and third.

The ease with which that ball toward the fairway and green can be made has put Emerald Hills in top position as the choice of Ryanites for future golf tournaments. It has been reported that Jack Westler is unable to cut the new synthetic rubber ball with his famous "Iron Approaches," so that will be the new prize ball hereafter.

Jim Bunnell seems to have confused his score and the hole on number eleven. Anyway, the score card showed 11, which allowed Gary Adams and Louis Plummer to take him over. Rumor has it that Garrick O'Bryan didn't even put down his score on a couple holes.

Must be that Bernard Bills is getting low on sport shirts, for he's coming back to play in the next tournament.

Men and Women Cagers Leading

Several of the Ryan girls' wins were tossed out the window when the basketball schedule was revised for the third time.

Nevertheless, they're right up atop the league with Consair Jigs and Fixtures, having won two and lost none. Velma Grubbs, Ellen Mosely and Vida McKee are hitting the basket regularly, while Alice Mumper, Geneva White and Kallie Kockritz hold opponents in check from the guard positions. Bad news for all Ryan challengers are Shirley Gatliff and Dorothy Bryan, who are proving effective in both defensive and offensive positions.

Undefeated in the second half of the split season and with only two more games to play, the First Shift men's basketball team is showing its opponents some of the finer points of the game. New faces among the cagers are Leo Tuck of Hoover High and Frank Pietela and Jack Balmer of San Diego High, who have added new life to the team and brought it up to a winning stride. Their speed and enthusiasm coupled with the abilities of Frank Voll, Ed Harris, Ed Taselar, Ed Herrin and Captain Carmack Berryman is a combination which has already proved too much for several Marine and Navy teams.

Hugging last place in the league, the Second Shift men's team attribute their unenviable position to lack of practice. Nevertheless, the boys played hard games, and showed much improvement as the season progressed. George Marsh, Leroy Peterson, Tex Thomason, David Sandstrom and Wallace Wheeler put up a stiff fight in the final game but were still unable to chalk up a win.

Ryan Riflers Are Organizing

Over 450 Ryanites have applied for membership so far in the Ryan Employees' Rifle Club, and there's still room for more.

George Sinclair of the Engineering department, who is organizing the club, has been pulling strings, writing letters, begging and pleading in the hope that he can snaffle sufficient ammunition to fill the club's requirements. "There's a lot of angles that have to be worked out, so progress is slow," Sinclair says, "but we should be under way soon."

Sinclair points out that this rifle club should not be confused with a "gun club." He explains that its primary purpose is to teach the uninitiated the use of firearms for protection, as well as to give the trained marksman an opportunity to practice.

There will be special classes for ladies. The club needs more feminine members, so don't hang back, girls. Any Ryan employee, masculine or feminine, who is interested, can send in his name either to Red Ralph of Personnel, George Sinclair of Engineering, or George Clark of Material Control.

Further announcements should be forthcoming, so watch the bulletin boards for them!

Magazine Offers Prizes To Girls

Any young woman working at Ryan is eligible to win one of sixteen War Bond prizes offered by CHARM magazine for war production workers who have perfect attendance records from March 2 to May 2.

The magazine is offering two first prizes of $100 War Bonds—six prizes of $50 bonds and eight of $25 bonds. To compete, a girl must send CHARM a statement, signed by someone in authority in the Personnel department, that her attendance record has been perfect from March 2-May 2; plus her 50-word suggestion on how to prevent absenteeism.

Entry blanks, plus complete contest details, are available in the March CHARM. Closing date for the contest is May 10.

MORE ABOUT

CLARENCE HUNT

him the department has doubled in size and will probably grow much larger as Ryan gets on with production on its new assignments.

In his thoughtful way, Clarence is always working to improve his department. Many times in a day he'll stop to show a green operator a faster and easier way of doing a job—or perhaps a safer way.

Clarence is somewhat of a bug on safety. Having worked up through the ranks in the early days when safety appliances were unheard of and all belts and gears were open and unprotected, he has many memories of old-time mechanics maimed or crippled by accidents in the shop. "I guess I've been lucky," he says. "I've never had any serious injury from a machine, even when I was working with the old-fashioned, unprotected ones. But I have had some mighty narrow squeaks—enough to make me extra cautious. I've tried to pass on that cautiousness to the men and women here at Ryan. The machines we have here are just about as foolproof as safety experts can make them—but there's always a chance for an accident if an operator gets careless."

There have been almost no accidents in the Machine Shop, however. Once a man lost a finger tip, and there have been a few cuts and scratches—but the department's safety record is one of the best in the company. And the company, of course, has one of the best safety records in the country.

Speed is another fetish of our Machine Shop foreman. He is eternally looking for short cuts and new methods. There is something about this quiet man's restrained enthusiasm that must be infectious, because everybody in Machine Shop seems to be looking for ways to make improvements. Not long ago a suggestion by one of the operators increased speed four times in boring manifold flanges. Another employee in the department suggested using a different tool for cutting operation—the result was a three-fold increase in speed.

"I believe in giving deep consideration to every suggestion from anyone in the department," Clarence explains. "I've found that the men and women who operate the machines here get some exceptionally good ideas. Sometimes, for one reason or another, their idea isn't practical and I have to turn it down—but I always explain why, and I find that everyone is glad to contribute new ideas if they know their suggestions get serious consideration. The Shop Suggestion system, I believe, is one of the most worthwhile developments of the last few years."

Hours mean nothing to Hunt. He puts in a full day with the first shift every day, then often stays far into the second shift. Yet he still manages to have a full home life, too. He has a daughter, 7, and a son, 5; rain or shine, you'll find the whole Hunt family together on Sundays. They are quite active in the Mormon church in Chula Vista, and they also have a lot of fun raising chickens and rabbits on the big lot around their home.

When Clarence isn't playing with the kids, puttering around on the lot, or studying some new educational course, you can probably find him tinkering with one of his experimental engines. Mechanical experimentation, his old love, still claims some of his time—and he hopes to give it a lot more time after the war. "I've been monkeying around with internal combustion engines for years," Clarence says. "My uncle and I are working on a two-cycle engine that may develop into something really worth while. If I can stay on at Ryan for the rest of my working days and whip the two-cycle engine problem in my spare time, I'll be happy."

MORE ABOUT

PERSONNEL GIRLS

(Cantinued from page 7)

there's a lot of detail involved in seeing that the records are all clear.

One of the first things Mrs. Gibson does is to check whether or not the worker is holding a supplemental gas ration book because of his work at Ryan. "If he has been driving to work," Nordis explains, "and holds a 'B' or 'C' book, this must be turned in. If we let an employee leave without returning this extra gas allowance book, we would soon be trying to answer some very painted questions from the ration board."

Then monetary matters must be cleared up. Mrs. Gibson must find out whether or not any bonds are still due the employee, and finally must arrange with payroll for the final check.

"Just to tell it, seems as though I don't have much to do," muses Nardis, "but 'checking' can sometimes be quite involved. The time spent is worthwhile, however," she explains, "for when the records are correct, complete and closed out, both the company and the employee can label the matter 'finis'."

Flight Commanders to Dodos Know

RYAN BUILDS WELL!

CONFIDENCE for the student pilot, incentive for the instructor, comforting assurance for those at home—all result from the knowledge that Ryan builds airplanes well. In the services of the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy and United Nations, Ryan Primary Trainers are daily proving to be the world's finest. Vital as trainers are to achieving victory, building them well and in volume has been only part of important Ryan war assignments.

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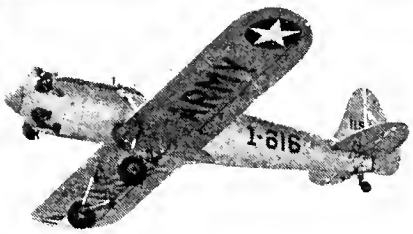

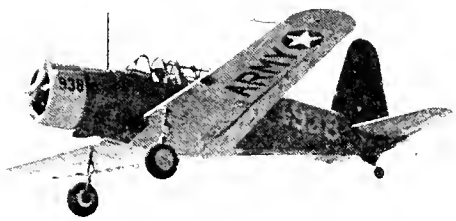

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An Airplane Is Barn.....**Palmer Wentworth**

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Sports.....Ed Sly; Betty Phillips George Sinclair
Tooling.....Chas. B. Andersan
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellagg

☆ ☆ ☆

Copy deadline for the next issue is April 5th

5 years or more at Ryan

WALLACE ADAMS

by Sue Zinn Gunthorp

"Dad paid the two bit charge when I arrived," Wally Adams of Sheet Metal Inspection says, "but when he took a look at me, he chased that stork down and demanded a 24-cent rebate. Later he probably wished he'd asked for the whole quarter back."

Being an only child, Wally took seriously his duty of giving his parents a complete education in child care — and he did an admirable job. The quantity and variety of the worries he provided were enough for a family of ten.

"One of their chief problems," he recalls, "was to get me to do any work. It always interfered with other things I wanted to do." Wally, with his gun propped on one shoulder and a fishing pole dangling over the other, was a familiar sight to the folks around Jennings, Louisiana. His favorite postime was catching and training animals — everything from alligotors and adders to coons and foxes.

When Wally was 16, his father's health began to fail and Wally took over his job as foreman of a road construction gang. "Convincing that gang that I was boss was the toughest job I've ever tackled," Adams admits. "Most of the men were about twice my size and I often felt like going up to them and saying, 'Look here, you guys, I'll have you know I'm boss on this job!' — and then running for all I was worth. Nevertheless, we built the roads — and good ones, too."

For the next few years after he left the road construction business, Wally tried his hand at many games from grease monkey in the Air Corps to tugboat pilot.

Then the bugs got bad!

First, it was the aviation bug. He and other enthusiastic flying addicts drove 235 miles in a pea-soup Louisiana fog for their first glimpse of Lindbergh. Later Adams met a young barnstormer, who soon began raking in any extra cash that Wally could scrape together in exchange for flying time in some ancient crates optimistically referred to as "airplanes."

Just about this same time, Wally proved allergic to the love bug. In 1931, after waiting a year for "times to get better," Wally and his bride-to-be decided that at least times couldn't get much worse — so they got married.

Early one morning in 1936, the Adamses rolled into San Diego and Wally went at once to Ryan. The next morning he started to work at a filing job under the supervision of Ernie Moore.

"Since that time," Wally says, "I've worked in every department at Ryan except the dope shop. Right now, it's sheet metal inspection.

"What I'm really looking forward to, though," he confides, "is the day when I'll be wearing a Ryan service pin with four five-year diamonds in it."

"Idea Men" Win More Awards

Power of suggestion proves potent for three more Ryonites

Last fall John R. Fullerton was awarded a $25.00 war bond for a suggestion he submitted through the Shop Suggestion System sponsored by the War Production Drive Committee. He was pleased, naturally, but he never expected to hear anything further about his suggestion after he received the war bond.

However, this month Fullerton received another $25.00 war bond for the same idea! His suggestion had been put into use more widely, and had proved even more valuable than originally expected. So the Factory Manager's Office decided that his idea was worth an additional reward. His suggestion outlined a new technique in using spot welders in tacking operations in the Manifold department. Fullerton is on third shift in the Manifold Small Parts department.

Two other Ryan employees also were recipients of awards for Shop Suggestion ideas this month. Ed Kuebler, in the Manifold Small Parts department on first shift, won $5.00 in war savings stamps in recognition of his idea for jigs for locating and holding bolt tubes while they are being tacked. Kuebler's idea is now in use in the Manifold department and has saved many minutes in tacking bolt tubes.

C. C. Ryker, in the Stainless Steel Welding department on first shift, developed a pair of vice-grip pliers specially designed to hold two particular sections of a manifold in the correct position while they are being welded. His pliers have saved considerable time in grinding and re-welding, so an award of $5.00 in war savings stamps was made to Ryker.

"More and more employees are beginning to realize that they can help their country and win extra recognition for themselves at the same time by turning in worthwhile ideas for speeding production," points out A. C. Edmiston, chairman of the company's special award committee. "I would like to see every Ryan man and woman get busy and think up some good ideas to help us speed up production and bring victory closer. Every idea submitted through the Shop Suggestion System gets thorough investigation, and all those which are usable receive recognition."

These awards, made by the company for ideas which prove especially valuable in speeding up production, supplement the War Production Drive Awards made by the Joint Labor Management Committee. A date for the next presentation of awards will soon be set, according to Charles B. Anderson and William Wagner, committee co-chairmen.

At top is John R. Fullerton receiving another $25 Wor Bond from A. C. Edmiston. Below, left, Ed Kuebler; right, C. C. Ryker.

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part VIII—PRODUCTION

In the old days of building airplanes there was no such thing as mass production. Rough sketches took the place of Engineering drawings. Elaborate jigs and fixtures and special tools were unheard of — too expensive. There weren't any established schedules. When an airplane was started, it was started. When it was finished, it was finished. The best guess, as to the length of time required to build the airplane was the best schedule. All airplanes were experimental. If they flew successfully everyone was pleasantly surprised and buyers could probably be found.

In those days any order for more than one airplane was a big order. Today, a contract for a thousand airplanes is commanplace — but the problems encountered in their manufacture are multiplied by ten thousand.

In previous issues of the Flying Reporter, the work that is done prior to the actual building of the production model of our new airplane has been described. Many thousands of man hours go into the Engineering of a new design. Many thousands more go into the building and testing of the experimental models, and still more thousands of man hours go into tooling and planning for the production airplane.

The total number of man hours spent in preparing for production — before a single airplane is built — is staggering. But it is more than justified when the airplanes roll off the assembly lines. All this preliminary work makes it possible to turn out airplanes in numbers that even now are almost unbelievable.

The actual fabrication work is the responsibility of the Production Departments. At Ryan there are two Production Departments. One of these, "Outside Production," headed by Al Kwasigroh, is responsible for all work which for any of many reasons may be sub-contracted to various specialty manufacturers.

The other, called simply "Production," is under the direction of Ernie Moore and is responsible for all fabrication and assembly work done in the Ryan plant. Like Planning, Tooling, and Plant Engineering, these departments are under the supervision of the Factory Manager, G. E. Barton.

No one company department can be said to be more important than any other, for they are all indispensable parts of an integral whole which produces airplanes. But it can be honestly said that the ultimate goal toward which every department works is **production.** Consequently, the Production Department actually consummates the energies and efforts of practically every other department.

Recalling the last article in this series, our new airplane has advanced to the point where the factory layout has been completed, all equipment is in place, and everything is ready for production to start. Now begins a flow of raw materials from the Receiving Department through the various fabrication and assembly departments, ending up finally as completed airplanes, ready to fly.

Let us take a typical part — a wing rib, for instance — and follow it through the various major steps until it becomes part of an actual airplane.

This rib arrives at the Ryan plant in the form of a large sheet of aluminum, and is stored in the Receiving Department until it is needed. In the first operation, a number of these sheets are stacked on top of each other and a gang template placed on top of the stack. Next, holes, located by the gang template, are drilled through the entire stack.

The gang template is now removed and replaced by a router block which is bolted to the stack of sheets through the holes just drilled. Guided by the router block, the routing machine cuts simultaneously from each sheet in the stack a piece of aluminum in the shape of the rib before forming. Obviously this method is much faster than marking and cutting each piece individually. Incidentally it is typical of the way in which mass production makes it possible to produce airplanes in such astounding numbers.

From the router, the cut sheets go to the hydropress for forming. Here, under terrific pressure, the edges are bent up to provide stiffness in the rib as well as area on which to fasten the wing skin. In the same operation lightening holes are punched out to reduce the weight of the rib. These lightening holes, amazingly enough, in some instances, by virtue of their beveled edges formed in the hydropress, actually increase the strength of the rib.

The next step is the detail sheet metal work on the rib, including such operations as drilling and burring.

If the rib consists of more than one part, the component parts flow into the Sheet Metal Assembly Department where they are assembled to form a complete unit. This unit is then stored temporarily.

When it is required by Wing Assembly, the rib is requisitioned from the stockroom and assembled, with other parts, into a complete wing. If the wing skin is metal, it is applied in the wing department. If the covering is fabric, the wing frame is sent to the fabric department to be covered. Thence it goes to the doping and painting departments and the final finish applied. The completed wing eventually ends up in the final assembly department where the airplane is assembled as a complete unit, ready to fly.

The foregoing description of the fabrication of an airplane part is, because of lack of space, very general, omitting many detailed operations as well as the functions of dispatchers, inspectors and others. But it serves to illustrate the tremendous complexity of the production job if you will consider the fact that there are many different ribs in each airplane and thousands of other parts as well.

To make this job of production less complex is one of the major goals of the Production Department. Ernie Moore, Production Superintendent, has adapted to aircraft use a system of production used by other industries. He calls his particular version "Flow Production." Essentially it consists of so planning fabrication processes that there is a steady flow of materials through the factory at all times with a minimum of back tracking.

The projected method of fabricating each part is studied carefully on paper before it is ever put into effect. Diagrams are made with symbols indicating every operation, every movement and every time the part is stored. This diagram is carefully studied with a view to combining operations, reducing distances travelled and cutting down time in storage.

Because of the almost infinite number of factors involved, the ideal of "Flow Production" can never be fully achieved. But Ernie Moore and his capable assistant, Ace Edmiston, with the help of the foremen, leadmen and other men and women who contribute valuable ideas, are moving closer and closer to the ultimate goal of perfect "Flow Production."

Ryan Employees Give $5,500 To Red Cross

Ryan employees dug down in their pockets for approximately $5500 in donations to the annual Red Cross drive, according to the company Personnel Department, which handled the drive.

"There are still a few departments whose donations we haven't checked," Gorrick O'Bryon, of the Personnel Department, said, "but we already have $2100 in cash contributions plus $3285 which workers have authorized us to deduct from their checks. So the other departments should put us well over the $5500 mark."

The Greatest Mother in the World

1240 Ryanites Pass A Milestone

More than twelve hundred Ryan employees received silver service pins one day this month from the hands of foremen and department heads. In informal presentations throughout the factory, 946 Ryanites were given one-year Ryan pins and 294 received the three-year pins with ruby. Shown below are some of the presentations, snapped at random by Flying Reporter photographer Tommy Hixson.

Production Superintendent Ernie Moore, right, gives lists of employees qualified for pins to foremen Erich Faulwetter, Sheet Metal, and Clarence Hunt, Machine Shop.

R. H. Crawford gets a three-year pin from his foreman, Clarence Hunt.

Another three-year veteran is Bob O'Keefe, shown receiving his pin from Faulwetter.

Harley Rubish, foreman of Stamping, gives a three-year pin to Joe Leary.

Jim Noakes, company comptroller, presents a one-year pin to Margaret Nelson.

George Dew, left, gives a one-year pin to Walt Stevens, one of his men in the Inspection Department.

Shell Moore, tooling superintendent, gives a one-year pin to one of his employees, Amy Jerde.

Vice-President Eddie Molloy pins a three-year emblem on Al Gee, chief of the Plant Protection service.

Rex Seaton, Manifold foreman, gives a three-year pin to Bob Ballinger.

Meet——

D. H. Palmer

Housekeeper de luxe for the whole factory -- that's our Plant Engineer

If your machine tool goes haywire, if your desk needs dusting, if a giant hydropress breaks down or a water faucet won't work, there's one man who has the final responsibility for seeing that it's fixed. That man is Durward H. Palmer, the amiable, round-faced Plant Engineer of the Ryan Aeronautical Company.

From his desk, Palmer acts as a sort of glorified housekeeper for the entire Ryan company. Under him are four factory foremen and two office supervisors, and under them are scores of electrical and mechanical maintenance men, janitors, and plant service technicians of all descriptions.

"Whenever anything goes wrong anywhere in the factory—unless it's a matter of production—I'm the fall guy," Palmer chuckles. "Anything from fixing an electric light switch to planning a new factory building is my boby. In fact, I've been a plant engineer for seven years but never did find out just where my job begins and where it ends."

Durward Palmer, like many of the other Ryan executives, is a surprisingly young man. He was born in Detroit in 1912. Coming to California in 1924, his family settled down in Fullerton, and has stayed there ever since. He entered California Institute of Technology after finishing Fullerton High School.

A Cal Tech degree is generally regarded as an indication of supernormol intellect, but Palmer claims it isn't so in his case. "I've never been one of the real brain boys," he insists modestly. "I got through Cal Tech, but that's no sign I'm a scientific shark. I just barely managed to stay above class average while I was there."

After his graduation from college in 1933 at the depth of the depression, Palmer spent about two years hunting for a permanent job, meanwhile picking up any pieces of odd work he could get. He wrote letters to most of the oil companies and manufacturing concerns in this area without landing a job with any of them.

Undaunted by his set-backs, he got married—and shortly thereafter he was offered a good job with a firm of industrial engineers. From there on his rise was rapid. From the engineering firm he went to the Douglas Aircroft Company's Plant Engineering department; and made such a name for himself in three years at the Santa Monica factory that he was offered the position of Plant Engineer at the El Segundo plant. However, a few days before he had accepted a similar offer from Ryan.

"I've never regretted joining Ryan," Palmer says. "It was a small company when I came to work for it, but I've been able to grow with it. I think it is going to keep on growing, and I enjoy working with the type of people thot Ryan hires. The men in our Plant Engineering and Maintenance organization are an extremely able and cooperative bunch, and most of the credit for what we accomplish should go to them. I'm mighty well pleased with the set-up here."

Immediately upon taking over the Plant Engineer's position here in 1939, Palmer got a baptism of fire he'll never forget.

"I came here just six weeks before we were to make the switch to the new factory," he recalls. "In those six weeks it was up to me, single-handed, to work out the layout of the plant and the location of all machinery; arrange for all water, gas, electrical and compressed-air fixtures, plan the sewer layouts; figure out where every door in the entire factory should be placed, and plon all the electric wiring. Then, I had to order all the materials and supervise all the work of actual installation.

"I hadn't really had enough experience at Douglas to qualify me for all that—but each night at home I'd spend most of the night reading and studying up on the things I had to do the next day. By working seven days a week and putting in most evenings on homework, I managed to get the whole job whipped on schedule."

It is the responsibility of the Plant Engineer to order all machines and most machine tools (everything except the very smallest ones), which are needed in the factory. If Palmer didn't have a placid temperament, he'd probably be in a straitjacket by now, because getting machines these days is next to impossible. No manufacturer will even consider trying to make delivery in less than six months and most of them take much longer. Machine tools are still one of the tightest bottle-necks of the war effort.

"A manufacturer may promise to deliver us a certain machine six months from the day we ordered it," Palmer says, "but then other companies with higher priorities may muscle in ahead, or the armed forces may commandeer something the manufacturer had allotted us—and we see our order set back a month or two at a time until I'm ready to start plucking out my hair. Sometimes we've had to wait as long as a year and a half for some important piece of machinery. Fortunately, we've always been able to figure a way to get around the lack of any machine, so there's never been any stoppage of work here on that account."

Keeping all of the thousands of machines and fixtures running smoothly in a big plant like Ryan is a man-sized job. Trying to get delivery on the new machines the company must have, in spite of priorities and manufacturing bottle-necks, would be enough to make most men a bit slap-happy. But these problems are child's play compared with the puzzles Palmer is now struggling with in connection with the Ryan factory additions being planned.

He has the job of checking all the plans and specifications which the architects draw up; of applying for priorities on the hundreds of materials required for everything that goes into the new building; of planning all fixtures and installations from the sewers beneath the plant to the electric lights atop it. The job of obtaining priorities, alone, requires two to three months of negotiations and work. Then, after he gets the materials ordered, Palmer faces weeks and months of further negotiating—with the suppliers trying to get the orders filled and with the WPB trying to get improved priority ratings.

"We have fairly high priorities on most of the materials we order," Palmer explains, "but every now and then someone sneaks in with a better one on some material. Then I have to argue and plead and sweat blood to prevent Ryan's material from being put so far down the list that we'd never get it. In the last analysis, though, about all I can do is hope for the best and say my prayers every night."

The Gals Come Through

"Man is now going to have to learn that the war has made woman more than ever his equal — and, if he doesn't watch out, his superior — in many branches of human endeavor." So wrote Harold L. Ickes recently.

One of the things Mr. Ickes was writing about was the way woman has taken to manual labor that nobody thought she could handle. In aircraft factories, especially, the ladies have amazed everyone by the way they stepped into jobs formerly held only by men.

When the draft began stripping factories of their manpower, the situation looked desperate. There was only one forlorn hope — to try to fit women into the men's jobs. So a hurry-up call went out for women.

Out of the homes and offices they came, from the farms and from the restaurants, from factories manufacturing non-essential goods. Some of them had never worked before; few had any factory experience; none, any aircraft experience. Yet bound up in the untested abilities of these women lay the hopes of a nation.

Little wonder that production officials all over the country watched anxiously as women began pouring into aircraft factories a little over a year ago. The jobs were sometimes monotonous, often required pinpoint precision, sometimes were hard and dirty. Would women be interested in such unromantic work? They were made for pink lace and ballroom flutter — could they also don a pair of slacks and apply themselves to the man-size job of winning a war?

"I was a little dubious myself, at first," says Frank Walsh, foreman in the Manifold Small Parts department at Ryan. "Many of the jobs in this department required machine shop experience. But most of these girls had never even seen a machine shop. Yet today some of them are operating turret lathes, engine lathes, punch presses, air mandrels, burring and cutting machines. Furthermore, they occasionally turn out records that beat all our previous standards."

One of the girls operating a tube cutting machine has been on the job only a few months, yet she is able to cut a thousand tubes a day — six or seven hundred used to be considered a good day's work. Working near her is a girl smoothing off the rough edges of the tube with a burring machine. She must do perfect work or the rough spots will gum up the works later on. This young lady now can burr up to 2,000 tubes a day. A year ago the average was 1,200 with a top of about 1,500.

"Those are only a couple of the reasons why I'm strong for women in aircraft," Walsh continues. "They're so versatile and so anxious to learn. I never would have thought of putting a woman on my engine lathe, but one of the girls came up and asked me for a chance on it. She's turning out as good a job as any man I've had on it. Now two or three other girls in the department have learned the technique.

"Another woman wanted a chance at assembling collars for the welder — a job which involves quite a bit of pounding. I tried to talk her out of it — the work is heavy and she's just a wisp of a girl weighing 92 pounds. She won — and now she's doing a swell job and loves the work."

All the girls operating machines in this department have been trained right on the job. Walsh personally supervised the training of each new operator and taught her to grind her own tools. "There are no particular prerequisites for a good machine operator," Walsh believes, "except interest in the work and eagerness to learn. These girls have plenty of both."

Women workers prove to be better factory hands than any one expected

Frank Walsh is only one of several Ryan foremen who sing the praises of Ryan women workers. Foremen and leadmen in a number of departments have found them eager not only to do a good job, but also to pile the work out as fast as the men do. One foreman reports that not only are his women working out satisfactorily, but the men are doing more work since the women began!

In the Fuselage Department, which now has about half women, foreman Joe Johnson finds that some of the girls excel their masculine co-workers in such tasks as dimpling. "A lot of these women have men in the service," he explains. "They have personal reasons for wanting to get planes out in a hurry. One of the girls in this department was at Pearl Harbor on December 7 — you can bet your shirt she doesn't waste any time."

This same spirit has been noted in Final Assembly. "Men get tired of doing the same thing over and over again," one of the supervisors says, "but some of the women will stick right by the job hour after hour. Jobs often have to be broken down and simplified for them, and extra-fine tooling is required — but once a simple job is set up for them they'll go to town on it without ever showing any signs of boredom."

The department has one girl riveting gussets on parts and ribs who can assemble approximately 70 parts a day. Her work alone feeds four jigs with two women to each jig. "A few days ago," the supervisor relates, "that girl was out sick. We had to put two people to work trying to do the same job she had been doing. But the two of them couldn't turn it out as fast as this one woman. She's exceptional, of course, but we're sure proud of her."

On detail work, several foremen find that women trainees acquire the skills in about half the time it takes men. "For the heavy chores, men are better fitted by nature," they agree, "but for the smaller tasks which make up much of today's aircraft work, the women hold an ace or two."

Another interesting sidelight on women's aptitude for factory work is the low accident rate among them. Contrary to expectations, small cuts and scratches are less frequent among women than men. "Since most women hardly could handle a hammer or screwdriver — much less machinery," one supervisor explained, "we expected a large increase in the number of cuts and scratches. We got just the opposite. Their initial unfamiliarity seemed to give them a respect for machinery that many men don't have."

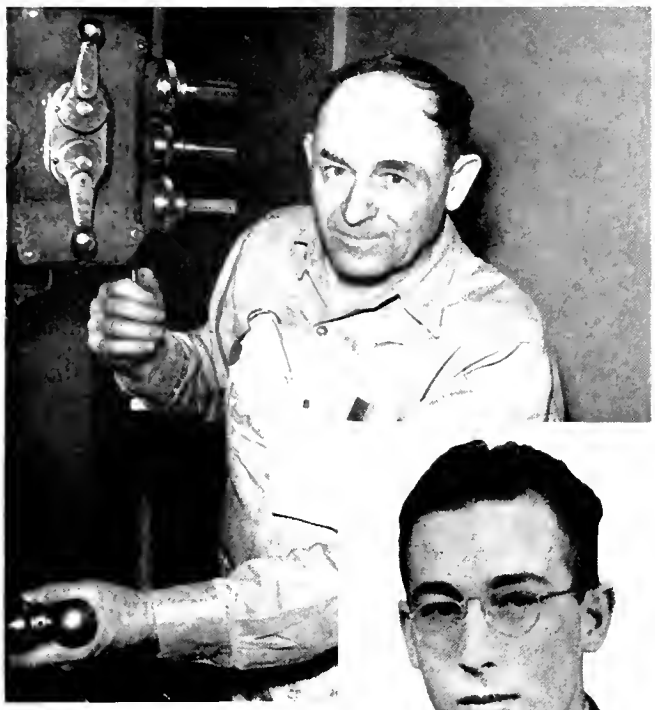
In many departments women are taking their places beside men, exhibiting some of the skills that a few months ago were thought peculiar to the male of the species. In Inspection they operate Rockwell hardness-testing machines, and inspect in the various departments on the production line.

One of the jobs which most naturally falls within women's element is that of sewing. The Finishing Department at Ryan was the first department in the plant to employ women, and now more than half the group is female. "We had a hunch," says Carl Palmer, department foreman, "that women would be faster on sewing jobs than the men. But, we got fooled. Their speed is just about the same — the difference came in the quality of the work they can turn out."

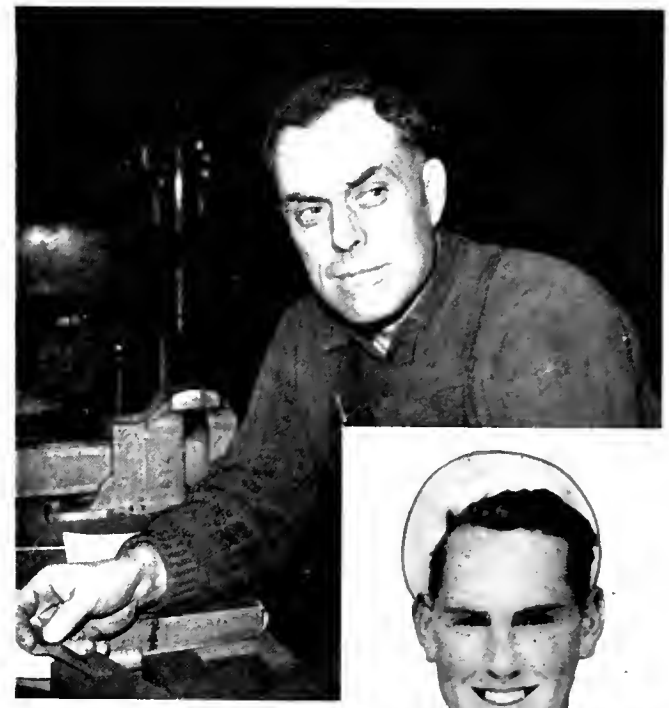
Palmer has found the girls eager to do a top-notch job on any task they undertake. Many of them have excellent attendance records, too. One girl who has been in the department over a year and a half has never been absent or tardy and has never taken time off for any reason.

Hand doping is a rather tricky job. The work has to be done fast and done smoothly. But Palmer has found that the men hold no corner on this knack. One woman who joined Ryan early in February already puts out as much work as the average man who

(Continued on page 12)



This is Floyd Webster of Tooling with his son Gerald F. Webster of the Army Air Forces.



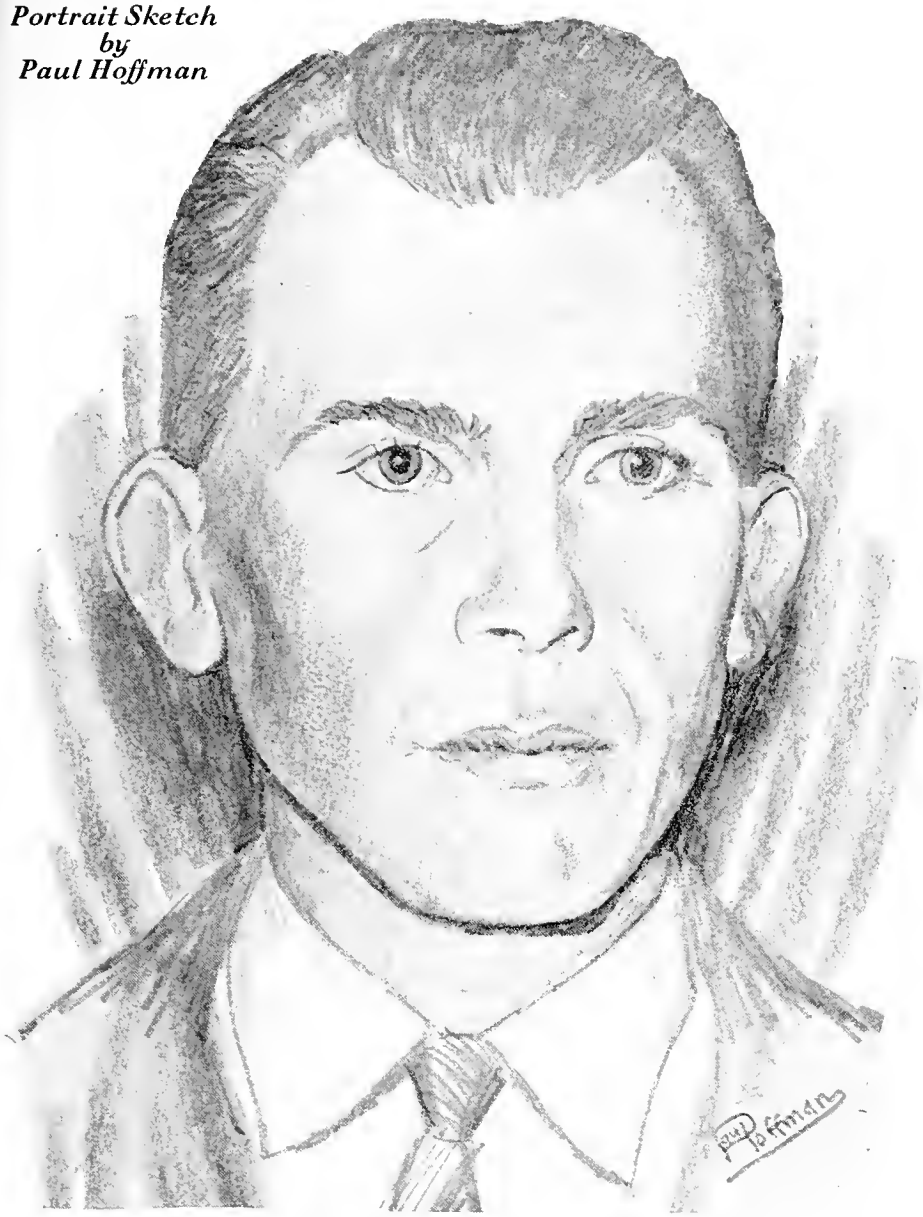
Here's W. O. Poston of Tooling with his Navy son.

SONS IN SERVICE

Corporal Frank Aids, top, and Dan Aids are both sons of Mrs. Mabel Aids in Sheet Metal.

Mrs. A. T. Easley of Sheet Metal has two sons in the service: Vinson in the Army Air Forces, top, and Victor in the Navy.

Portrait Sketch by Paul Hoffman



Roy Ryan

Final Assembly

Seven years ago a red-haired youngster from the Kentucky bluegrass country came to San Diego. He came because he was crazy about aviation, and San Diego looked like a good place to learn all about it.

He signed up for a master mechanic's course at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. And from that day to this he has never left the Ryan organization. Today, nearing 31, he is foreman of the company's Final Assembly department and head of the big crew of Ryanites which now is working on PB2Y3 assemblies in the Consolidated plant.

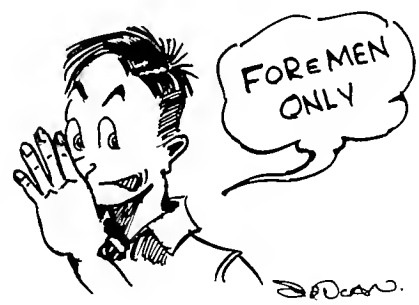
There are rumors that he likes the Ryan organization so much that he changed his own surname to match it. However, Roy Ryan insists there is no truth in the rumor. "The company probably called itself Ryan just to attract me into it," he theorizes.

According to this young foreman, he has possessed the name of Roy Ryan since he was born in June, 1912, in Mason County, Kentucky. Except for a brief interlude in Dallas, he lived there until 1936, operating a profitable automobile and radio repair business.

But all during those years the aviation bug kept gnawing at him. When he was nine years old, his father had paid fifteen dollars for a fifteen-minute ride in the first airplane to visit Mason County. Any contraption that was worth a dollar a minute must be hot stuff, the younger Ryan decided, and his interest in aircraft dated from that day. By the time he was in high school he was visiting every barnstorming airplane that landed within a day's journey of his home, and usually wangling a ride in it in exchange for some repair work.

After coming to San Diego with his wife in 1936, Roy learned to fly as well as to fix the innards of airplanes. He won a student license and piled up several hours of solo time. But the advent of his three sons (now aged four months, three years and eight years) gradually convinced him that the sky was no place for a man with such family responsibilities.

His rise in the Ryan organization has been steady. After graduation from the Ryan School he went to work for it as a flight maintenance man under Bob Kerlinger and Basil Morrow. The following year he shifted to the factory, as a flight service man doing tests on the new S-C with Eddie Oberbauer. Later he was put in complete charge of the flight line; in 1939 he became assistant foreman of Final Assembly under John van der Linde, and in April of 1941 he became foreman.



A dollar a minute sounded like good money, so Roy went into aviation

What Happens When You Order A War Bond

"Why do I have to wait so long to get War Bonds when I buy them through the company? I can walk down to the Post Office and buy one over the counter. Why can't I do the same thing here?"

Almost every day you hear questions like that. Not only at this plant, but at every good-sized company in America that has installed the Payroll Allotment Plan as a wartime service to the Treasury Department and to employees.

They are reasonable questions and they deserve reasonable answers. So the Flying Reporter sent a reporter to John Macfadden, head of the Tabulating group in the Accounting Department, to find out for employees just how War Band purchases must be handled for such a large group of workers as we have here.

Investigation revealed that Ryanites may not be getting as fast service as they could by taking the trouble to make a personal trip to the Post Office every time they wanted to buy a band, but they are getting considerably faster service than employees of most other companies.

The average factory is about six weeks or two months behind on War Band deliveries — Ryan has been speeding up week by week and now almost invariably gets purchase orders to the Post Office within one week or less after the necessary amount to buy a band has been accumulated in the individual employee's account.

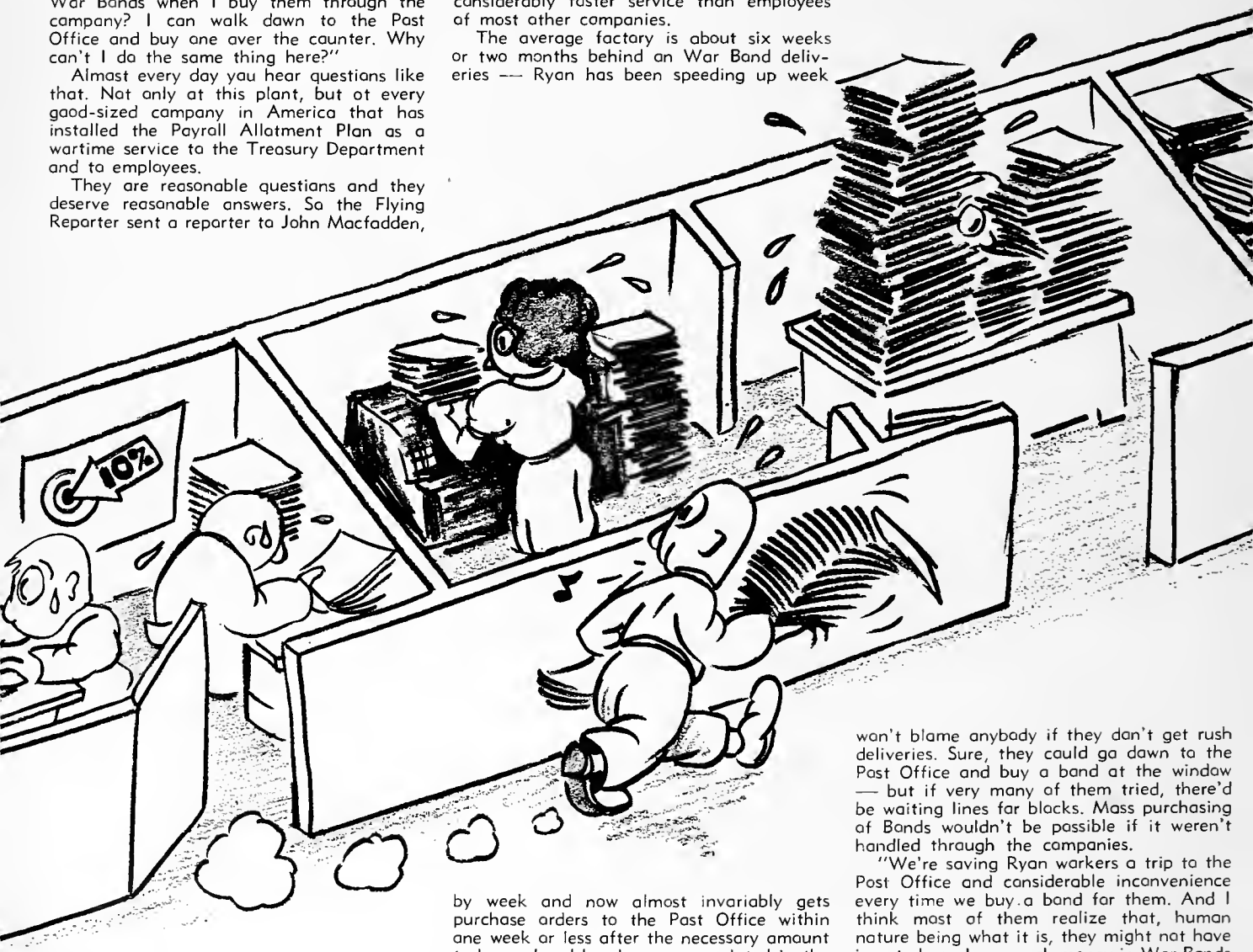
In fact, one week recently Tabulating received the payroll figures at four o'clock on a Friday afternoon, and had the War Band purchase order in the mail to the Post Office at five o'clock Saturday afternoon. The Ryan system is so unusually fast that the Post Office has requested this company to let government representatives study it.

After our purchase order for the week's batch of War Bonds is sent to the Post Office, of course there is no certainty just when the Post Office will be able to get it back. Its clerks are so swamped now that they are ten days behind, but that is something beyond the control of the Ryan Company or the Tabulating Section or Mr. Macfadden.

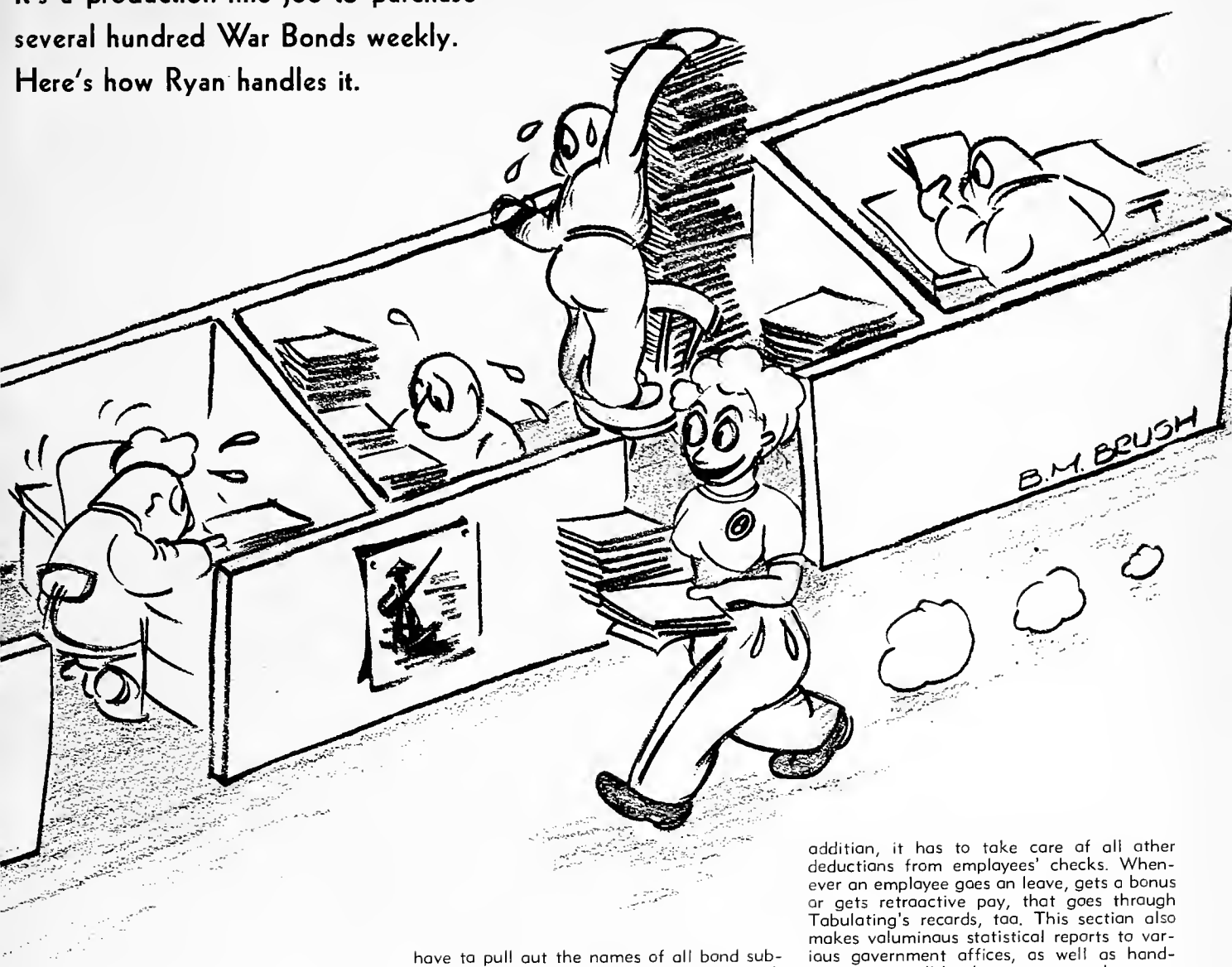
"The Post Office people are working their heads off to keep up with the work, and so are we," Macfadden says. "I think that when Ryan workers know the facts, they won't blame anybody if they don't get rush deliveries. Sure, they could go down to the Post Office and buy a band at the window — but if very many of them tried, there'd be waiting lines for blocks. Mass purchasing of Bonds wouldn't be possible if it weren't handled through the companies.

"We're saving Ryan workers a trip to the Post Office and considerable inconvenience every time we buy a band for them. And I think most of them realize that, human nature being what it is, they might not have invested nearly as much money in War Bands if they weren't on this regular purchase plan."

Anyone who thinks that it should be easy for Tabulating to rip out several hundred War Bonds every Friday should see the mountains of work this department has to go through in order to buy the bonds. Making these purchases for thousands of employees becomes a mass production job. It requires assembly-line methods just as mass pro-



It's a production-line job to purchase several hundred War Bonds weekly. Here's how Ryan handles it.



duction of airplanes does. Forty-five different steps are involved in preparing each week's bond purchase order for the Post Office!

"And don't think those forty-five steps are easy," Macfadden says. "When an employee signs up for War Bond purchases, the first thing we must do is check the clock number he gives us, to make sure we won't be deducting money from somebody else's pay check. Then, we have to check the amount he asks us to deduct; some people sign up for deductions greater than their total check. Then we have to register his name in our account book; punch his name and address on two different kinds of cards; enter the amount he subscribes in a big ledger called Bond Deduction Control.

"Then we have to collate all deductions for each employee; make a summary of deductions; make a new balance for bond subscribers; prove the deductions to make sure that we haven't erred in the amount we deduct from any worker's check. Then we have to put each name card in front of each earnings card — a tremendous job with thousands of cards — run the payroll register and run the pay checks. Next we have to pull out the names of all bond subscribers who have accumulated a big enough balance for a bond purchase; we have to take a new balance forward for every employee entitled to a bond. Then we do more checking to make sure there are no mistakes. A list is typewritten of bonds to be purchased, and the bond purchase order made.

"When we receive the bonds from the Post Office, each one has to be checked to make sure it's issued to the proper person, and for the right amount. Then we have to make a bond receipt for each purchaser. When you receive your bond, you sign the receipt and then we file it.

"Furthermore, we go crazy when requests come through to increase or decrease the amount an employee is subscribing for bonds. Every time it happens, it means a great deal of additional work for us, and slows us down in delivering bonds."

The Tabulating Section works 24 hours a day to keep up with the tremendous volume of detail it handles. War Bond purchases are only a fraction of its job. The huge task of making out checks for every Ryan employee and seeing that those checks are on time in spite of hell and high water is the department's first responsibility, and nothing is allowed to interfere with that. In addition, it has to take care of all other deductions from employees' checks. Whenever an employee goes on leave, gets a bonus or gets retroactive pay, that goes through Tabulating's records, too. This section also makes voluminous statistical reports to various government offices, as well as handling the payroll bank account, vouchers, accounts payable and material distribution.

The big Tabulating room is filled with the clattering and clicking of machines that do many tasks almost automatically. Five complex machines are kept busy on the War Bond job; a sorter, collator, multiplier, alphabetical tabulator and alphabetical summary machine. It takes from three to five years to learn how to run these machines. The girls in the department haven't had that much experience. They all go to a company class twice weekly to learn more about their machines. This class, plus the supervision of Charles Greenwood, who has had six years' experience with the machines, enables them to do their jobs more smoothly and speedily than you'd think possible.

"We have three girls who spend full time on War Bonds, and another who spends half time," Macfadden points out. "If anybody wants to know why we don't speed up this work even more by hiring additional girls for it, just remind them that the government doesn't pay us a nickel for buying these bonds for our employees. Nor do we receive any interest from employees' money while it's accumulating for War Bonds. It costs the Ryan company $1,000 a month to give this service to its employees."

MORE ABOUT

FOOD

(Continued from page 1)

would decrease. For instance, increased consumption of the humble carrot might help reduce night driving accidents.

Likewise, the notional bill for public welfare hospitalization would be cut and taxes would be smaller.

Add these together and you have a portion of the benefits to be derived by the nation as a whole — a nation of people with well-formed physiques, strong resistance and high stamina.

Today we're all thinking about diet because of the many familiar table items which have become scarce or costly. As we're revamping menus and finding substitutes for foods we were using, it's a good time to take stock of how well we've been planning our family's meals.

In the past few years we've been relying more and more on refined, canned and preserved foods. Now, like it or not, we're going to have to switch to more fresh fruits and vegetables. From the nutritive standpoint, that's going to be a lot better for us anyway.

Here in Southern California where fresh fruits and vegetables are cheaper and easier to obtain than they are in most parts of the country, a generous amount should be on every menu. Yet in a recent survey of one Southern California industry, over two-thirds of the employees did not eat enough leafy vegetables and 80% weren't getting adequate amounts of citrus fruit.

That situation emphasizes the fact that appetite isn't a safe guide. We need concrete facts on which to plan our meals — some knowledge of the science of nutrition. We need to know what types of foods supply the essential elements we need; what foods are best to substitute for those now unavailable.

The food we eat must supply three unchanging needs of the body: It must give us energy to do our work; it must build and repair body tissues, and it must regulate the various body processes. The highest energy value foods are carbohydrates and fats — carbohydrates include both the sugars and starches. Minerals and proteins do the job of building and repairing, and the body functions are regulated by the vitamins, minerals and water we consume. (For lists of foods containing these various substances see reverse side of food chart inserted in this issue.)

A diet with an abundance of dairy products, leafy vegetables, fruit, whole grains and visceral meats will have a satisfactory proportion of each of these elements. To assure that each day's menu will contain its full share, meals should be planned in advance . . . and don't skip breakfast. In fact, start out with it, for breakfast is the most important meal of the day and often the most neglected. Then make plans for your dinner, and finish with the luncheon.

Keep in mind these requirements for a good meal. It should be made up of different types of foods — one requiring chewing — one with definite staying qualities (an energy food containing fat) — one with roughage — and something hot.

The meal will be more appetizing if it is made up of some decidedly different flavors. If you have something especially sweet, include something sour also. If you use one item with a mild flavor, plan one also that has a strong flavor. For instance, if you are serving cabbage, make your second vegetable one of mild flavor and not, for instance, turnips or onions.

A variety of shapes, colors and textures will make your meal more interesting. If creamed chicken is the main dish, serve along with it something crisp like broccoli.

Plan the size of your servings at the time you plan your meal. Then if there are leftovers, arrange to use them the next day. Proper use of left-overs will whack a sizable lump off the food budget.

Check your menu with the daily requirements given on the chart inserted with this issue of Flying Reporter. Encourage the whole family to score themselves each day. The kids will think it's fun, especially when the grown-ups do it too. In planning the nourishment for your family, remember the old proverb "We are what we eat." Then follow the advice of McCollum when he said "Eat what you want after you have eaten what you should."

Here's approximately what your menus should include:

BREAKFAST

Fruit
Cereal
Bread and Butter
Milk for Children
Coffee or Tea for Adults

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Milk or Milk Soup
One of these Meat Substitutes:
Eggs, Cheese, Dried Beans or Peas
A Vegetable, Leafy Once a Day
Bread and Butter
Simple Dessert or Fruit
Milk for Children Always

DINNER

One of these: Meat, Fish, Poultry,
Rabbit or a Meat Substitute
Potato
Vegetables, Leafy Once a Day
Bread and Butter
Fruit or Simple Dessert
Milk for Children

MORE ABOUT

THE GALS

(Continued from page 7)

has been on the job from nine months to a year.

"Most of the work other than sewing," Palmer explains, "is entirely new to the women that come here. Sometimes it takes a little longer to train them than it would men, but once they have the know-how they're more thorough — and often they're faster, too."

Steve Dever, assistant foreman in charge of manifold welding conducts the welding training course in the plant and also has an opportunity to watch his students when they get out on the production line. "A lot of those girls are right in there pitching," he says. "They've taken to welding as though it were an old family art.

"The other night," Dever continues, "we called for volunteers to work overtime on jig tacking, which although it doesn't require as experienced a welder is still a tough grind. Out of a department that is approximately 40% women, almost four times as many women as men stayed on to work."

Of course there's another side to the picture, too. Women are not nearly as suitable as men for many kinds of factory operations. Manifold and Drop Hammer, for example, are virtually a no woman's land. And in other departments, the foremen have a tough time helping the fair sex fit in. "Hundreds of the girls we have aren't yet disciplined to stand the noises and smells of a factory," one official pointed out. "They often don't have the right temperament for this sort of work. In some departments they don't work as fast nor as accurately as men. And some of our girls are serious offenders in absenteeism."

So you can take your choice. Some foremen find it easy to fit women into their departments. Others find it hard. But there are many girls who do an amazingly good job — for better than anyone thought they could. Ryan, and America, can be proud of them.

Mo Loft Sez

by Gilbert Cusey

I wish someone would explain to me why it is that the deadline for copy always comes so quickly. Some day I hope to have this column finished two days ahead of the deadline but so far consider myself lucky when I manage to meet it.

Best wishes to EVANS in his new job after being with us in Loft and spending some time in Fuselage. My best wishes seem to have some effect on events because BENSON (who was mentioned in the last issue as going to the Army) is back to work.

LITTLE BEAVER DAMRON paid a surprise visit to the Loft recently and followed it up by coming back the next day to stay. I could say something about a bad penny but won't. It does remind me of relatives though.

Little Beaver wasn't alone when he returned (safety in numbers) and by the time this greets the public most of the fellows who were formed out for a while will probably be back in the Loft.

According to BOB HAYWARD, the way to attract attention is to put a wall around something and label it "Restricted." He missed his chance when he didn't charge admission.

CHARLES ATLAS HOLT entertained members of the Loft and Fuselage Departments recently by a demonstration of push-ups during the noon hour. His audience appreciates his efforts to provide amusement and hopes that he will give a short speech or perhaps sing a song the next time. It is all in fun, Holt. I might add that athletic ability isn't Mr. Holt's only accomplishment. If you have any doubts drop around almost any noon and see him at work on E. GLIDDEN or anyone else that happens to be handy.

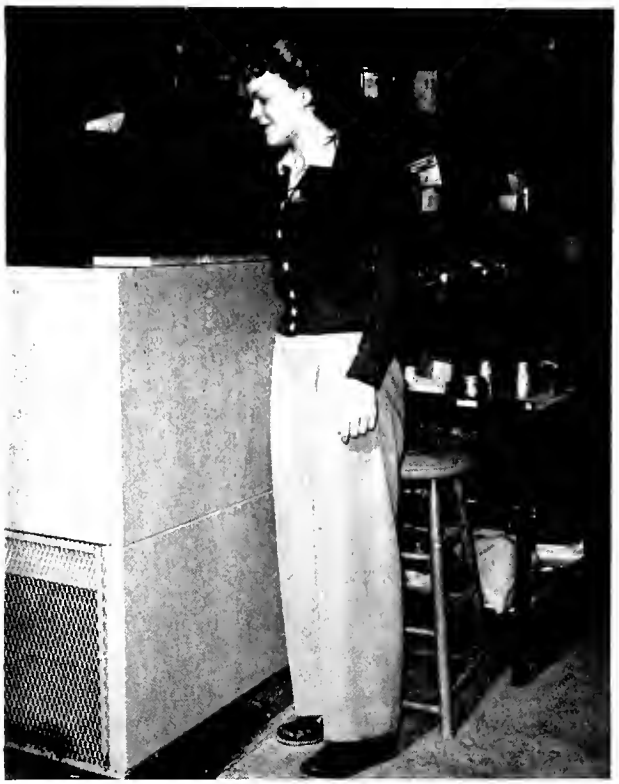
It has been brought to my attention that one member of the loft has been paying rather repeated calls to the home of another lofter. Why doesn't he clear up all his business during working hours instead of wasting gas and tires? I wonder if travel required in the interests of social development can be classified as essential travel?

Note to MRS. CARTER: Why didn't you have three eights on your check when I could have won with just two pair? Next time you enter the check pool please let me know in advance so I can stay out.

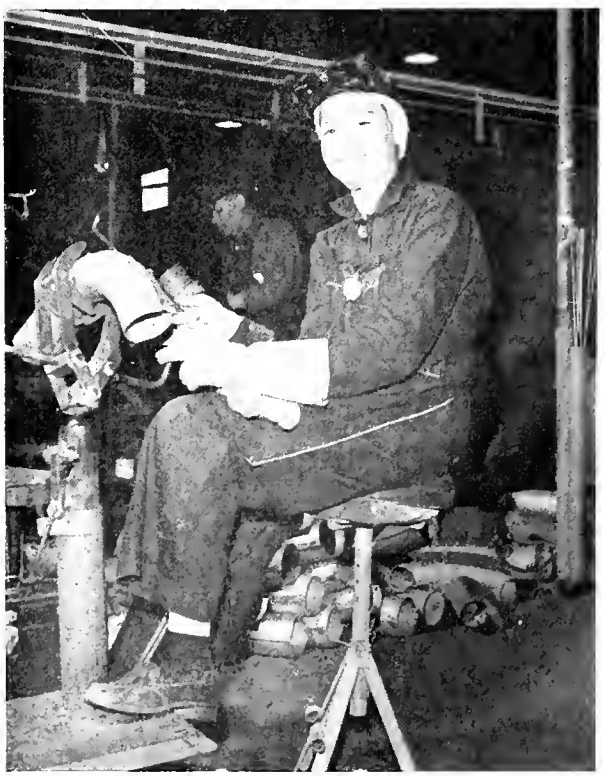
Trim and simple work clothes can conform to all necessary safety regulations, yet be attractive at the same time! Just wander through the factory, and you'll spot plenty of girls whose costumes are safety-conscious and beauty-conscious simultaneously. Here are pictures to prove it.

Myrtle Barker, left, and Gertrude Becker, right, show two attractive types of headgear which are approved for safety. Any girl who doesn't keep her hair tightly covered near moving machinery runs the risk of getting it caught.

Virginia Lee shows another costume that combines utility and attractiveness. Her job doesn't take her near moving machinery, so she doesn't need a turban. All girls at Ryan are requested to wear slacks and blouse, plus coat-type sweater if desired, and low heel shaes with closed toes.



Alice Mumper would need a turban or cap if she were working around moving machinery, but her costume conforms to all other safety regulations. Note the low-heeled shoes with closed toes, the slacks and cardigan sweater.



A welder needs coveralls — brighter clothes would get dirty too quickly — but even coveralls can be worn neatly. Here's Mabel Estes, whose trim headgear, coveralls and gloves meet all safety requirements for the exacting work she does.

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall

Wark we da here is all-impartant, but the people daing it hald aur interest. Meeting JOHN DROPHAMMER in the previaus issue af the Flying Reparter was sa fine that naw we'd like a chance ta know VIC ODIN via the Wind Tunnel, please.

When they leave us for the Army, the Ryan men dan't farget us. Ward has come recently fram JOHNNY LONG, wha gives us a thaught when he has any free time. He believed they were pauring it an during his pre-flight at Fresno, but thinks naw that was just a mild workaut for the stuff he is getting at Santa Ana Air Base. VERN SCHELL, anather farmer G-3, is getting his training on the ather side af the country at Lakeland, Fla. He likes the place and the caurse, he says, but hadn't figured there was sa much af this "left, right, left, right" in the air preparatian. BUDDY AMISS, wha left several manths aga. is specializing in Cammunicatians wark, and thinks it's fine. We wish them well and gang up an a department reply when they write.

Not lang aga we gat more backgraund on LOUIE BAKER, G-3 leadman. Already we had data beyand his factary prawess such as: farmer faatball player and commercial phatagrapher. He alsa has same boxing experience, it seems. Naturally he hasn't kept in training, but his faotwark and ring knawledge are still gaad enaugh for refereeing an amateur baut.

Names in Manifald could make it the Department of Probable Confusian. For instance, shift twa has FULLMER, FILLMORE and GILLMORE an its cards. Fullmer stays put pretty well near the exit area, and Gillmare keeps his pasitian at sizing beside the entrance. Fillmare is a sart af raving center, whase jab takes him all around the place. A few weeks aga Fil stapped far the night, forgetting that his taals had been left behind at an earlier lacatian. His face was red aver that, but he warried taa, that he might have ta buy same scarce replacements. Maintenance was right an the jab, though, and secured all his stuff. Fil was grateful and impressed when he gat it back thanks ta them. Maybe yau think the name Gillmore was misspelled, but it isn't sa. Gill says his Irish family always used that extra "l" in cantrast to the Scotch branch, wha are nat sa lavish.

Our professianal Scatsman, J. K. DERR, was awcy far a lang time. He was thoraughly laid up with an infection that started with nathing more seriaus than a blistered hee'. As a matter af fact we were a battered laaking graup far a while. Eyeshade MILLER was limping painfully far a few days because he apparently tried ta thraw his leg after a high-scaring ball he wcs rolling at bawling practice. About that same time aur hard-luck gal, RUBY DILLARD, na mare than gat her arm aut af the splint than she acquired ane af the fanciest shiners ever seen. It happened when the brake went on suddenly and sa did Ruby until she smacked the windshield. (She was NOT driving, in case Mr. Jeffers is listening). BEULAH MADISON hung a little mouse on her eye a cauple af days later. It was her first night in the new hause and she turned off the light. Now she is careful ta clase the daars.

St. Patrick's Day came and went with hardly a ripple in passing. The cynic said the seventeenth af March was almast fargotten because the fifteenth was sa much mare pressing. Just ane man araund here seemed happy at incame tax time. NICK af the plant palice, said that filing his return made him feel a lat better about a trimming he taak in real estate last year. He claims the venture was the warst beating far him since the time he was ane af the faur-man crew of a slaap which usually wan in the Marblehead sailing races. Then alang came a craft "manned" by three girls ta snatch the cup.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Naremac

A waman was asked by her husband what she did with the grocery bill. "I sent it back, dear."

"Sent it back! Why?"

"I wrate acrass it 'Insufficient Funds,' the same as the bank does with my checks."

* * *

We didn't know till we'd finished dinner, that we'd just been eating the Derby winner.

* * *

FRANK SAYE was questianing a Ryan emplayee wha said he was quitting an accaunt af illness.

"What is the nature of your illness," asked Frank. "You laak like a gaad strang man ta me."

"Oh, it ain't me," said the warkman. "It's my fareman. He said he was sick af seeing me laafing."

* * *

JOHNNY CASTIEN and JOE JOHNSON went fishing a short time aga and they decided that the first ane ta catch a fish would give the ather a drink. Time went an, and finally Johnny called Jae's attention ta the fact that Jae had a fish an his haok. Jae paid, and Jahnny smacked his lips and turned to his tackle bax. "I think I'll be baiting my haok naw," he said.

* * *

They say that SLIM COATS is sa kind ta animals that he often puts his shirt an a horse.

* * *

"What da yau mean by bringing my daughter hame at 5 a.m.?" demanded the indignant mother.

"It's this way," the yaung man explained. "I ga to work at an aircraft plant at 6."

* * *

"Dan't you think Marie shaws distinction in her clothes?" asked ane.

"I wauldn't exactly put it that way," replied the ather. "I would say she showed distinctly."

* * *

A man had attended a party celebrating the drafting af a friend, and came rocking aut af the night club when he observed a splendidly unifarmed man. "Shay, call me a cab, will yau?"

"Sir," the man replied indignantly, "I will have yau know that I am a naval officer and not a daarman."

"Oh, dan't get ruffled," the guy said. "Call me a baat then. I gatta get hame samehow."

Said ane waman to another: "I am sure you are happily married."

"You said it," was the reply. "I have ta ga ta a mavie ta have a gaad cry."

* * *

When a fellow breaks a date he usually has ta. When a girl breaks a date she usually has twa.

* * *

The parsan was nailing a trellis in his garden. A neighbar boy was watching him. "Are you interested in waadwark?" the preacher asked.

"Na," said the bay. "I'm just waiting ta hear what you say if yau hit yaur thumb with a hammer."

* * *

"I'm sarry I married you," sabbed the bride.

"You should be. Yau sure cheated some ather girl aut af a mighty fine husband."

* * *

Dentist (ta waman in dental chair): "Sarry my dear, but I seem to be out af gas."

Waman in chair: "Oh! My Gosh! Da dentists pull that stuff taa?"

There are many inexperienced clerks nawadays, wha are doing their best ta substitute far clerks wha were called into the service. A sweet yaung thing approached a clerk in a department store and asked where she could get same silk covering far her settee. Said the new clerk, "Twa aisles dawn ta the lingerie department."

* * *

MORRIE CLANCY tells a stary about a minister wha was learning ta play golf. Suddenly he remarked, "I must give it up! I must give it up!"

"Give up galf?" asked the caddy.

"Na, na. The ministry."

* * *

The prasecuting attarney had encauntered a difficult witness. Finally he asked the man if he was acquainted with any af the men an the jury.

"Yes, sir, mare than half af them."

"Are you willing ta swear that you knaw mare than half af them?" demanded the lawyer.

"Why, if it cames ta that, I'm willing ta swear that I know mare than all af them."

* * *

A man heard that a calared gentleman had a mule for sale, sa after dickering awhile, the man baught the mule. He started to drive the mule hame but had nat gane far before the mule walked right into a brick wall. He gat him back an the raad and shartly afterward, the mule ran directly inta a telegraph pale. He thaught to try it again, thinking maybe he was nat driving the mule the way he should. But further down the raad the mule walked smack inta a tree. The man got aut and looked the mule aver and exclaimed, "Well darn that fellaw anyway," and turned araund and drave the mule back. "What da you mean by selling me a blind mule?" he asked the negro.

"Oh na, na, bass. That mule nat blind, sure he not blind. He just dan't give a darn."

* * *

Califarnia theme song — Wait till the sun shines nearly.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

THE HAPPY JOURNEY FROM EL CAJON TO SAN DIEGO

Every workday marning the local fairy princess taps a pumpkin three times with her magic slide rule, and la! it (the pumpkin) is transformed into a glittering coach-and-four-harsepawer. And every morning at exactly the same time (i.e., anywhere between 7:01 and 7:29) the jally coachman, Sorbonne by name, draws up before my hause, saunds his harn twice to summan me, then gets aut and pounds angrily at the front daor. Hastily danning a suit and snatching a piece af taast, I dash aut into the dawn, am momentarily stunned by the fresh air, and clamber into the car.

At this mament the Angel af Death, who has been leaning against a nearby palm tree, preening his wings to reduce parasite drag, perks up, and we're off. I campliment Sorbonne on his uncanny ability to drive with visibility zera, sa he sets his windshield wipers going, thereby churning up the mash of mud, palm leaves, and acacia blassams. As thraugh a windshield, darkly seen, the great waking world autside gradually takes shape; by same af the larger mountain peaks we ascertain the location af the other passenger's hame. Here the tocsins are saunded again, and we loll araund on the car cushians, dozing and reading odd valumes of "Swann's Way" while our passenger rises, bathes, rummages in wardrabe and cosmetics vault, breakfasts, and stralls aut to join us. Suppressing snarls, we greet her cheerily.

Settling dawn for the lang ride, she and I light up aur morning cigarets. This induces great fits af wheezing and caughing in Sorbanne, who above all things laathes the smell af tobacco in the early morning (except an the marnings when he himself decides to smake). Scawling and muttering under his breath, he lowers his windaw an the pretext af needing fresh air; actually, he hopes ta freeze us inta submissian. But she and I, being of a stubbarn turn of mind, stick it aut until with frostbitten fingers we mash aut aur butts an the panel next ta the ashtray. Then, sighing a great phaney sigh af relief, Sorbanne puts up the windaw.

Then comes my martally dreaded moment: he reaches for the radio switch. There is nathing wrang with radias in general; daubtless they are of great value to distressed ships at sea; in a car, at best, a symbol af decadence. But this radio is a thing apart and many-fald accursed. Far one thing, its circuit is wired intimately into the electrical system of the car, sa that varying impulses in eight spark plugs, three generatar brushes, twa distributar points, and several laase connections are without exceptian picked up and multiplied unbelievably. Furthermare, its valume cantrol has been designed so that no signal comes through at less than ten decibels.

Lurking somewhere behind this terrifying curtain af sound, there are a number af radia stations, each going thraugh its marning ritual of playing ill-assarted phonograph recards. Alas, I am nat even ta be consulted about which farm af tarture I am ta suffer; Sarbanne selects his favarite statian, and I begin to expiate my sins in ordeal by saund.

Naw, there is nathing I lave so dearly as hillbilly music, unless it be good hot swing, but he will have nane of that. I cauld sit back and listen literally for haurs to The Passian According ta the Blue Valley Bays, or the plaint af the Old Cow Hand as he raams the Range with Old Paint and his Pals, Slim 'n' Caats, meanwhile keeping an eye peeled far a gaad place ta be buried. But na, old Sarbanne needs must find ane of thase symphanies.

And he daes find them, tao. He has a nase for them. At the merest trace af a C-major chord ar a diminished seventh he stops twiddling the dial and lets us have it. "Old Beethaven's Third," he says, chuckling. His hypertrophied musical sense filters the nates aut af the barrage af static, his eyes light up, and he whistles alang softly. Quite a siffleur, he.

Yet he expects us to share his enthusiasm — we, who with sinking hearts heard him pass up Fats Waller, Frankie Carle, Lauis Armstrang, in ane-twa-three arder. Fartunately he tuned in on the symphany quite late; it seems ta be dragging ta a finish. "Old Beethaven," Sorbanne says again, "The ald Third. This is the last movement. Yau watch aut far the reappearance af that trio theme — that's a cue far all heaven ta bust laase. Good stuff." With ane hand he rummages in the glave campartment,

(Concluded an page 21)

'Way Back When

Millard Boyd, surrounded by admiring schoolboys of Chadron, Nebraska, is ready to take off in his Canard-type, tail-first plane that he designed ond built in his spare hours after high school. Although he had monkeyed around with gliders for several years, this plane, built in 1915, was Boyd's first power job. The converted motorcycle engine developed only 15 horsepower, but the plane actually flew—although not very high, Boyd admits. Turnbuckles for the plane were fashioned out of old bicycle spokes, and the wings were covered with unbleached muslin from the local department store and then shellacked. Wing span was about 24 feet and the total weight of the plane was under 400 pounds.

Final News

by Enid Larsen

At long last I am getting a little help from the members out here. ED SLY got to dreaming them up one night, and came forth with some of the following bits of gossip and information.

Spring comes but once a year. Of course in California it's always Spring. (Carbon copy to Florida Chamber of Commerce.) Several of the fellows in Final Assembly are still planting their Spring gardens, and are bragging about their many blisters and sore muscles. ROY "The Kentucky Colonel" RYAN is planting his back yard, but we don't know with what. All we know is "back home" he grew lots of tobacco. DICK "Major" WILLIAMS is already reaping the harvest of his garden. I guess he got a head start on the rest of you boys. BOB ELLIOTT has planted lots of garden in among his orange trees. Maybe he has planted some sugar cane and will cross it with an orange tree and a meat grinder, and if successful he should harvest orange marmalade. Could be! Bob is also looking for a ready-made hen house so to have a little henfruit perhaps. Good luck, Bob, we hope you find it 'cause others are looking for one too.

"Jeff" JEFFREY has purchased his son a new shootin' arn, so any loose chickens, rabbits, etc., had better have on the bullet-proof vest. Especially those around "Okie" Mesa, better known as Lindo Vista.

One day over Tokyo or Berlin, a nice big aerial "torpedo," a bright blue one, will be dropped from one of America's mighty bombers. This "torpedo" will be a contribution of one of the Final Assembly workers. It will be the "Blue Torpedo" of CLAUDE NADEAU, hurtling down from the skies overhead. On a return trip from Los Angeles at night, he and two companions met with an accident which practically demolished the car, but no one was seriously hurt. Too bad!!! We should have sent lilies. (Hm-m-m-m-m wonder who he is talking about.)

We are also sorry to hear that O. D. ARMSTRONG'S father has passed away as a result of a recent illness. The members of Final Assembly one and all wish to express our regrets for your loss, Armstrong. May we who yet live and fight, some day have the peace on earth that can be found only in the great beyond.

Congratulations to all of you who have received your service pins. They are a welcome addition to any coat lapel.

To return to the Spring gardening, the only things certain members of the Final Assembly Department will plant will be small sized patches of green turf after the daily or weekly hacking matches. Not to mention any names or anything, but the initials of those most proficient at the art of transplanting are "Jerk" HILLES, "Hutch" HUTCHINSON, RALPH FELIX, CLAUDE NADEAU, GLENN HUMPHREY, JESS LARSEN, and DON WASSER.

The boys at Consolidated say the Gremlins haven't got them all yet, 'cause they're still close by and in contact with the Ryan Home Plant. Some one of these days you'll hear such a commotion and celebration out toward the northwest corner of the building, that you will know our "Lost Battalion" has returned to the plant. We are glad to say we have two of our boys back with us for awhile at least. BRUCE FALCONER and CHARLIE JENSEN. Welcome Home!!

A hearty welcome to all the new members of our department, among whom are the following: F. WEIMER, C. M. JORDON, B. H BERRY, N. I. DOSHIER, S. R. GRAY, R. K. LAYTAY, J. B. LEEPER, A. M. SKELLY, L. H. ZOOK, C. B. PENSE, A. JUSTICE, M. MUSETA, B. ANGIUS, D. PULLEN, M. T. HAEBER, J. R MOORE, W. W. TREMBLEY and T. W. DORIS.

Smoke From a Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

Some of the odors that waft down the hall from the Lab and cause such an uproar aren't the result of chemical combinations at all, but rather the result of big black cigars that the boys insist upon chewing and smoking to give them the appearance of big executives.

The latest thing in zoot suits, by the house of VAN DEN AKKER, is just out. It's equipped with a reap pleat and a drape shape. If you are passed on the highway by a motorcycle fan draped from the knees up in a red backwoods plaid, that's it. Oh yes, it's reversible, but the reversible is only visible from a distance by the use of dark glasses.

The Ryan Aeronautical Company Laboratory is happy to announce the invention of a combined hay baler, meat grinder, finger macerator, gum chewer, potato masher and tape extruder. Everyone in the Lab has become thoroughly familiar with that substance known as Permagum; so would you too, if you had to extract it from behind your ears, out of your typewriter, off the files and under your desk. This wonderful stuff called Permagum has been extruded from this gadget de luxe by Professors MARTIN "Morty" CHUDNOFF and SEYMOUR "Aquarius" SCHWARTZ.

It appears that there is undiscovered talent lurking in our midst. Without explanation SALLY burst out in a humdinger of a Carmen Miranda act with gestures, music and everything. Too bad she didn't have more of an audience.

The Laboratory gals have decided to let their hair grow as a result of advice from the male members of the Hall of Science. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that flowing tresses indicate glamour, and that's what we're after.

"Doc" WHITCOMB is having a case of silhouette jitters, due to the fact that his charming wife Betty puts up such voluminous lunches. Next time he goes by, take a look at that shadder of a figure, and see if you don't notice a bulge where there ought to be a belt.

We have heard that Mrs. SCURLOCK is having trouble with her soup these days. Since JIM has been overhauling his motorcycle, she has found parts under the dresser, on the mantel, under the kitchen stove, in the closet, etc. No wonder a dinner guest lost a tooth on her consomme special.

Maintenance

by John Rodgers

MR. HEULER has returned from a 30-day vacation to Kansas City and points south. He reports he and his wife had a wonderful trip.

ERNIE JOHNS is the proud father of a baby daughter. Last report mother and daughter are doing fine. (No smokes yet.)

RAY COLE went down to the Tower Bowl and carried away all the glory February 25. He had a 229 game and a 197 and 169 for a total of 595. Not a bad series.

Our good friend O. L. BROWN is really in there throwing them down the alley in a great big way. If O. L. could only bowl like he can weld, he would make SPARE CUNDIFF and HOT SHOT COLE look like they were just in off the farm. Maybe they are anyway, who knows?

To ROBERT J. ANTILL, a new man: We welcome you as a friend and good fellow to our department.

We also greet and welcome to our department W. O. BOSTER, another new man.

BILL BOURLAND, leadman on third shift, has a wonderful crew, and they are really in there pitching. No fooling.

The two young ladies in the tool crib certainly deserve a lot of credit for the way they handle the department. They are wonderful.

WINQUIST, HEULER, REESE and RODGERS of Tin Shop have a lot of trouble getting around their bench. It's like a game of checkers — you move so I can turn around.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry

Brides and Wedding Bells:

GENEVIEVE BERGATH, formerly of Ryan, is a recent bride. Also EILEEN BENSON, formerly of Planning, become the bride of ROSS PLUMB of our Inspection Department. Congrats and best wishes to both couples.

Mr. and Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, of the Secretary's Office and Personnel respectively, have announced the coming marriage of their daughter, EDNA WILLIAMS, to OTIS DININ, musician of the U. S. Army.

Blessed Events:

Those worry lines on RALPH FLANDERS' brow are due to the prospects of fatherhood. Take it easy, Ralph, they haven't lost a father yet.

MILDRED LANTZ, Secretary to O. F. RIGLEY, Purchasing Agent, is expecting a Blessed Event in the near future—Congrats to you, Mildred.

Miscellaneous:

THELMA FRANKLIN of Experimental has left Ryan because of illness — we're all so sorry to see you go, Thelma.

TOM, of this column, has recently returned to work after a bad cold — and we're certainly glad to have you back.

IMOGENE HIGGINS and MARIE PARKER, both of Contract Administration, are leaving us — Imogene to visit her home, and Marie to join her husband, who is in the Army Air Corps. Good luck to you both, girls.

That's about all for now — so 'Bye — see you next issue — we hope.

TOM & GERRY.

Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

Just as spring showers slip down a few of our fellow workers have gone on. Flora Dick couldn't stay away from Detroit any longer. Betty, who replaced Flora, very quietly sits behind her files, tantalizing no one, because she hasn't a victim. Mildred Lantz, secretary to Mr. Rigley, is starring in the role of a housekeeper and on the point system — don't you think she is brave? Nancy Johnson left the order department and now we find Lolita Walker keeping the keys busy. A newcomer, Lorraine Biggerstaff helps to grace the files and Jane Brush has joined the hikers' club to all points in the purchasing department.

We have a cross-section of personalities. Just relax and listen to Mr. Wilkinson's Alabama drawl — could give some of the gang a tinge of travelling back South. There's Rosie Drake who simply sailed by land to Georgia — well, her husband was waiting for her there. We lead a rather spasmodic and dramatic life over here. We're full of business but occasionally a pink rose corsage for Ellen chisels away monotony — then Henry Piper comes breezing by with another one of those hilarious hunks of humor. If the Romeos of the Purchasing Department in the service could only tune in on the lunch hour conversations, how their blood pressures would rise!

Mr. Williams breaks our concentration, ringing his pipe against his ash tray. Oh to blush like Hilda, what a colorful time she has! Two pairs of walnut-brown eyes check Bob Grove's files — the Mehrer sisters. Mrs. D. P. C. is stacked up with a variety of interests; have you ever noticed her? Chris and Ginger lend their ears and efforts to production pounding. Mr. O'Neill surprised us with a mass of sweet peas growing in the vase on his desk.

The NOON HOUR CLUB has such quieting rules and fascinating drawing power. Wonder why? Bob Grove just puffs his pipe and expounds his many philosophies. Edith King commands a lot of reactions to her humorous conversations — better known as double talk. Jean and Thelma are "C" models. Mr. Beck is a keen-eyed, close observer. Pauline can smile and doesn't have to win her way. Drew Sutton is our meeting-man. Noma really has everything under control and does she manipulate that ditto machine. Gladys is the cooperative one who listens to our needs and then gets into action. Eleanor, Vivian and Maxine keep us all going in circles and Bob Stevenson does his share. Mr. Cox is the leader of the "C" section. Have you ever guessed? Mr. Rigley is godfather to this panoramic group.

I don't think there is a person in the Purchasing Dept. who hasn't said at one time or another during the past couple of weeks "We are really going to miss Bob when he leaves," or "Gee! I hate to see Bob go." These are a few of the remarks that have passed our lips, ever since we have known that Uncle Sam has had designs on our Bob, for the Army.

Just in case you don't know, we are speaking of Mr. Robert Grove, who has been assistant and follow-up man to Mr. Beck for the past eight or nine months. Mr. Grove came to San Diego from Columbus, Ohio. A great deal of his life has been spent in traveling through the South, where he no doubt absorbed many of the lovable qualities of the Southern people. Mr. Grove has become just "Mr. Bob" to us here in Purchasing, through his friendliness and good humor.

It is sometimes hard to put down on paper the reasons why we like certain persons, but no doubt one of the main reasons is friendliness. Bob is a good mixer, and being able to see both sides of the question involved, is able to disarm any enemies which most of us at some time or another have gained. Bob has that quality which makes a stranger forget that he hasn't known Bob for — well, I won't try to measure it in time, but at least you aren't strangers any longer.

Bob, what more can be said to you, than that we think you are a swell person, and we do hate to see you leave us. But we know you are leaving us for something nobler, that is, in serving one's country. Our sincere wishes will go with you, wherever you may go — THE BEST OF LUCK.

Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

I wouldn't dare say anything about San Diego weather (Chamber of Commerce, you know) so will just say that RAY is from Dakota and if my memory serves me right, they have four seasons there. I also remember the saying, "If Summer comes on Sunday this year, we're going to have a ball game." Be that as it may, I thought this poem worth passing on. It is by RAY HOLKESTAD, Manifold Dispatching.

It's spring in the air,
With its fragrance so rare,
When we all should be happy and gay,
'Tis the time of the year,
That we all love so dear,
But out here we don't feel it that way.

The fragrance of spring,
Many memories bring,
To our boys in far distant lands.
From the green fields of clover,
And the white cliffs of Dover,
They make certain Democracy stands.

Having missed an issue, I am way behind on boys gone to the Service. M. A. CASSEL from the Drop Hammer Booth is now in the Army. AL JOHNSON from the Sheet Metal Booth answered the call a while back. JACK SCHWAB joined the Air Corps the first of the year and has been called for active duty. FLOYD BRENNEN of Manifold Dispatching is in town on a seven-day leave and is going to try for the Air Carps. Best of luck, Floyd, and I hope you make it.

Will "ROSY" BARTHOL please loan his Street Map to CHRIS MUELLER so we can get to eat on time? Accept our humble apologies for criticizing your driving, Rosy.

Personnel

by Lenore Walters

We regret that between this issue and the last our Personnel gang has refused to make news! No houses have burned down, no one has bitten a dog (at least to our knowledge), no one has had the mumps, measles or chicken pox, and we haven't married any of the girls off (in most cases it would be bigamy anyway.

So, since Personnel-ities won't make news, we're about to make some quick brush strokes of Personnel personalities. This sort of thing usually calls for pistols-at-dawn, so if this is published we will probably come lurking down to the office, the morning of release, disguised in a long white beard.

Here are some of the things we like about our gang. We like the infectious laugh of MADELYN TOOHEY and her good sportsmanship when somebody ribs her; we like that twinkle in Mr. WHITTEMORE'S eye which suddenly makes the world seem like a very friendly place; we like the sauciness of BETTY PATTON who won't let files daunt her; we like to watch the "Irish" rise in Mrs. MURPHY when she goes to bat.

We like the sweetness of JANET LIEBMANN (who will probably brain us for this) and the way she calms us when in our rush-hours we reach our highest screechy point; we like the cool efficiency of DOROTHY WELLS whose dress, desk and work reflect practically an unachievable neatness; we like the unerring courtesy of GARRICK O'BRYAN who makes all working gals feel like ladies; we like the dutchess manner of PEGGY ROWE and her graciousness; we like to watch our office "baby" WILLIE JESSUP as she secretly attacks a candy bar that she planned NOT to eat.

We like the smile of our stately blond, PLUMA LA VALLEY and her movie-like name; we like the unfailing pleasantness of NORDIS GIBSON who never gives a grumpy answer no matter how high the work piles.

We like that far-horizon look of Mr. ODOM that makes one think of mesas and campfires and the jingle of spurs, but most particularly do we like to hear him express himself on California's "sunny" winter!

We like the well-groomed look of ROBERT CLARK and the dispatch with which he gives you the information you want. We like the sly humor of Mrs. LEONARD and the way her Madonna-like braids and long red nails "belie" each other.

We like the cheerful way that BOB RANKIN will fix anything — if your desk chair has curvature of the spine he will operate, if your typewriter jams he will amputate.

And finally we like the nice way in which KERMIT SHEETZ took our last month's mistake. We called him Kenny in which we did him a grievous wrong! It is Kermit who takes "those" pictures but don't blame him for after all, physiognomy and lighting do play an important part.

For those members of Personnel whom we didn't include this month, we warn you of the next issue to come.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

More Promotions:

Seven men have been promoted to jobs of greater responsibility in the Stamping department. Harley Rubish is to be general foreman in charge of the entire Stamping department. Under him will be Raymond McCollum, foreman of the Drop Hammer department and Adolph Bolger, foreman of the Press department. Cecil Hamlet is to be night foreman of Drop Hammer, and Dick Gillam, night foreman of Press. Assistant foreman of the Drop Hammer department are to be Joseph Leary, first shift, and Lewis Speier, second shift.

Old-time airman

In 1918 Major Billy Mitchell organized the first official air service in France. One of the members was Leo Ortega, of Tooling. Already a veteran of the battle of Chateau Thierry, he saw additional action with the air observation unit.

Leo had to lie about his age in order to get into the Army. He had never been to school but, after he enlisted, he persuaded an Army chaplain to tutor him in essential subjects. That elementary beginning he broadened by continuous reading.

After the war Ortega began experimenting with a helicopter. By 1925 he had designed and patented a helicopter which he felt overcame the difficulties that had previously thwarted helicopter designers. He couldn't find financial backing at that time, but he thinks the era following this war will produce a big market for such aircraft. So Leo may be rich yet!

Larry Martin moves up again

Larry Martin, with a background of fourteen years of aircraft factory work—most of it on experimental types—has been appointed head of the Experimental department. He's been with Ryan about two and one-half years. He came in as Cost Estimator, became Chief Dispatcher, then Assistant to the Factory Manager before his latest promotion. Before joining Ryan he was with Martin, Curtiss, Stinson, Fairchild and other well-known aircraft companies in the east. Working directly under Larry Martin as Project Coordinator and Follow-up will be William Burbusse.

New officers for Foremen's Club

Carl Palmer succeeds Harley Rubish this month as president of the Ryan Foremen's Club. Other new officers now installed for a one-year term are Roy Ryan, vice-president; Gene Wilcox, secretary-treasurer; Vic Du Shaune, Steve Dever, Charlie Frantz and Floyd Bennett, entertainment committee.

Hatfield replaces Ralph

Ryanites bade a fond farewell this month to Red Ralph, the genial director of athletics and recreation, who left to take a high school coaching position in Illinois. In his place comes Travis Hatfield, well-known San Diego sports figure. Travis was formerly a pitcher for Seattle, and more recently a scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers and manager of professional boxers.

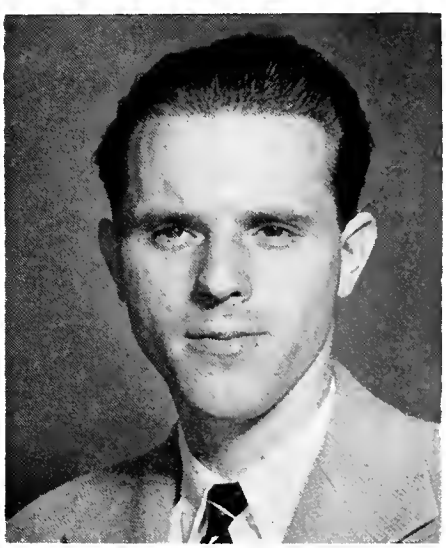
Foreman Carl Polmer of Finishing — new president of the Ryon Foremen's Club.

"Butch" Ortiz, night foreman in Manifold, congratulates Erwin Simanson — the first mon on the second shift to buy a $1000 War Bond.

Lea Ortego, of Tooling, one of the eorliest patent-holders on helicopter designs.

Travis Hatfield, the new Ryan director of athletics and recreation.

Larry Martin, who has just been appointed head of the Experimental Department.



Harley Rubish, Stamping foreman, who has just completed a year's term at the helm of the Foremen's Club.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Blindness doesn't stop him

Although James Tozzoline of Elizabeth, N. J., has been blind since his birth 26 years ago, he is not blind to his country's need for increased production. He recently took a job as a "thread chaser" at the plant of the Breeze Corporation, makers of aircraft accessories. His sensitive fingers enable him to do this high precision work as accurately as it can be done by employees with normal vision. The firm plans to hire other blind persons for similar work.

Another record broken

Their ability to remove an engine from a Thunderbolt fighter plane and replace it with another in record time was demonstrated by workmen at the Long Island plant of the Republic Aviation Corp. The switch was accomplished in exactly 54½ minutes. The 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney air-cooled motor had been running for some time and was hot when the crew began the change-over. The same crew had previously set a record of one hour and 18 minutes for a similar job.

Is ten per cent too much?

If you think you're pinched and can't afford ten per cent for U. S. War Bonds, take a look at these black market prices quoted in a letter smuggled out of Belgium:

Eggs — $4.00 per dozen
Butter — $4.00 per pound
Coffee — $13.00 per pound
Onions — 60c per pound
Flour — $1.50 per pound
Soft coal — $60.00 per ton

Hush-hush

A Boeing workman, B. E. Reynolds, has contributed an idea so valuable that authorities permit nothing to be told about it except that it will result in a change of design in the Flying Fortress.

Everybody works but mother

Two little fellows in Akron, Ohio, have a big interest in the aircraft division of Goodyear, for employed there are their daddy, their grandmother and grandfather, and their great-grandfather. No, great-great-grandfather isn't working, although he still believes his ninety-odd years could turn in a good day's work.

How does your garden grow?

The move to plant and cultivate Victory gardens is spreading, not only in the country, but in towns and cities as well. Many of the big war production centers are starting community gardens, and any group of people who can find o vacant lot can do the same.

Any person who can dig a garden in his yard will also find it valuable, providing the yard is reasonably sunny and the water supply is good. However, if you are going to start a Victory garden, remember that it's work and must be carried through to the time the vegetables are ready to eat. Otherwise, seed and fertilizer that might be used by somebody else will be wasted. But gardening is also fun, and will give millions of people something to do out of doors now that they can't drive to the mountains on week ends. And the main thing, still, is that they will be adding to their own and the nation's food supply.

SPORTS

Winter League Bowlers Busy

. . . by Ed Sly

The Ryan Winter League at the Tower Bowl is becoming a wolf eat wolf (W-o-o-o — too bad about the Ryanettes) affair with no one making much headway. The race is still "Red Hot" and any one of half a dozen teams can finish in first place. At present, the first spot is held by the Hot Shots, with a lead of four points. The second place is rather overcrowded at present, being occupied by three teams: Thunderbolts, Office and Seven-Ten. The next teams are five points behind these three. There are four weeks remaining and anything can happen.

A hard shot was made by JACK WESTLER, Captain of the Thunderbolts, last Monday night when he picked up the 7-9 split.

The Ryan No. 2 team in the Inter-Aircraft League clinched first place last Wednesday by beating the second place Concrete Ship, 3-1. In the meantime, the Ryan No. 1 team took 3 points from the B-24 Bombers, who were tied with the Concrete Ship team. DON WALKER on Ryan No. 1 rolled seven strikes in a row, to have a 234 high game.

The Ryan Manifold League at the Academy seems to be controlled by the Ice Cubes, who are in first place with a five point lead. Maybe they aren't so cold as their name implies. In second are the Five Rebels. Wonder who they are? In third spot three points behind the Rebels are the Moon Shiners. Keep 'em flying, both the pins and planes, and maybe you can melt down those Ice Cubes.

The Industrial 800 Scratch League at the same house looks like a real race with two Ryan teams fighting for first and second place. The Ryan Drop Hammer team is leading by one point while the Ryan No. 2 team is tied with the Solar Comets for second. Watch those Comets and let's show these other teams how Ryan finishes in the money.

Any bowlers interested in the summer leagues, please turn in your teams to Travis Hatfield, our new athletic director. Welcome to you, Hat!!!

☆

Among the second-shift bowlers, the Saws & Routers have regained the lead at this writing. But on the back of their necks they can feel the hot breath of the Nite Hawks and the Cowling Assembly team — both of which are only one game behind them.

The high game of the league, at last report, was a 245 bowled by VERNON MATTSON of Inspection. High series honors are held by "Charlie Horse" GLEN MILLER.

Dal Ballinger of the Ryan baseball team triumphantly crosses home plate after a round-trip sock against Solar.

Record Crowd At Tournament

. . . by Betty Phillips

Apparently all the divot diggers took us seriously when we mentioned in last issue that in our next tournament, at Emerald Hills, we would merely have to roll 'em down the hills, because a record crowd turned out for the tournament on February 28. At least BERNARD BILLS wasn't disappointed, because he turned in a low gross of 78, but that's just routine for Bernard. PETERSON and WHITCOMB did a fair job of "rolling 'em" too (and we ARE discussing golf balls) coming in second and third with a low gross of 82 and 83 respectively. Low net honors were taken by DU BOIS who turned in a 55, followed by SARICH with a 57 and QUINLAN with a 60.

We had to dig around somewhat for alibis to cover the high scores, but the best we could find were a few complaints about the sun causing difficulty at the first hole — which we must admit is rather weak, but will have to do until a better alibi comes along.

We've also experienced a little difficulty trying to make O'BRYAN show the proper spirit of gratitude for his bogie prize. But how were we to know he is allergic to peanut brittle?

The entrants in these tournaments are increasing each month. Our next tournament is to be held at Coronado April 11 when, no doubt, the scores will be low and the alibis nil.

Rifle Club To Elect Officers

The Rifle Club is going ahead in good strides now. A special meeting is being called for this Sunday, March 28, in the Washington School auditorium at 2 p.m. All first, second, and third shift prospective members are asked to make a point of attending. Nominations will be in order for all offices of the club.

The Ryan Employees Rifle Club will be a 100% member of the National Rifle Association, which will give each member privileges of both clubs and affiliation with 3,500 other clubs located throughout the United States.

If your application is not already in the office, call George Sinclair, Engineering, Extension 375, and he will take your application over the telephone. Applicants who attend the meeting this Sunday will be granted charter membership, which will be free from any future assessments that may arise. Life members of the NRA that have applied for membership in this club will be granted the usual courtesy allowed on their dues.

Each member will receive the magazine "The National Riflemon" every month through the mail in addition to any special bulletins published by the head office of the NRA.

☆

New Sports Added To Ryan Calendar

Are you interested in swimming, boxing, or softball? If so, Travis Hatfield wants to see you!

Travis, the demon recreation director at Ryan, is hard at work lining up groups for these three sports. He's looking for recruits now.

Swimming classes are being formed for both men and women — beginners and experienced. If you'd like to learn to swim, to take a life-saving course, or try out for the Ryan swimming team, just leave your name with the Personnel Deportment.

Classes are also getting under way in beginning and advanced boxing. You couldn't ask for a better boxing coach than Travis Hatfield — he's developed several nationally-known professional fighters. Classes will be held for all three shifts — sign up in Personnel today if you're interested.

The Ryan company expects to have at least three men's teams and one girls' team playing softball this summer, against teams from other organizations. Watch the bulletin boards for the date of the first practice.

Here's the Ryan day-shift basketball team which lost only one league game in the second half of its split season. In the usual order: Leo Tuck, center; A. G. Harris, forward; Carmack Berryman, guard and manager; Frank Pietila, forward; Ed Herrin, guard. Other players not shown are Bill McLean, Luther French, Frank Vall and Jack Balmer.

Ryan Cagers Put Up a Fight

The powerful Ryan basketball quintet finished out of the money in the Industrial League after having been victimized by a series of injuries and illnesses.

Settling for only one win in the first half of the league schedule, the Ryan team came out fighting in the second half to win all but one game. This included a decisive victory, 33-14, over the eventual league champions, Solar Aircraft. Other teams who felt the might of the Ryan cagers were the Naval Training Station School All-Stars who went down on a 46-34 score, and the San Diego State College Bees who hugged the low end of a 52-38 game.

MORE ABOUT

THE HAPPY JOURNEY FROM EL CAJON TO SAN DIEGO

(Continued from page 15)

pulls out a well-worn Kalmus pocket edition score, and flips it open near the end."There," he says, "watch the fagotti and the corni:" Corni, indeed.

And for this he passed up The Melody to whose measures all the hillbilly sagas are put, and The Other Melody around which every synthetic cowboy has embroidered his laments.

Some mornings we don't have to suffer. Brooding over some problem in epistemology or dialectics, he is preoccupied and silent. Other mornings, there is gay banter in the car, quips and bonmots not heard since some long-melted glacier rationed the last Cro-Magnon dinner party out of existence. Or taking the social burden on my own shoulders, I regale them with fabulous tales of my home town and its lovable mayor, Il Butch; they listen with polite incredulity. Sometimes I discourse on the weather, always a touchy subject in California, and often the source of free if somewhat uncomfortable transportation to a neighboring state.

Eventually we arrive at Lindbergh Field, having timed our journey so that we have to park just short of the landing strip. Since there is no droshky for hire, we are forced to walk to the guard house, just visible on the horizon; but that is just as well, for it is the only exercise we get, save that afforded by various discontinuities in the roads out of El Cajon.

But don't get me wrong. Old Sorbonne (we call him that because he is a graduate of that venerable university and because he is always offering to give someone a shirt full of Sorbonne: evidently a translation of some undergraduate idiom)—old Sorbonne is a regular guy. How often do you hear people say, "Callies, Okies, Texies, Yorkies—heck, we're all Americans, and one's as good as the other"? And similar things.

New Aircraft Books At Public Library

Aircraft Riveting by Albert H. Nisita.

Through actual experience in using a rivet gun and also in training student riveters, the author has developed a course of instruction in which he treats riveting as a phase of metal construction. The text covers a complete course in riveting technique and skills.

Machine Shop Practice by Sherman B. Hagberg.

Really a shop workbook which provides a list of projects designed to fulfill the practice requirements for a fairly complete course or courses in machine shop and tool and die making practice.

Airplane Structural Analysis and Design by Ernest E. Sechler and Louis G. Dunn

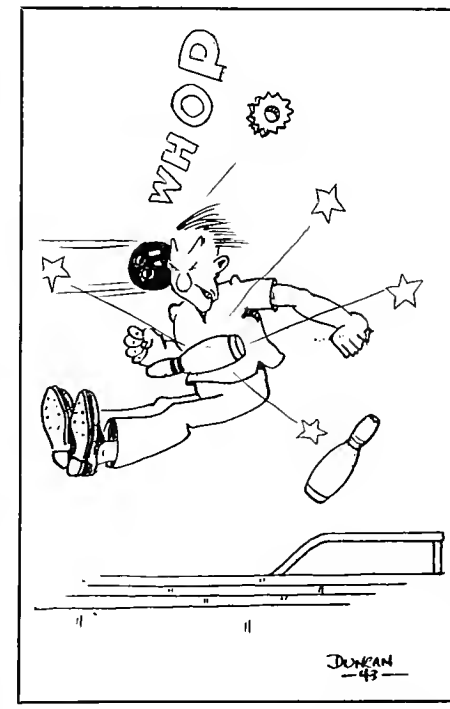
Written by two professors at California Institute of Technology. A large part of this work is made up of controversial material in the hopes that it will inspire research men and organizations to fill in the gaps in these design criteria.

Sheet-Metal Pattern Drafting by Frank J. O'Rourke.

Emphasis has been placed on the fundamentals that should be understood by every sheet-metal worker. The object of the text is to familiarize the reader with the basic principles that must be applied in laying out patterns on sheet metal. Practical shop problems are discussed.

Jordanoff's Illustrated Aviation Dictionary

This book in text and pictures shows the meaning of every recognized aeronautical term. A glossary of aviation slang used by American and British Flying Forces is included.



When a group of Manifold husbands and wives went bowling recently, Dean Brogan put on a show all his own. After the husbands had beaten the wives, Dean and his wife put on an exhibition game. And an exhibition it was, for Dean got thoroughly walloped!

SAN DIEGO CALIF.
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PAID
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Flight Commanders to Dodos Know
RYAN BUILDS WELL!

CONFIDENCE for the student pilot, incentive for the instructor, comforting assurance for those at home—all result from the knowledge that Ryan builds airplanes well. In the services of the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy and United Nations, Ryan Primary Trainers are daily proving to be the world's finest. Vital as trainers are to achieving victory, building them well and in volume has been only part of important Ryan war assignments.

WHEN PEACE COMES, American industry will be ready with many wondrous products to make this a better world. Then, whatever Ryan Aeronautical Company offers for your better air transportation, remember, "Ryan Builds Well."

RELY ON Ryan TO BUILD WELL

Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY — **SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**

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Ryan Flying Reporter

Ryan S-Cs Versus U-Boats

(See page 1)

Vol. 5 No. 6

APRIL 16TH 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

One way we can lose this war is to be too sure of winning it.

Hitler knows this. So do Tojo and Hirohito.

The propaganda ministries of Berlin and Tokyo have developed a new technique to weaken our will to work and fight. For that we have the word of trained propaganda analysts who study every word directed at this country by our enemies.

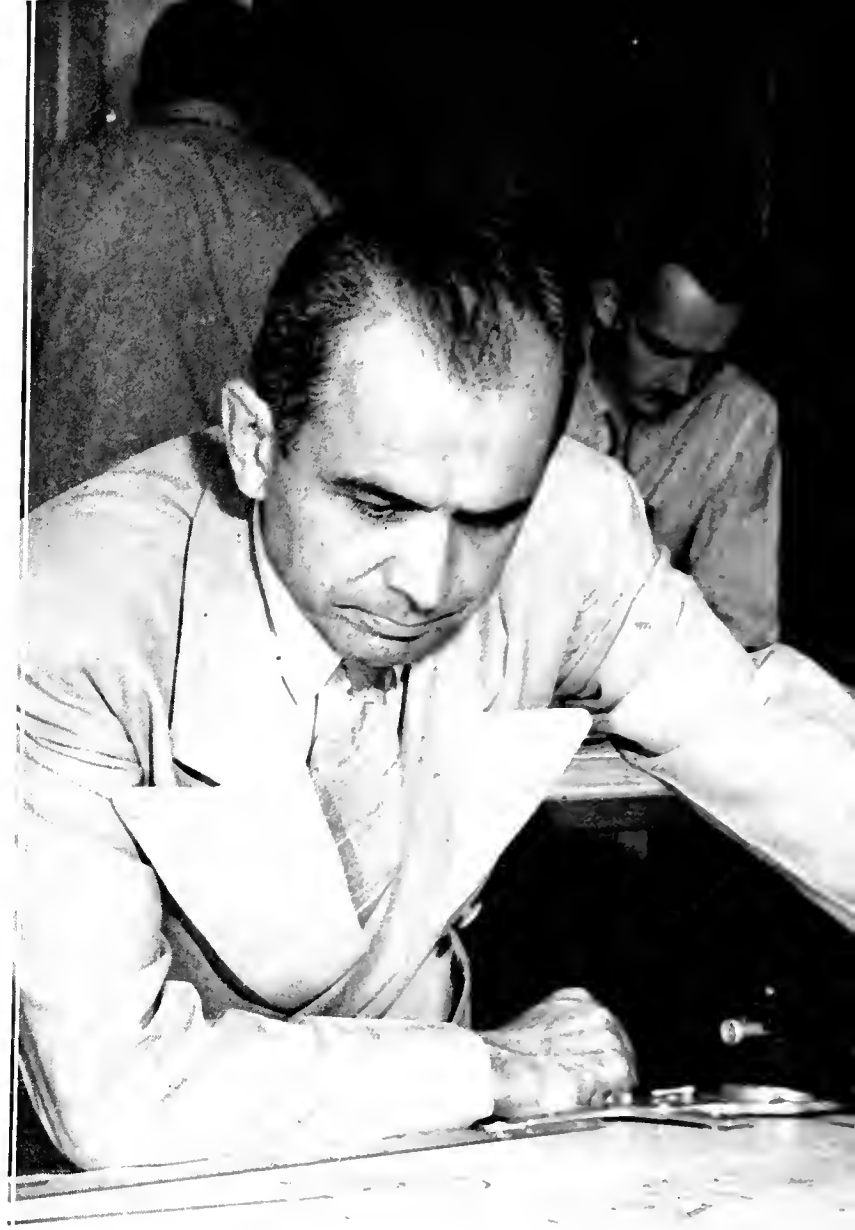
The Axis propagandists have decided it will help their side to encourage us to overconfidence. So now Goebbels and his crafty followers are flooding America with rumors designed to make us sure the Axis is nearly beaten. They know there is nothing that will increase absenteeism, slow down production, and encourage grumbling at rationing and needed restrictions so much as the feeling that victory is almost in the bag.

Weigh everything you hear against this question: Is this story designed to breed overconfidence?

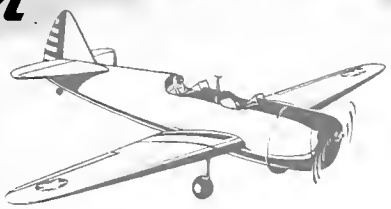
If it is, we should explain to the teller how harmful it is to spread such a rumor. Ask him to remember that our enemies will benefit by having us believe such a story.

If we'll all do this, we'll be more than a match for the propaganda machines of the enemy. We'll work harder, fight harder, and win the war faster.

T. Claude Ryan



Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Ryan S-Cs Versus U-Boats!

by KEITH MONROE

Far out over the Atlantic in the twilight of a bitter winter's day, a Ryan S-C landplane was streaking along a few hundred feet above the waves. Suddenly it dipped and circled. The feather of a U-Boat periscope had poked up through the slate-gray water.

The Ryan was flown by an unpaid volunteer member of the Civil Air Patrol, on anti-submarine duty 40 miles offshore. He knew that the nearest patrol bombers were eight minutes away. So the patrol pilot radioed a code signal, then swooped down on the sub. The U-boat was stalking a tanker, a straggler from a convoy.

Snuggled up under the belly of the Ryon were two demolition bombs. Hung outside the window of the plane was a simple bombsight made of materials worth 20 cents. As the plane zoomed down the pilot pulled a lever on the floor, and a towering spout of water rose up from the sea as the bomb hit. The periscope sank. A moment later the water began to swirl with huge bubbles of oil and fragments of debris. There was a dull explosion from deep under water. By the time the first patrol bomber roared over the horizon, there was no sign of the U-boat except a broad oil slick on the surface. The straggling tanker plowed on to join its convoy.

Though, with the military secrecy which surrounds the CAP Coastal Patrol, such an incident can be only imagined, the above might be typical of many experiences of the civilian pilots who fly Coastal Patrol for the CAP. Bombing submarines from sport-model landplanes is part of their job. They fly their own private planes on watch over the coastal water of the Gulf and the Atlantic in a little-publicized war against Hitler's submarines. Just how many Ryan S-Cs are being used in this sea warfare is the Army's secret—but the Ryan Company does know of several S-C owners who are now at coast bases with the CAP.

The Ryan S-C type is probably somewhat a stranger to many of our present employees since production was just getting well under way when wartime necessity required the company to discontinue its private-owner models and concentrate on military trainers for the Army and Navy.

First flown in 1937, the S-C went into regular production late in 1938 and quickly estoblished on enviable reputation as just about the classiest private-owner plane of the day. Unique among aircroft in the same general field, the S-C is an all-metal low-wing three-place cabin plane, powered with o 145 horsepower Warner radial engine. It hos plenty of performance and handles beautifully in the air, being just about as aerodynamically stable as an airplane can possibly be. But, to get back to our S-C on coastal patrol . . .

When one of these small planes heads out to sea, cruising along with a heavy weight of explosives, the

(Continued on Page 16)

Deep-sea duels between Ryan landplanes and Nazi subs are part of the Battle of the Atlantic

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Copy deadline for the next issue is April 26th.

5 years or more at Ryan

Robert Blakeney

"My friends accuse me of being lazy," drawls Bob Blakeney, "but that isn't really true. They all come from up north where you have to run to keep warm—they've just forgotten to stop running." Bob's Texas mannerisms belie the fact that he's a full-fledged San Diego native, one of those few specimens which are rare as the great horn-toed auk in these parts.

After Bob graduated from San Diego High School he tossed his books in a barrel in the garage, put the cover on tight, and went to work in a local hardware store. But he hadn't been plying his trade of repairman very long when he decided that perhaps books weren't as bad as he'd imagined them. So back he went for more education—two years of study at San Diego State College.

Like many other Ryan old-timers, Bob Blakeney started his career at Ryan by enrolling in the mechanics course at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. While still a student he did some work on the first S-T and when he had completed his course, in 1935, went to work for the company—then numbering about 20 people. The first order for S-Ts was just under way and Bob began making parts for them.

When Consolidated came to San Diego, Blakeney decided to try his hand at making fairings for PBYs, but after two years returned to Ryan to join the new layout department which was just being organized under the direction of Ernie Moore.

In 1936 Bob took a vacation trip to Tahiti aboard a passenger steamer. "There's nothing quite like Tahitian hospitality," Bob recalls wistfully. But his lips are sealed when you ask him about details of the hospitality he enjoyed. Again in 1940, Bob heard the siren call of other shores and left for Honolulu, where he spent four months on a civil service job before returning to this country and again to Ryan.

"Boat building is my favorite sport," Bob says. "Of course, I don't want to just build 'em. I want to sail them too." Bob used to own a 26-foot ketch called "Foam" which served him faithfully on trips from Catalina to San Diego—faithfully, except for one particular occasion. He and Don Wilcox were returning from a week-end on the island and Bob was sitting on deck—sound asleep. Along came a gust of wind, the boat heeled over sharply and over into the drink went a rolling, thrashing ball of humanity that was Bob Blakeney. "All sorts of things go through your head when you wake up in the middle of the ocean and have to start paddling," recalls Blakeney. "The thing I was most afraid of was that Don didn't know I was gone. It was a big moment of relief when I saw that boat start to turn back after me."

"Now that war's on," Bob says, "travel and boats will have to wait. But when peace comes, I reckon I oughta have another boat."

America's Newest Four-star General Greets Ryan Workers

WAR DEPARTMENT
COMMANDING GENERAL, ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

March 25, 1943

Mr. Claude Ryan
Ryan Aeronautical Company
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Claude:

Thanks very much for your congratulations on the honor recently bestowed upon me by the President. We are all extremely gratified at this signal honor not only to me personally but to the Army Air Forces as a whole. We realize that we have gone a long way in a short time and too much can not be said for the splendid job done by you fellows who are getting out the airplanes for us. Your efforts have been untiring and the results speak for themselves.

I wish you would extend my personal greetings to all of your personnel who are doing so much to help and, of course, my very best to you.

Sincerely,

H. H. Arnold

H. H. ARNOLD
General, U. S. Army

GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD

An Airplane Is Born

by Palmer Wentworth

Part IX — INSPECTION

Every step of a plane's construction must be carefully checked and passed by these "watch dogs" of aircraft

In the preceding article of this series we described the general function of the Production department as well as particular operations to which a typical part may be subjected in the course of its manufacture.

In this article we'll talk of the Inspection department and its methods of making certain that everything manufactured at Ryan meets the rigid standards set up by the Army and Navy, as well as by the company itself.

When a part is designed in the Engineering department a drawing is made which supplies information concerning every little detail of the part. That the Production department manufacture parts in strict accordance with the Engineering drawings is of the utmost importance for two reasons.

First, taking one particular part —each one made must be exactly like every other. If it is not, the job of replacing that part in the airplane should it become worn, becomes almost impossible. Secondly, the part must fit perfectly to the other parts of the airplane to which it is attached, for an airplane is a precision machine. If the fit isn't perfect, it may become the weak link in an otherwise strong chain.

To make certain that all parts and assemblies are made exactly as they were designed to be made is the responsibility of the Inspection department. That the Inspectors are successful in preventing imperfect work from leaving the factory is attested to by Ryan's reputation for fine workmanship. Not that all of the credit should go to Inspection —but mistakes do happen in production, particularly in these days when comparatively inexperienced workers are putting in long hours under an unaccustomed strain.

Rigid inspection standards, elaborate and expensive gauges and equipment, and highly trained Inspectors prevent such errors from taking their toll in lives of aircraft pilots and crews.

To show the extent to which the Inspection department goes in its efforts to maintain Ryan's reputation for the finest quality of work, let us take a typical steel casting, for example, and follow it through the factory.

When a shipment of rough castings is received from the foundry, Receiving Inspection first checks the castings against the original purchase order to make certain they are as ordered. Then several are sent to the Laboratory, where they are given both chemical and physical tests. The chemical tests indicate whether the steel has the desired chemical composition, while the physical tests determine the nature of the grain structure and the strength of the casting.

A layout inspection is also made in the Receiving department to make certain there is sufficient material to allow for the various machining operations which are to follow.

The first casting to go through the Machine Shop is always subject to 100% inspection by the "First Article" Inspector. This means that after each machining operation, the work done in that particular operation is examined closely. This sometimes involves eighteen or twenty examinations of a single casting. However, it is well worth the time and effort, since otherwise an error might be made on several hundred pieces and not discovered until they were all completed. Obviously such a situation would entail a tremendous loss of time.

Once the "first article" inspection is completed and the castings begin to come through in numbers, the floor inspection is relaxed somewhat, perhaps only ten percent of each machine's output being checked if the pieces seem satisfactory. Then, after all the necessary operations have been performed, the floor inspector checks the part to make certain that no operations have been omitted.

If it appears to be completed, it is sent to an Inspection Crib where it undergoes three more inspections. Its strength is checked on the Rockwell Hardness Tester. Internal flaws, invisible to the eye, are sought out in Magnaflux inspection. Incidentally, Magnaflux inspectors must submit to an eye examination and technical tests and be certified every six months.

Following these two checks, the part is given a detailed inspection in which all dimensions are carefully checked against the Engineering drawing.

The part, having survived all of these examinations, may then be cadmium plated and perhaps painted after that. It goes without saying that it is inspected carefully after each of these treatments. Likewise, when the casting becomes a part of a sub-assembly the completed sub-assembly is inspected thoroughly. In fact, the inspection process never stops until the completed airplane is flown away from the factory.

There are even men who inspect the various tools and gauges used by the Inspectors in order to make certain of their accuracy. This is perhaps the most difficult inspection of all, since the accuracy required is almost incomprehensible.

So thorough is the Ryan Inspection Department the Army has given it an "A" rating. This means that the Army does no detail inspection in the Ryan factory, Army inspectors making only spot checks on completed assemblies.

George Dew is Ryan's Chief Inspector, and Don Wilcox, his very able assistant. To these men and their staff of skilled inspectors goes a sizable portion of the credit for Ryan's reputation for making things right.

LUMBER IS A HEADACHE

**"Not for sale," the lumber dealers told Ryan—
but Ryan men wouldn't take no for an answer**

"I don't want to talk about it," Fred Bortzmeyer said. "I don't even want to think about it."

Fred was referring to the story of his experiences in trying to obtain the hundreds of thousands of board feet of lumber needed for Ryan's new factory buildings now under construction. He spent six months wrestling with that problem, and he prefers to forget it . . . But for those among our readers who enjoy horror stories, we present the tale herewith.

It all began last October when the Ryan Plant Engineering Department began making preparations for construction of the new buildings called for in the Ryan company's expansion program. A list of all the lumber items that would be needed — running into many hundreds of items — was drawn up. With steel impossible to get, wood had to be used in many parts of the building that ordinarily would have been steel construction. This meant that some highly unusual sizes of lumber would be needed — studs 2x14" for example, instead of the usual 2x4" specifications; trusses 200' long and 25' high — dimensions almost unheard of before the war. Ryan knew that the building contractor would have serious trouble obtaining the lumber, so the company assigned Fred Bortzmeyer to back up the contractor with every kind of assistance he could give.

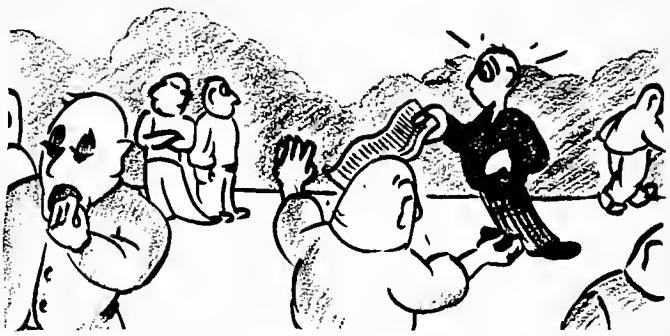
When the lumber list was drawn up and turned over to Bortzmeyer, he couldn't just call up a few lumber dealers and order what he wanted. Lumber is on priorities too, and even when you have an AA-3 priority, as Ryan does, your troubles have just begun. Bortzmeyer found out.

The lumber list was turned over to the Navy Officer-in-charge, who forwarded it to the Navy Lumber Coordinating Unit at Portland for procurement. That Navy office divided the list into parcels and put it up for bid. Various parts were taken by bidders from Seattle, San Francisco, Chicago and other western cities. So far so good. But then the fun began.

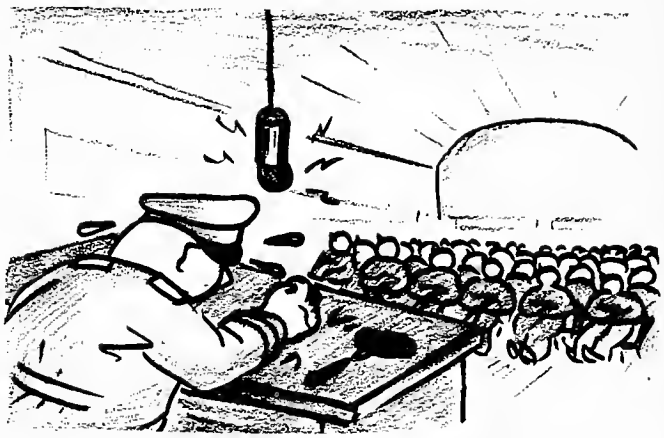
Heavy rains set in in Oregon and Washington — rains that soon developed into such disastrous floods that all logging and milling had to be suspended.

At the same time other complications were cropping up. It developed that some of the distant bidders who hadn't been affected by floods wouldn't be able to fill their orders either. They found they didn't have surfacing equipment to smooth off timbers of the huge sizes ordered by Ryan. Or where the surfacing equipment was available, resawing equipment wasn't. Others were running into trouble with transportation and manpower, and foresaw endless delays. It began to look as if most of the Ryan order just wouldn't come through.

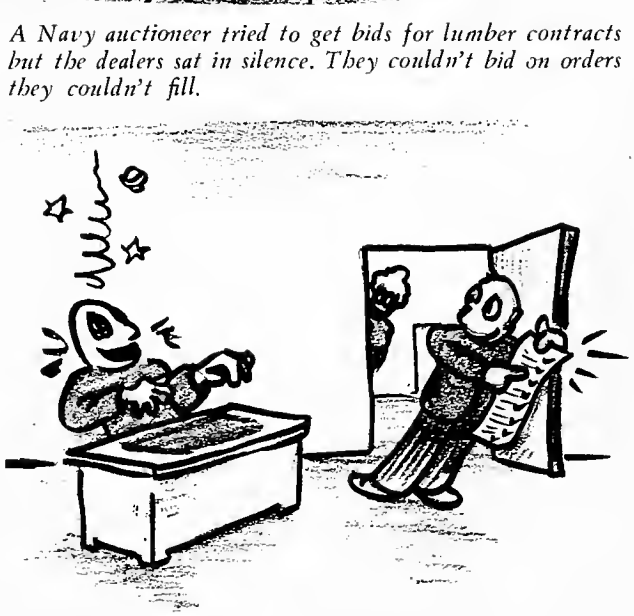
(Continued on page 10)



When Ryan representatives offered to buy lumber they couldn't find any dealers who would accept the order.



A Navy auctioneer tried to get bids for lumber contracts but the dealers sat in silence. They couldn't bid on orders they couldn't fill.



Government officers were dumfounded when Leo Stehr showed them the completed contracts. In two days he'd done a job that should have taken months.

Bob Gardner

Manifold Welding

This foreman wants to see you, if you're looking for a chance to swap something

If you have anything you'd like to swap for something else, Bob Gardner is the man to see. The chunky, good-humored foreman of Manifold Welding has a passion for trading, and his trades usually turn out well for everyone concerned. Especially for Bob.

Recently Gardner bought a home-made rowboat with a weak outboard motor. He fixed it up a bit, traded it for a better boat, and after a series of quick swaps wound up a few weeks later with an 18-foot motorboat with mahogany hull, leather upholstering, and Marine Lycoming engine.

Gardner never wastes time on his trades. Once he bought a rifle for $45, added $5 worth of ammunition, and sold it for $60 on the way home from work the same day. Another time he bought a decrepit Ford car for $15, speedily fixed it up with tires, battery, floor mat, top and other accessories until he had sunk about $20 additional in it, then sold it for $75. "The buyer got a bargain, too," Bob asserts, "because when I finished with that old car it ran like a top and looked as classy as a new model."

Guns, boats and cars are Bob's pet items for trading. He watches the classified columns and keeps an ear to the ground following up every rumor of a possible exchange. He has had as many as four automobiles in his backyard at one time, awaiting swappers. "I have a mighty patient wife, and that helps a lot," he says. "When I come home and say, 'Honey, I want to take five hundred dollars out of the bank account to buy another old car,' she's willing, because she knows I'll put that five hundred back with interest. I never yet bought anything I couldn't swap at a profit."

Once Gardner narrowly escaped disaster on a deal, however. He was showing a rifle to a prospective swapper, when the prospect accidentally pulled the trigger. The gun was loaded. The bullet lodged in Gardner's dresser drawer, after gashing the other man's hand.

Bob represents probably the first case on record, in an industry as young as aircraft, where a father and son have both been foremen for the same company. He is the son of Floyd Gardner, who passed away a few years ago after a long term of service as Ryan's foreman of Machine Shop and Welding.

Bob came to work here in the summer of 1936, as a youngster of 22, after his father had spent a month teaching him welding at home. At that time there were only about a half-dozen welders in the factory, and no shortage of manpower, so it wasn't easy for an inexperienced man to break in. However, Bob's trial run of plates looked good, so Ed Morrow, who was welding foreman at that time, took him on.

Bob learned fast, and was soon transferred to the Manifold Department as a welder under Rex Seaton. He has been under Rex ever since. In 1940 Rex was made general foreman over the entire Manifold Department, and Bob became one of his right-hand men as foreman of the newly-organized Manifold Welding Department. He still holds that position today.

(Continued on page 15)

Portrait sketch by Paul Hoffman

We're Not Expecting A Gas Attack...But —

Just in case, Ryan has a big emergency squad trained to cope with poison gas

A gas attack by enemy planes doesn't seem very likely to occur anywhere on the Pacific Coast. But if it ever does happen here, the Ryan Aeronautical Company has an emergency squad trained to meet it.

Al Gee, Chief of Plant Protection, and Dan Driscoll, Fire Chief, don't believe in missing any bets. "We hope for the best, but prepare for the worst," Al says.

Consequently, all the 125 volunteer members of the Ryan emergency squad have been thoroughly trained in dealing with gas attacks. Rescue crews, decontamination crews, sentries and other details are fully organized. All equipment that's likely to be needed in such an emergency is stored in safe places, ready for use at a moment's notice. For example, special ropes are in readiness to rope off any area containing gas, and neat white signs have been painted with the legend "GAS AREA—KEEP OUT."

Rubber clothes and gloves, with flannel inner linings, are neatly folded in special chests ready for rescue workers to don before entering any section in which poison gas has been detected. Special fire extinguishers and other equipment for dealing with incendiary bombs are spotted at strategic locations throughout the factory. Gas masks are available for every man on the whole big emergency squad.

Furthermore, the boys all know exactly how to use their masks, and have full confidence in the gas-proof quality of these protectors. Dan Driscoll and Al Gee saw to that.

"Some of the fellows were a little doubtful about whether their masks would really stand up under a gas attack," Dan says, "but since they've been through the gas chamber at the Marine Base they don't have any more doubts. We made arrangements to have them all get a full day's training in emergency work, on company time, and the high spot of the day for them was their twenty minutes under gas attack."

The Marines' gas chamber was filled with double-strength tear gas, and the men from Ryan were sent into it one at a time. They were not allowed to pull the mask from its container until they had crossed the threshold. Once they had donned their masks in the gas-filled room, they stayed inside for about 10

(Continued on page 15)

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER LONG

MEATLESS MAIN DISHES

Walnut Sausage

1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. butter or margorine
1 cup cooked brown rice
2 tsp. soge
½ tsp. papriko
1 ½ cups ground wolnuts
2 eggs beaten
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. minced onion

Blend all ingredients. Shape mixture like sausages ond brown well in hot fat in o skillet. Serve with o white sauce or tomoto sauce. Serves 6.

Recipe: 65 groms protein.

Oatmeal hamburgers without meat

1 cup rolled oots
1 cup ground wolnuts
3 tbsp. milk
1 medium onion
2 eggs
Salt to toste
Pepper, poultry seosoning

Method:—Beot eggs and combine oll ingredients with them. Form in smoll potties. Brown in smoll amount of fat. Bake with a small omount of woter or simmer slowly on top of the stove for 20 minutes. Serve with cream sauce or tomoto sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Recipe: 40 grams protein.

"JUNIOR, THIS IS A 23 POINT DINNER - NOW EAT IT!"

Looking For a Meat Substitute?

Choose Cheese

Make it eggs and cheese in fondues and souffles.

Melt Americon cheese in white sauce . . . pour over cooked mocaroni, spaghetti, or noodles for o hot casserole dish. Use this some sauce for vegetable dishes.

For o mon-dish sandwich, toast cheese on bread in the oven, under the broiler, or in o frying pon. Dip in egg-and-milk mixture, then fry for o French toasted sandwich.

Serve cottoge cheese "os is," seasoned to taste—ond in salad ond sondwiches.

Eat Eggs

Serve eggs os eggs—soft-cooked, hord-cooked, deviled, poached, fried, baked, scrombled. For best results keep heat moderote when you cook eggs.

For o heorty baked dish, mix hord-cooked eggs, cheese sauce, mocaroni or spoghetti, ond top with breod crumbs.

Moke o corn pudding from beaten eggs, cooked corn, milk and seasonings.

Dried Beans and Peas

For plain cooked beans, sook, simmer slowly in o covered pon. Flavor with something salt, sour, fresh, crisp, bright, or spicy.

For o boked loaf or croquettes combine moshed or chopped cooked beons, milk, beaten eggs, bread crumbs, ond seasoning.

For better beon soup, add finely chopped peonuts . . . tomotoes . . . carrots . . . or just o little crisp bacon, chipped beef, cooked sousoge.

Hearty beon sandwich fillings. Combine boked beans with onion, pickle, relish, or cotsup. . . Moisten with salad dressing . . . Combine chopped peonuts and baked beans.

Peanuts, Peanut Butter

For o loof or croquettes, mix chopped roosted peonuts with carrot or other chopped vegetables. Bind together and shape.

Try peanuts with tomotoes, sliced onion, ond other vegetobles in scalloped dishes.

Vary peanut-butter sondwiches with chopped crisp vegetobles such os corrot or onion . . . chopped dried fruit . . . jelly, jam, honey . . . cotsup, chili souce . . . salad dressing . . . chopped pickle . . . hord-cooked eggs.

Add peonut butter to omelet.

Soybeans

Cook dry soybeans ond serve in practicolly the some woys as any other dry beans.

—Prepored by the U. S. Deportment of Agriculture.

THE SIGNS OF *Well-Being*

1. WEIGHT—in good proportion to height, age and build.
2. POSTURE—head erect, chest up, shoulders flat, abdomen in.
3. CHEST—broad and deep, expansion of not less than 2½ inches.
4. BONES—straight and well developed, no enlargement of joints.
5. TEETH—well formed and enameled. clean and free from cavities.
6. SKIN—clear, smooth, soft, slightly moist, somewhat pink.
7. HAIR—plentiful and lustrous, smooth and glossy, not brittle or extremely dry.
8. EYES—bright and clear with no dark circles or rings under them.
9. FINGERNAILS AND LIPS—decidedly pink.
10. MUSCLES—firm and strong, good muscle tone throughout the body.
11. ATTITUDE—alert, vigorous, and active.
12. BREATH—sweet.
13. NERVOUS SYSTEM—stable.
14. APPETITE—good.
15. ENTIRE BODY FUNCTIONING PROPERLY.

Here they are - - - the signs of well-being! Check them over and see how you and your family tally up.

If you're all 100 percenters, swell!

If not, take a minute to check up on the possible causes. They may lie in one of these three reasons:

1. Physical defects which should be remedied. Bad teeth can produce trouble in practically any part of the body, with-

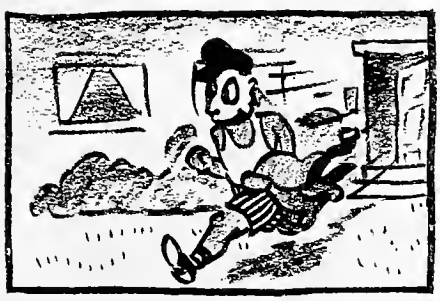
out giving any tangible indication that they are the culprits. Tonsils, likewise, can be the root of all sorts of evil. Any possibility of tuberculosis should be checked at once by the simple blood tests which your doctor can give in a few minutes. Unconscious eye strain, especially in children, may cause nervous and digestive ailments. If there's any indication of physical defects, you'll be repaid a thousand-fold for ferreting out the cause and correcting it.

2. Faulty hygiene — which means lack of sleep, too little fresh air or exercise, over-

fatigue. Symptoms connected with the hair or the eyes may first tell the tale, but there'll be worse to come if the situation isn't corrected.

3. Faulty diet — the most common cause. It may be a matter of too little food, which even with rationing can't be blamed on the supply. Or it may be that you're eating low calorie foods. Your car performs better on a high octane gas; your body takes its octane in the form of calories. Some foods, though bulky, are very low in calorie content.

If you're one of the people who get up just in time to throw on some clothes and



dash out the door, you're giving yourself a K.O. to start the day. A before-lunch slump is all wrapped up and ready to be delivered to you.

Food may be adequate in amount, yet inadequate in kind. The important foods to check on are milk, vegetables, whole grain bread and cereals, and sufficient proteins and fluids. Too much, though, can be just as bad as too little: Watch out for the fats and concentrated sweets.

How you eat is almost as important as what you eat. Keep your meals as nearly to schedule as possible. Allow plenty of time for them and encourage your family to eat slowly and chew well. Make conditions at the table pleasant—nervous tension while eating means poor digestion afterward. Then, last and often hardest of all, forget those between-meal snacks. It's death on the battery to keep starting and stopping your car—it's hard on a stomach too.

PROTEIN MATHEMATICS

We're searching every nook and cranny these days for new protein dishes to substitute for meat.

Here's a list of protein equivalents published by the Fullerton, California, Civilian Defense Council that may help us determine how much protein we're getting out of our meatless dishes. Each one of these items contains about 8 grams of protein; the average man requires about 70 grams a day and the average woman about 60. Children from 5 to 12 years require 50-70 grams and children from 12 to 20 years up to 100 grams for boys and 75 grams for girls.

1 egg
1 cup milk
½ cup evaporated milk
1 cup buttermilk
2-1 ⅛" cubes cheese
2 tbsp. cottage cheese
1 hamburger, 3" in diameter, ¼" thick
1 piece halibut steak 3"x1¾"x½"
1 piece liver 1"x1"x¼"
1 slice roast chicken 3½"x2½"x¼"
12-15 slices bacon
30-35 single peanuts
2 tbsp. peanut butter
12-14 walnuts
½ cup baked beans, dried navy beans, dried limas, dried lentils or dried peas
1/3 cup cooked dried soybeans
3 slices whole wheat bread
1½ cups cooked cereal.

In addition to protein meat is a source of iron, phosphorus and three of the B vitamins.

Next Issue: Some kitchen-tested meat stretchers, along with a few pointers on broiling, braising and roasting.

MORE ABOUT

LUMBER HEADACHES

(Continued from page 5)

Bortzmeyer and his superior, Plant Engineer D. H. Palmer, went to work with letters, telegrams and long-distance phone calls. "We got in touch with everyone that had the remotest connection with our lumber orders," Bortzmeyer recalls, "and kept in touch with them. We figured that if we kept everlastingly after everybody concerned, we aught to be able to break the jam somehow."

But lumber contractors and government officials, though cordial and cooperative, seemed helpless. No matter how much the Ryan men pleaded and cajoled, they were stymied by the floods, the lumber shortage and the mob of contractors fighting for what little timber was available. Weeks passed and there was no sign of any action on the Ryan lumber orders from anywhere.

But Bortzmeyer, schooled in the Ryan tradition that there's no such word as can't, refused to take this statement sitting down. He and Palmer went to the building contractor, B. O. Larsen, and suggested that he select an expediter to go to Portland and try to get lumber. Larsen agreed and picked Leo Stehr, a tall, tanned fellow with an engaging grin and lots of savvy.

When Stehr began digging into the lumber situation in Portland, he uncovered more discouraging facts. He found that the mills had an 80 million foot backlog of AAA priority orders waiting to be filled ahead of the Ryan order. He found that the only lumber available would be much higher-priced grades than Ryan needed in some cases, and the wrong types in other cases. Where the plans called for Douglas Fir, Hemlock might have to be accepted if there was to be any chance at all of filling the order. All orders had to be okayed by ten or a dozen different officials.

But Stehr is a resourceful man. "When I got all this bad news and saw how discouraging the situation looked, I felt pretty blue," he recalls. "But I sat down in my hotel room and did nothing but think for a solid hour. Finally I figured a way out of the mess."

How Stehr did it is his own secret, but two days later nearly all the items on Ryan's lumber list were contracted for and the first carloads were on their way to San Diego.

"It would be too long a story to try to tell you how I managed to cut all the red tape," Stehr says, "but at least I'll say that the orders didn't go through all the channels they ordinarily would have. After I got the papers signed and stamped, I took them around and showed them to all the Portland officers I'd by-passed so there wouldn't be any kick-back. They stared at the papers and even turned them over and looked on the backs. They just couldn't understand how I had gotten the papers through in two days where they should have taken several months."

So Stehr returned to San Diego, while lumber began arriving and building operations got under way. But Bortzmeyer was still uneasy. Several items on his lumber list, including considerable quantities of the larger sizes of lumber, still weren't contracted for. He kept querying the Navy Lumber Coordinating Unit at Portland, but all he got was such telegrams as: "No information available on placement balance your inquiry. Weather conditions unfavorable. Will advise when placement made."

The bottleneck that apparently couldn't be broken was a big auction room in Portland. Once each week, hundreds of lumber-mill representatives sat down at long tables in this room, while a Navy coordinator spent all day intoning into a microphone the specifications of lumber needed by countless buyers. For hour after hour he would call off lists of millions of feet of lumber — yet get bids for only a few hundred thousand feet. "Come on, come on," he would plead. "Give me some bids on these items. How can we win the war if these builders don't get lumber for vital war construction?" The Navy man might be hoarse from pleading by the end of the auction, but the lumber men still would sit in silence. They couldn't bid on orders that they couldn't fill.

By this time Bortzmeyer was lurching and weaving noticeably as he walked, but he stuck grimly to the assignment. Finally he put in a phone call to Ryan's Washington representative, Jack Wiseman, and explained that the lumber situation was beginning to look desperate. Jack said, "I think I can get some action—I'll call you back," and hot-footed it over to the Bureau of Yards and Docks in the Capitol.

Soon afterward he reported that, because of the importance of the Ryan contracts, he had been able to enlist the help of high Navy officials who began combing the country to find the huge sizes of lumber Ryan needed. The great lumber centers in Dallas, Memphis, and New Orleans were investigated thoroughly. But even there no lumber mills could be found which had the resources to provide the remaining items on Ryan's list.

"All right," the Navy told Wiseman, "since we can't find the lumber for you in any civilian yard in America, we'll let you draw on our own emergency reserve in the Navy Distribution Yards."

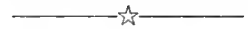
The Navy Distribution Yards are stock piles of huge timbers, use of which by a private contractor involves plenty of grief. For example, where Ryan might require pieces of 12-by-14 inch wood 36 feet long, they might have to have some of them cut from 14-by-14's 40 feet long and some from 16-by-16's 38 feet long — and pay for all the handling, recutting and excess length and trim pieces. Furthermore, the lumber in the Distribution Yards is rough graded in the large timbers. There's no way of telling whether the smaller sizes cut out of them will conform to the necessary grade. If they prove to have a knot or pitch pocket or defective grain slope, they must be accepted even if they can't be used.

But Ryan went ahead, took the lumber and shipped it to Los Angeles, where the giant trusses for the new building are now being laid out. There each piece is being checked carefully and every unsuitable board rejected by Ryan's architectural engineer. Since the lumber is to be used structurally in places which normally would employ steel construction, the Ryan contractors are taking no chance on a single stick being below standard.

A sizable portion of the lumber bought from the Navy Distribution Yards has already had to be rejected. This puts the contractor temporarily in the lumber business, since he owns all this sub-standard lumber and must try to resell it. Furthermore, new lumber must be bought from somewhere to replace every piece rejected.

But all parties concerned are working closely together to solve the remaining problems. "Lieutenant W. M. Enser, the Navy Officer-in-charge, Frank Hope, the architect, and B. O. Larsen, the contractor, have cooperated one hundred percent in trying to keep the work rolling in the face of every obstacle," Bortzmeyer reports.

Even today there are lumber shortages which the Navy still hasn't been able to fill. However, Ryan's building project is so big that it will be some time before we need these missing items. Bortzmeyer, in a written report on the situation, takes a cynically optimistic view of the matter. "By the time we catch up to the shortages," he writes, "we hope they will have ceased to exist, along with the writer."



New Classes Begin

Educational courses being opened under the University of California War Training Program during the month of April include a wide selection of mathematical and metallurgical subjects. Several of the math classes have been arranged during the daytime hours in order that night shift workers may attend. All classes are held at the War Training Center at First Avenue and A Street and are tuition-free.

Below is a list of the new courses being started and the dates on which they begin:

Algebra — beginning April 19 — Mondays and Thursdays, 7-9 p.m.

Trigonometry — beginning April 20—Tuesdays and Saturdays, 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

Elementary Engineering Mathematics—beginning April 20—Tuesdays and Fridays, 7-9 p.m.

Numerical Analysis, Slide Rule and Other Calculation Devices—

One class beginning April 19 — Mondays and Thursdays, 7-9 p.m.

One class beginning April 27—Tuesdays and Fridays, 12 noon-2 p.m.

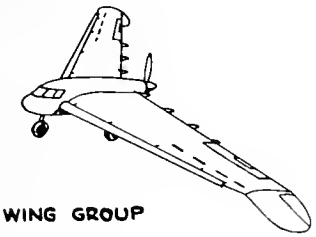
Aircraft Descriptive Geometry — beginning April 12 — Mondays and Fridays, 7-9:30 p.m.

Applied Metallurgy — beginning April 21 — Wednesdays, 7-10 p.m.

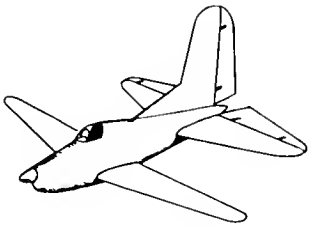
Aircraft Materials and Processes — beginning April 14 — Wednesdays and Fridays, 7-9 p.m.

For additional information regarding any of these courses, inquire at the Ryan Industrial Training Office.

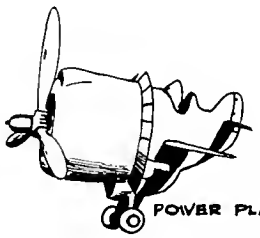
DREAM AIRPLANES



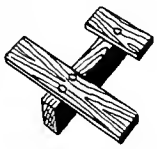
WING GROUP



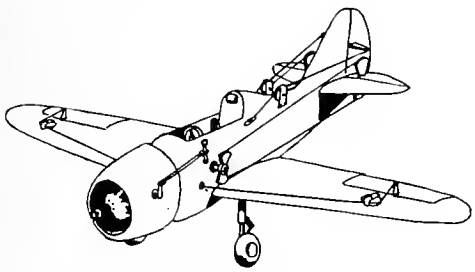
EMPENNAGE GROUP



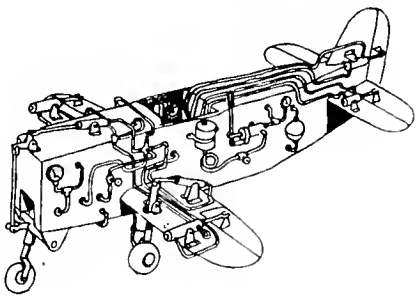
POWER PLANT GROUP



PRODUCTION ENGINEERING GROUP



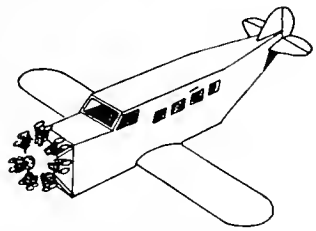
CONTROLS GROUP



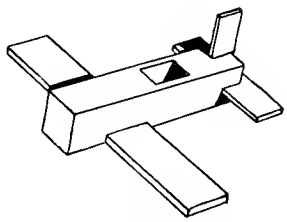
HYDRAULICS GROUP

Every group in an aircraft factory takes its own assignment very seriously. Their intense sincerity is one of the reasons why American airplanes are such magnificent creations—even though every group would like to see its own part of the work given increased scope.

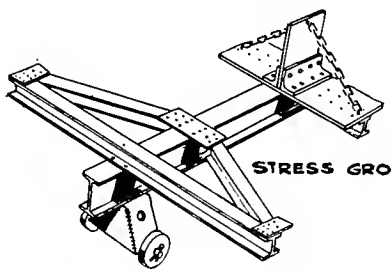
Engineer C. W. Miller of Lockheed-Vega Aircraft Corporation, like most aviation men, has a real sense of humor. In this tribute to the zeal of his fellow workers, Miller has contrived to say in black and white, "Don't take yourself TOO seriously!"



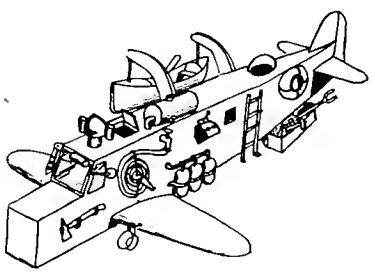
FUSELAGE GROUP



LOFT GROUP



STRESS GROUP



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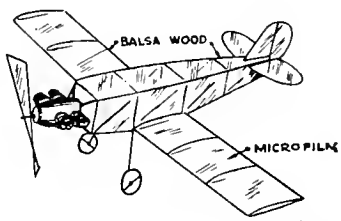

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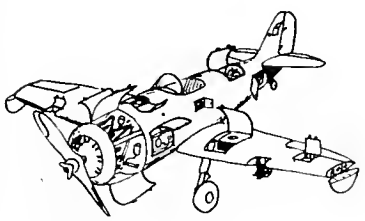

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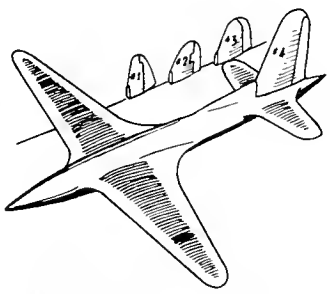

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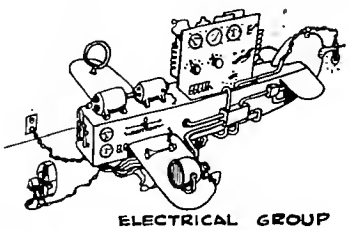
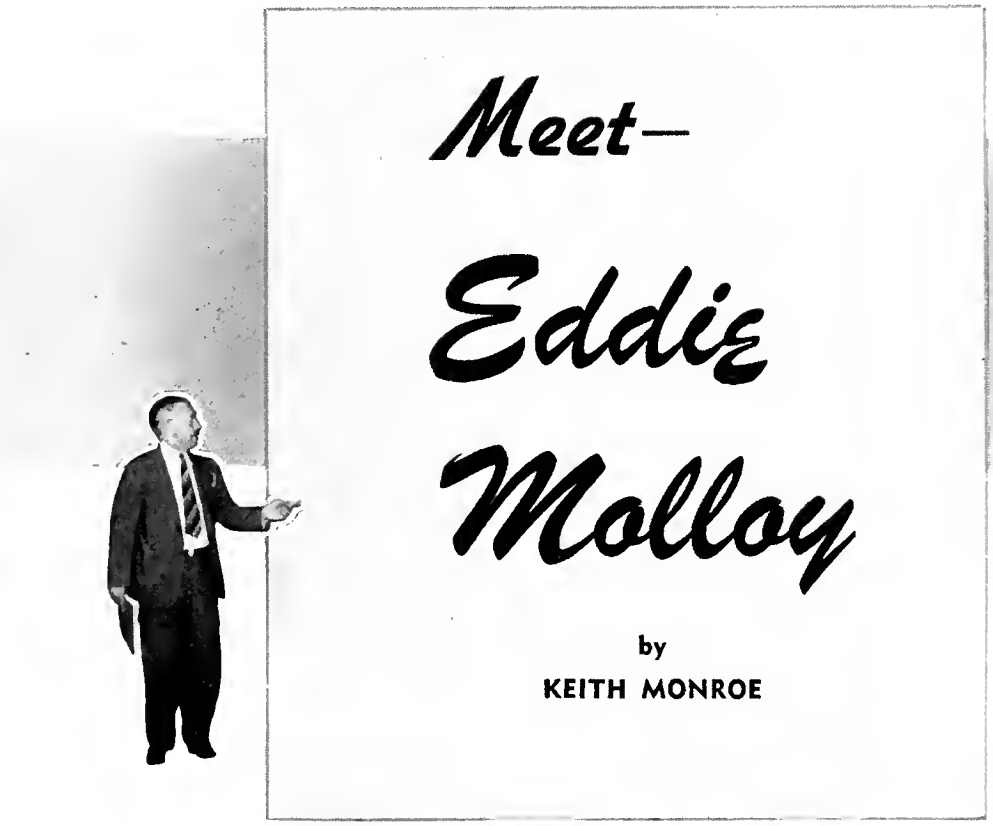


ELECTRICAL GROUP

(Reproduced through courtesy of Lockheed-Vega Aircraftsman.)



Meet— Eddie Molloy

by KEITH MONROE

"THIS WON'T DO," said the lawyer sternly. "Please don't sign your nickname to a legal document."

Eddie Molloy smiled patiently and gave the same explonation he's been giving all his life. "Eddie isn't my nickname. That's what I was christened."

According to Molloy, his mother disliked to hear people called by nicknames. So when he was born in 1891, she made up her mind that everyone was going to call her son by his given name. She christened him Eddie, and even made sure his birth certificate was filled in that way.

"It used to cause a little confusion and embarrassment at school," Molloy recalls, "and in later life I've had lots of contracts and other legal documents questioned. When I was younger I'd get rather hot under the neckband sometimes — but it's been years now since I let it bother me."

Eddie Molloy is the sort of man who doesn't allow anything to bother him too much. He's the deliberate, pipe-smoking type of aircraft executive who never makes snap judgments nor lets his temper get away from him.

In fighting the war from his particular battlefront behind a Vice-President's desk, Molloy is lucky to have a shatterproof disposition. All management men in top-flight aircraft companies are subject to constant shocks and somersaults in this war. Sudden changes in Army or Navy air strategy in any outpost of the battle-line — hurry-up orders for alterations in design — maddening tie-ups of transportation or shortages of material — 57 varieties of headaches with manpower and womanpower — they're all part of daily life for executives like Molloy.

Eddie is a small man, but distinguished looking. His high forehead, wavy silver-gray hair, and full moustache might cause him to be taken for either an artist, a scientist, or a business leader. Actually, he is all three.

The artistic side of his nature is half forgotten now, but as a boy he spent every spare hour in oil painting and photography. Asthma kept him from more strenuous activities.

However, when Molloy was bitten by the aviation bug in 1912, he laid away his palette and camera. At that time he was 21, and an apprentice in a Rhode Island machine company. He caught the flying urge from a friend who had some money and a hobby of building new-fangled things called airplanes. The two youngsters began spending all their evenings working over drawings and experimental airplane models.

At about that time, the U. S. Navy was taking an active interest in flying. It published a notice for bids on a flying boat. Over chocolate sodas in the corner drug store, the two boys plotted a business coup to win the contract.

They designed a seaplane and made a complete set of ink tracings of the plane and all its parts. Then they mailed the set to Washington — it made a package six inches thick — and sat back to await results.

In those days, most planes were built by trial and error. A few penciled sketches and drawings were the accepted means for submitting aircraft designs to the Navy. Consequently, naval officers were flabbergasted by the elaborate plans sent in by the mysterious bidder in Rhode Island. The next thing the boys knew, they were surrounded by Navy dignitaries ready to inspect the facilities and financing of their company before awarding them the contract.

Naturally, the visitors from Washington were startled to discover that the company's facilities consisted of one barn, and that its financing totalled ten dollars. The Navy contract went elsewhere.

That was Eddie Molloy's first setback in the newly-born aircraft business. But setbacks have never bothered him much. "I've learned they're bound to come, especially in this game," he says now. "Aviation has had to buck a lot of suspicion and apathy during the thirty years I've been in it. For most of the years of my life I've been connected with companies that were fighting their way to the top in spite of indifference and even opposition from the public, the government, and other business interests. I've found that whenever you get thrown for a loss, the thing to do is to get up, dust off your pants, and start plowing in again."

So when the Navy refused to award a contract to a pair of 21-year-old youngsters, Molloy's ambition was undampened. He hired

Naval officer bidder for a But Eddie h

out as a draftsman for Grover C. Loening in the Sturtevant Airplane Company. There he designed a plane with a triangular, metal-trussed fuselage which looked like hot stuff to everybody in the company. No one realized that it wouldn't have enough torsional rigidity. Sturtevant built the plane and it flew — with tail surfaces waving like a flag.

Eddie still thought aviation was his dish, however, and Grover Loening agreed with him. Loening gave the young engineer more and more responsible duties. "The work under Mr. Loening laid the foundation for my life work," Molloy recalls. "I helped create models which we tested in the first wind tunnel at Massachusetts Institute of Technology; I had a finger in the pioneering

'gasted when they found the mysterious
:ontract was 21-year-old Eddie Molloy.
a lot of people in the last 30 years.

of all-metal structures, which were just beginning to replace wooden planes at that time; I was in on the early development of data through flight testing by civilian, Army and Navy personnel."

When Loening organized his own company in 1917, he took Molloy with him as chief engineer. But difficulties cropped up when they moved to the new site. A button manufacturing plant nearby gave off clouds of a foul-smelling gas every afternoon, and when the wind was right the fumes played hob with Eddie's asthmatic condition. The gas got so bad he could hardly keep on working.

Loening offered to move the plant—but Eddie couldn't see shifting a whole factory just to keep one man on the staff. Regretfully he parted company with Loening. "If it hadn't been for that gas, I'd probably be with Grover Loening to this day," he says. "I certainly owe a lot to him."

He became a research associate of Dr. Alexander Klemin. In six years with Klemin he developed several radical new designs for military aircraft, including plans for a seaplane to be carried on submarines.

The daring young designer with Klemin Associates began to be talked about. Other companies were soon bidding for his services, and in 1925 he joined Huff-Daland Company, manufacturers of military bombers, as project engineer and later as works manager. When this company became Keystone Aircraft Company, he stayed on as executive engineer.

Then came another setback. Keystone was absorbed by Curtiss-Wright in 1932 and many Keystone executives found themselves in secondary positions in the larger Curtiss organization. Molloy was relegated to the same job in which he had started years before: project engineer.

"I didn't mind much," Molloy recalls. "Prestige is a small matter. The one thing I want of a job is that it be interesting. Maybe I'm not money-conscious enough — but I figure that as long as I'm doing work I enjoy, the promotions and pay will take care of themselves."

(Continued on page 25)

Final News

by Enid Larsen

Flying Reporter editors regret the omission of a portion of the "Final News" article in the last issue. Here it is—with our apologies.

In this day ond age, with the world at wor, we all pause long enough now ond then to do o little thinking about the future, ond the security we who live in Americo enjoy. Did you ever feel independent to the extent of hurting your fellow men? If so, reod the following orticle by Gerry Jackson.

Ofttimes in this life we all moke mistokes. If we didn't this wouldn't be the same old world. Of course none of us want to moke mistakes, but then, none of us hove complete control of ourselves. If we did we would be independent of each other.

Being independent is one of the many (ond certainly the worst) things thot creates the hordships which we hove to bear. Some of these seem almost unbearable, but they are never as bod as they seem: thot is if we get rid of that independent ottitude.

Mony ore the times that we feel we are going ahead ond doing big things while we ore independent. Maybe we do feel thot woy for a time but it never losts. There ore olways times when we feel the need for o portner. It is then, if we don't hove a portner, that we feel like things around us ore pushing us out of the picture. This feeling need never enter our minds if we treot our fellow men on an equol basis.

There's an old odage which stotes: "A choin is no stronger thon its weokest link." Thot, friends, is true throughout the span of life. Independence is the weokest link in our span of life.

In speoking of independence, I om referring to it in o sense where one mon in our world tries to be independent of his fellow men. Being independent in thot sense thot our fellow men have to sacrifice all they hove—yes, even their lives. That certoinly isn't getting ahead, and isn't doing the good we think it is.

Many are the men, since time began, who hove tried to become independent and oll they got was their names put down in history (ofter they had died). None of them ever achieved what they were striving for. Those same men have caused more bloodshed than all the other elements of time combined.

If thot is what being independent does, then thonk Heaven that this country feels thot oll men are created equal; not only feels it, but proctices it. God Bless America!

New Faces...and Old Faces In New Places

Among the promotions announced recently by company officials was thot of John Van der Linde to the post of Foreman of the newly - orgonized Assembly department, which comprises Wing, Fuseloge, Sub-Assembly, Finol Assembly ond Finishing. Into Von der Linde's former position of Night Superintendent goes Buck Kelly.

In addition to these promotions, three new men hove been named to hondle important positions in the Ryan compony. J. E. Cooper, formerly with Consolidoted, will assist Production Superintendent Ernie Moore on the PB2Y3 center sections. J. T. Zihlmon is the new Assistont to Factory Monoger G. E. Borton. Zihlman comes from the Goodyeor Aircroft plont ot Litchfield Park, Arizono. W. Dow Woodword, o former Curtiss-Wright mon, joins Ryon os Contract coordinator under Walter Locke, Contract Administrotor.

Check Your Number?

There ore several Ryan workers whom the Joint Lobor-Management Committee would like to hear from os soon os possible—o medol is awaiting them for shop suggestions mode which have been odopted by the company. If you submitted suggestion 1021, concerning bosket hooks for use in pickling tonks; 1327 on PB2Y3 Trailing edges; 1333 concerning flop ond aileron cut-outs; 1390 on o fluorescent light lock or 1312 regording costing dies, please turn in your nome so thot the committee can arrange for presentotion of the medol to you.

Inspection

by Irene Travis

WANTED: News obout any inspectors ot Ryon. Phone 342.

SOLD: Virginio Murdock to Don Wilcox on April 3, 1943. At lost Don hos bought himself o wife. Little does he know how long he'll be poying for her, for it's the man who poys and poys, they soy. Don stayed within the Ryan fomily, for Virginio is in Engineering. The entire Inspection deportment wishes the couple oll the hoppiness in the world.

WANTED: To know the nome of the young lady pictured in the last Reporter without any identificotion. If you promise not to tell, I'll give it to you. It wos Mrs. Dorothy Trudersheim of Crib No. 3, the former Dorothy McAdow.

MERGER: Ryan and Consolidated. It's rother big news and came very unexpectedly when Shirley Gatliff of smoll parts was married to J. W. Weathersbee of Consolidated.

WANTED: All the girls looking for romonce to read this list of eligibles: Al Johnson, Horold LaFluer, Cormock Berryman, Gordon Becker ond Morvin Seter. This isn't oll of them but I will tell you more next month.

NEW: Henry (Chick) Melvin is o new orrival in Crib No. 4 and we ore mighty glad to hove him. He's just back from the wor zone. Due to injuries he's now out of the Novy, just nine months before his twenty yeors of service would hove been completed. Once, when his plone ond pilot were finished, Chick wos left holding the bog—o bog that contained around 70,000 dollars in cash for the Navy. Chick held on and soved it for Uncle Sam.

TRANSFER: The smiling foce of Claude Nodeou, formerly in Final Assembly and now in Crib No. 4. Welcome, Cloude. We hope you like your new work.

WANTED: Speedy Cole of Sub Assembly says, "Come on all you softboll teams ond the Finol Assembly team will show you how to play the game." Better be careful, Speedy, they might take you up.

MORTGAGED: It is rumored thot Bill Gray has o mortgage on Marjorie Davis and that he plons to foreclose very soon. Marjorie is from Toledo, Ohio, and has just returned from a visit there. No doubt she told the home folks of the pending chonge from Miss to Mrs. Marjorie is in Small Parts ond Bill is in Manifold Assembly.

LOST: Another chance—when Inspector Kane got morried last month. He's on the night shift in Crib No. 5.

MEN: It's hard to believe but it's true! A lot of pretty girls in the plont are single. Here ore o few of their names: Marjorie Bolos, Ruth Dougherty and Marion Contreras—all brunettes. If you prefer blondes or redheads, we'll see what we can do next issue.

SICK: Nino Wolkerson is on the sick list. We hope she'll soon be back.

WELL: We trust Thomas Swift won't have any more trouble with the finger he had to hove rebroken. He says there are still some pretty nurses in civilion life.

VACATION: Alreody Chief Gurkin of Crib No. 4 is vocotioning in Mexico City.

HOSPITAL: We still think Ed Willioms should have called us from the hospital. Here's hoping you stay out of there from now on, Ed.

BOARDERS: Wonted to know if Bill Rosie doesn't want some boarders. There are plenty of fellows who would like to hove some of those tremendous sandwiches his wife makes. He certainly appears to enjoy them. In foct, he's oppearing larger every doy. Whot's the red apple for, Bill?

COMPLIMENT: "Pappy" Garrison, who should know because he really gets around, says Beverly Moore does more and soys less than anyone around here. What o compliment for a woman!

SICK: Myrtle Nichol from Crib No. 5 is home sick. We hope to see her on the job ogoin soon.

GIRLS: Toke Chuck Christopher off the eligible list for he's soon to become the property of Mary Stouch of Purchosing. Lucky fellow.

NAVY: We've been missing one of the Navy inspectors this post week, the one who onswers to George Groy, Sr., now that he hos o Jr. in the family.

FLYING: Our Chief Inspector, George Dew, mode o flying trip to Texas this post week.

SONG: The fellow thot wrote "Sweet Sue" must have hod Suson Rowan in mind.

TRUE: Alice Johnson was seen lotely—awoke.

EX-QUEEN: The Ex-Queen of Crib No. 4, Janet Finn, is ropidly regoining her regal title omong her associate workers in her new field.

LI'L ABNER: What "Li'l Abner" has done for Dog Patch, "Home Spun Homer" Pugh has done for "Strawberry Patch," Iowo.

FASHION PLATES: McLester and Southern—two leadmen who really lead on. What glory is reflected in the shine of their shoes!

BOSS: Last but not least is the boss himself, D. J., which stonds for Diligent, Jovial Donnely of Crib No. 4.

MORE ABOUT

BOB GARDNER

(Continued from page 6)

Gardner started out to be a baker, putting in two years as a part-time baker's helper while he was attending Hoover High in Glendale. But the bakery business didn't appeal to him, so after graduation from high school he spent a couple of years as a "counter-hopper" — waiting on customers but doing little cutting — in butcher shops around South Gate and Huntington Park.

However, Bob didn't enjoy the diplomacy required in dealing with fussy ladies on the basis of "the customer is always right." So he finally gave up all idea of staying in the butcher business. He put in a year with the Vail Rubber Company in Los Angeles, as a maintenance man assembling fittings for steam pipes. Then he came to San Diego, went to work for Ryan, and shortly afterward married a girl he'd been courting for several years.

At Ryan he is generally considered one of the best-liked foremen in the plant. Men and women alike, throughout his big department, greet him heartily whenever he walks down an aisle. When a photographer visited the department recently to take a publicity photo of him during a rest period, a crowd of workers gathered from all around the nearby sections of the factory to cheer and heckle him while he tried to pose for the cameraman.

Aside from swapping, this foreman's chief recreations are hunting and fishing, for which he travels to Utah every vacation. He's never yet failed to bring back a buck from a vacation hunting trip. Two years ago he had an extra-adventurous time in California—he was camping with a gang of friends when he decided to climb down into a canyon to get water. After reaching the bottom of the canyon, finding the water, and resting awhile, he was dismayed to realize that he didn't remember which side of the canyon he'd come down! He was lost for a night and a day before he located a settler's cabin and got transportation back to his friends, who had organized a big searching party in the meantime. Bob hasn't heard the last of that trip yet.

One other experience which Gardner will be a long time forgetting hit him just before Christmas one year. Returning home after completing a series of profitable trades which had put $300 in his wallet, he discovered that for once his trades had turned out sour. A pickpocket had stolen his wallet.

'Way Back When

The occasion was President Harding's return from Alaska in 1924 and the participants included Lieutenant A. S. Billings, better known as "Bill" Billings of Quality Control, and 14 other U. S. Navy fliers. Billings, preparing to take off from Sand Point Naval Air Station in Seattle on the return leg of his trip, is pictured accepting a package for delivery in Los Angeles.

Taking off from San Diego in their Douglas torpedo planes — the first planes built by Douglas for the Navy — the fifteen Navy pilots flew in formation to the base in Seattle which, according to Billings, was then nothing but an overgrown backyard. While in Seattle they flew for the President's review and then devoted their efforts to providing fifteen Navy pilots with a long-to-be-remembered good time.

These Douglas torpedo planes were powered with 400 h.p. Liberty engines and could attain the amazing speed of about 110 miles an hour. Nevertheless, they were dependable and at that time, Billings reports, the pilots considered them one of the "hottest" planes built. Later this same model was equipped with floats by the Army and made the first flight around the world.

MORE ABOUT

THE GAS CHAMBER

(Continued from page 7)

minutes checking the fit of each other's masks and getting used to the feel of wearing them under actual gas conditions.

"One or two of the boys had a little trouble, too," Dan chuckles. "They were instructed to keep their eyes closed until they got their masks on, but they didn't think that was necessary. They found out. They also learned that it pays not to be too slow about whipping that mask out and jamming it on your head. Since we got through with the gas drill, everyone of our boys can pull his mask out of his bag and put it on in six seconds or less."

It's a queer feeling to go ready to go into a gas-filled chamber for the first time, and nobody was eager to be at the head of the line when Ryan's squad went through. However, now that they've all been through the experience, it's an old story to all the crew members and they won't be jittery if they ever again must face tear gas or anything worse. Some of the men, those who had trouble the first time, went through the gas chamber a second time and had no difficulty at all.

In case of a raid, every man has a prearranged post inside the factory, with special duties assigned him in case of fire, gas attack or other emergencies. In addition to the men with fixed stations, there is a substantial squad of "roamers" whose duty is to tour the whole factory and make sure that every emergency man is at his post. If anyone is absent, the roamer can jump in and fill his place at a second's notice. No matter whether the emergency should arise on first, second or third shift, a crew of volunteer Ryan men is fully prepared to protect the rest of the company's employees.

Crew leaders of the Ryan emergency squad are: First Shift, J. W. Danyluk, E. R. Akey, G. R. Richardson, Charles LeClaire, and Chief Owen Walker, Jr.; Second Shift, J. P. Newman, Gustave Harris, Terrace Kell, Emil Huhnke, Emil Magdick and Dick Gillam; Third Shift, Joe Jones and George Lane.

MORE ABOUT

U-BOATS

(Continued from page 1)

pilot knows what he's up against. Any machine gun on a submarine could knock his plane out of the air. If he runs out of gas or is forced down by engine trouble, he's in for a crash landing at sea. His only protection is a Mae West life preserver and a rubber life boat. So far, more than a dozen fliers are known to have been lost on patrol duty.

But risking their own private planes — as well as their necks — is all a part of the game to these civilians. Texas Wing Commander D. H. Byrd summed it up when he said, "There isn't a man on our Patrol who wouldn't swap his plane or anything else to bag a $7,000,000 sub and its 59 men."

"When the war is over and the full story of the CAP can be told," says Major General Follett Bradley, "there'll be a special roll of honor for these 'flying minute men' of America. A considerable number of submarines spotted by CAP fliers have been sunk. Others about to attack merchant vessels have crash dived at the approach of CAP planes. Vessels in distress have reported, and hundreds of survivors of torpedoings have been rescued when their position was radioed to shore."

Hundreds of seamen owe their lives to the daring of these spare-time pilots. On more than one occasion CAP fliers, skimming the waves at 200 feet, have spotted a torpedoed vessel going down in great heaving seas which threatened to swamp the lifeboats at any moment. Though the airplane's fuel tank might have been almost empty, the pilot radioed for help, then circled the boats until a Coast Guard cutter arrived to rescue the men.

The Coastal Patrol is only a part of CAP war service. In dozens of different ways the Patrol is releasing Army, Navy and Marine pilots and planes for other duties.

For example, a few days before the U. S. Army was scheduled to launch its invasion of North Africa, a serious emergency arose. Several of the Army's ace technicians were delayed in the Midwest by lack of transportation while an Army bomber waited impatiently at Miami to fly them overseas. A hurry-up call to the CAP brought several business-man pilots in their own planes ready to whisk the technicians to Florida in relays — a pony express on wings. Now, regular schedules of courier routes have been established by the CAP. Pilots cover thousands of miles daily ferrying officers and key men.

Drawing by Joe Thein

Other Patrol fliers check the airplane spotter system by flying unannounced over particular areas. If spotters aren't on the job with quick reports to the Interceptor Command, they're soon replaced. CAP fliers, men and women, unconcernedly tow target sleeves behind their planes so machine gunners can blast away at them for target practice. Others fly anti-sabotage guard around reservoirs, power plants, munitions factories, and other nerve centers of war work. Dozens of forest fires have been spotted by these civilian patrols in time to check disastrous losses.

There are special missions, too, which pop up at a moment's notice. Not long ago, a Detroit war plant faced a shut-down because a vital machine was broken. A CAP flier at Pittsburgh picked up the necessary repair parts, flew them to Detroit, and saved the factory hundreds of lost manhours.

We all remember the scare early in the war when rumors were circulating that enemy planes had secret bases in western wilderness areas from which they could bomb American cities. To spike those rumors, CAP squadrons flew over thousands of miles of forest and canyon country to make sure no such bases existed.

So there are plenty of duties across the nation for sportsmen pilots who want to devote their sports planes, made by Ryan and other companies, to the war effort. But the off-shore patrol is what most of them yearn for. They arrive at shore bases for a ninety-day stretch of patrol duty. After that they want to stay longer, and now most of them have bid home and peacetime pursuits goodbye for the duration. They've found themselves a war.

So even as you read this, somewhere out at sea a pilot of a Ryan S-C cabin landplane may be cruising along, swaying with the weight of its anti-submarine bomb load. He nudges his observer, and points.

Below is a fishing craft, sails set on an endless stretch of blue water.

"Gosh," he yells, "I wouldn't be way out here in one of those little things for anything."

Three in-flight views of the Ryan S-C land plane which is being used by CAP pilots to track down enemy subs off U. S. shores.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

Poring over the well-worn pages of our Catullus the other day, and coming again upon the large-sized gem that begins

"Collis o Heliconiei
cultor, Vraniae Genus . . ."

we were abruptly reminded of something. (Actually we were poring over the English translation on the right-hand page, but that is neither here nor there. A pity the printer of this journal has no font of Greek type.) And that which we were reminded of was the magnificent MURDOCK-WILCOX wedding. Years ago, it seems, we printed rumors concerning the possibility of this event; as a result, Don Wilcox used to sit in the yard at lunch-time and scowl balefully at a person whom he mistook to be the author of this well-meaning stick of type. That was in the days before Flying Reporter columns wore identification photographs. So, kiddies, if you're not acquainted with Don and have been glared at by him, it's not because he has a sour disposition; actually, he's a nice guy.

But the Wind Tunnel printed no idle rumor. They were regally married before the eyes of the Engineering department, the Army, and the Coast Guard (in the order of importance). Afterwards, the reception was received by what seemed to be two Engineering departments suffering grievously from an unbelievable thirst. Thank God the next day was a Sunday.

Good luck and much happiness to both.

* * *

So much for our epithalamion. To get on to more mundane matters.

We had a good look at PINKEY'S tonsils the other day. On the surface of things, this may sound like an amazing and even questionable statement. But since said tonsils are now embalmed in a glass jar, there is nothing to raise an eyebrow at. You too may see Pinkey's tonsils, just for the asking. Connoisseurs of such bibelots will find them an elegant specimen of their kind: well worth seeing.

Item: We dropped into the Flying Reporter office, seeking material for a column to be called "Life Among the Lowly," but we find now that we can't be funny about a thing like that. How people can exist in such a state of degradation. . . .

* * *

Our fellow columnist, JO VIALL, flatters us considerably by asking for a Life of Victor Odin. In the face of such well-meant requests, we cannot refuse. We shall try to be modest and brief.

Victor Odin was born on a miserably cold morning in the winter of 1877, while a blizzard howled its protests at this new indignity to the planet. His father, on seeing the new heir to his vast estates in the Bernese Oberland and the Dolomites, promptly took a stiff jolt of Grappa and went downstairs to change his will, forever disowning his heir and assign. Later, to make sure, he sold his estates for a song, the song being "Roses of Picordy," which exploins Odin's violent dislike for this chonson.

His childhood was brief and brilliant: in music he was a prodigy; although his father, now turned misanthrope, attempted (very wisely, it turns out) to discourage him, the child would tiptoe up to the garret after the family had gone to sleep and feed nickels into the family juke-box. By the time he was twelve, the boy—yes, you've guessed it: it was a boy—had written several rather revolting concertos, and had appeared in concert before all the crowned heads of Europe. The Emperor Franz Josef once wondered, stifling a yawn, how the tot's tiny fingers could encompass a span of four octaves.

But the pleasures of music soon palled, and the lad turned with equal facility to the allied arts of painting, writing, sculpture, drypoint, mezzotint, and etching. You should see his etchings. It is hard to distinguish some of his early paintings—in the rose style, say—from a late Maxfield Parrish. Then, suddenly abandoning the Left Bank forever, Odin went to the Right Bank, where likewise his checks were not honored.

Then followed gay, carefree, crowded golden years at the great universities of the world. At Oxford he learned to read and write; at Heidelberg he drank beer; at N. Y. U. he studied typing and stenography; back to Heidelberg for more beer and the schone Kathe; osteopathy at the Sorbonne; philosophy and metaphysics at Cal Tech; back to Heidelberg for the beer. Here he settled, taking the chair of Medieval Law, because the lecture room was the closest to the Rathskeller.

Then, early in 1908, perceiving that Germany was doomed to Nazism, he shook the dust of that country forever from his feet, a ceremony which gave Dalcroze the idea for his eurythmics. Packing his book and a couple of neckties in an empty keg, he set sail for America, hoping to get in on the Oklahoma Land Rush. He entered the United States by way of Denver, and was greeted by frenzied crowds who forced him back on the boat.

Because he realized that his name would burden him with needless and annoying honors, he took another name: Charlie Ross. In this guise he tried his hand at many trades, and was instrumental in pioneering the first airplane, the first rocket to the moon, the first positive-action reversible mop-wringer, the first 6SQ7 radio tube, and the first Folio. He was by turns roustabout, cowpuncher, timber beast, junior shipping clerk, and Wall Street operator of elevators. The list of his accomplishments would only bore you. As a writer, his better-known pseudonyms are: George Eliot, George Sand, George Moore, George Santayana, George Bernard Shaw, and Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Victor Odin is now a resident of San Diego, which one of his ancestors bought from Balboa for $24; he is now negotiating for the purchase of the old Hearst place at San Simeon, and intends to commute in an airplane of his own design, powered by an old cyclotron.

Admirers may obtain his autograph for about five dollars, and mothers desiring a threat to hold over the heads of unruly children may obtain the photograph reproduced at the head of this column merely by writing to the editor, who will comply as soon as he is able to find a secretary who can read his mail for him.

Committee Calls For Properly-Dressed Gals

Strict enforcement of safety rules regarding women's work clothes—that was the order given Ryan executives this month by the State of California.

An inspection tour of the plant by the Industrial Accident Commission of the State Department of Industrial Relations has revealed that some women workers here aren't conforming to the company's safety regulations—in spite of a feature page of pictures on that subject in the last issue of Flying Reporter, and several bulletins from the company management.

Ryan has been ordered to correct this condition at once, so if you're taken to task for wearing unsuitable clothing, remember that Ryan isn't being arbitrary but is merely following the state's instructions to provide for the safety of every woman in the plant. So that you'll know the exact orders which Ryan must enforce, here is part of the letter recently sent to M. M. Clancy, Ryan's Safety Engineer, by the Industrial Accident Commission:

1. Order 2901—Head Protection:

"Ryan Aeronautical Co. shall require all women whose work exposes them to risk of injury from the moving parts of machinery to confine their hair to preclude its possibility of entanglement."

2. Order 2902—Outer Garments:

"Ryan Aeronautical Co. shall require all women whose work exposes them to the risk of injury from the moving parts of machinery to wear outer garments designed to avoid the possibility of their entanglement in the machinery. Loose sleeves, tails, full skirts, flounces, ties, frills, lapels, cuffs, and similar garments which can be entangled in moving machinery should not be worn."

3. Order 2905—Eye Protection:

"Ryan Aeronautical Co. shall supply adequate eye protection to women while engaged in occupations where the eyes are customarily exposed to injurious light rays, flying particles, or similar eye hazards, and **Ryan Aeronautical Co. shall enforce the use of same."**

4. Order 2906—General:

"Wrist watches, pendant earrings, necklaces, or other pendant adornments, bracelets or finger rings should not be worn while working around moving machinery and/or electrical equipment, and **Ryon Aeronautical Co. sholl enforce this rule."**

Manifold Promotions Are Announced

A new division of the Manifold department has been added, to be known as the Manifold Development department, and the new Foreman of this department is C. Foushee.

The Manifold Assembly department has been the scene of a number of other promotions this month, with a new foreman and several new assistant foremen being appointed. C. F. Meyer has been appointed Foreman in charge of third shift. New Assistant Foremen are H. Hanggi, W. Foulwetter, C. E. Scotes and J. Larsen on first shift and C. Krueger, W. Bice and H. H. Simmer on second shift.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac

School boy to his teacher: "I don't want to score you, teacher, but dad says if I don't get better grodes someone will get a good licking."

* * *

A friend who used to be o deportment store floorwalker got tired of his job ond joined the police force. We met him the other doy, and he seemed quite cheerful. "This is o pretty good job," he said. "The poy is good, the hours oren't too lang, ond we hove o fine pensian system. But the thing I like mast about this job is that the customer is olways wrong."

* * *

A young rurol couple got married and come to the city for their honeymoon. They were supplied with o nicely furnished room including twin beds. The bride looked ot the twin beds and began to cry. "What's the trouble, darling?" asked the worried husbond. "Is there something here you don't like"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "I thought we'd be all to ourselves here."

* * *

Virtues are learned at mother's knee, and vices ot some other joint.

* * *

ROY CUNNINGHAM was sountering along the sidewolk when he noticed o sign in o restauront advertising o dollar dinner. "Just what I wont," Roy muttered. So he went in. "I'll take the dollor dinner," he told the woitress.

"On white or rye bread, sir?" osked the girl.

* * *

When o woman's toes stick out af her shoes, she's foshionoble, but when o man's toes stick out, he's o bum.

* * *

"How long yo' in jail fa', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What om de cho'ge?"

"Ain't no cho'ge. Eberything am free."

"Ah meon—whot did yo' do?"

"Done shot mo wife."

"Shot yo' wife an only in joil two weeks?"

"Dot's oll. Den I gits hung."

* * *

All the women who hove been disoppointed in love are not old moids. The mojority of them are morried.

* * *

A woman in Los Angeles hod just cremoted her third husband. When o certoin old moid heord of it she said, "Isn't that olwoys the woy? Some of us can't even get one and other women hove husbonds to burn."

* * *

Irish lods of the A.E.F. coll the colleens their kith ond kin—they kith them if they kin.

* * *

There's danger of loose tolk when people get tight.

The class hod nomed several animols thot hibernote in the winter.

Teocher: "Now con onyone tell me of onything thot hibernates in the summer? Just one hond? All right, Bobby."

Bobby: "Santa Clous."

* * *

The girl friend, worried o little by newspaper stories about soldier morriages "down under" demanded of her hero, "What have those Austrolion girls got that we haven't got?"

"Nothing," he wrote in reply, "but they've got it here."

* * *

"Calling oll cars. Calling all cars. Car A-J-3, Car A-J-3, go to Sixth Avenue and Robinsin—nude womon running down the street . . . All other cors remain on your beot. That is oll."

* * *

Hubby: Whot's this check stub, one pullover—$25. I don't want to oppear like o cheapskate, but isn't thot o lot of money for o pullover?"

Wifie: "The man on the motorcycle soid it wos the regular price."

Hubby: "You got it from o mon on o motorcycle?"

Wifie: "Yes, I went through o red light and he drave up ond said pull over."

* * *

Even rotioning hos its good points.

Mess Sergeant: "Who the hell put those flowers on the toble?"

Orderly: "The Coptain."

Mess Sergeant: "Purty, ain't they?"

* * *

Jones: "How long was your lost cook with you?"

Smith: "She wos never with us. She was ogoinst us."

* * *

A newspoper tells of o gorage fire that destroyed four sets of tires with cors attached.

* * *

The new ormy rifle weighs 8.69 pounds. After it hos been carried o few hours, the decimol point drops out.

* * *

A whimsicol professor, trying to emphasize o point in logic, asked his class: "If the United States is bounded on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the west by the Pacific oceon, on the north by Conada, ond on the south by Mexico, how old om I?"

The brighter students sat dumbfounded, but the dopiest of them all spoke up, "You'd be 44."

Dumbfounded in turn, the professor soid, "That's right, young mon. But how in the world did you know?"

The student onswered, "That's easy. I hove o brother who is half nuts and he's 22."

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall

ON CHANGE—such as rising at 5:30! Who said there were no white zombies? Or maybe this is just a light form of paralysis. Anyhow, the worm caught by the early bird tastes terrible. Poets go for this walk in the dawn stuff. "Lark's on the wing—something (I don't remember what) is dew-pearled." Dew-pearled, indeed! Like moving on the ocean bottom. Stand-ins for the larks might be those three sparrows humped under the light. Perhaps they'll sing after they finish coughing the fog out of their throats. Isn't there a line about "flowers' fresh faces?" or is that a sobriety test? Not even the dandelions are open at 5:30. Funny how much longer it takes to do everything at this time of day. Starting the car is a major operation. Perhaps it's a low-adrenalin type, too, and can't get under way until late in the day. The factory, too, is like a different place in this semi-darkness. A super-human who is able to smile at this time asks, "How are you getting along on the first shift?" The answer—"Very well, considering I just passed my 108th birthday."

ON INTRODUCING F.C.O. His fellow junior stress analysts and others at Ryan may like to know something about the newcomer OSENBURG. He was author, director and actor in stage pieces that laid 'em in the aisles at San Diego State in '24 and '25. He also threw together the school magazine and tinkered with the newspaper. Both of us got jobs on a local daily, where Fred wrote sports and specials and I spent my spell of pre-matrimonial worthlessness on society coverage. Fred hung on for a year at football, baseball and other rugged forms of newswriting and then went on to college, where he alternated between student and faculty status while collecting degrees and experience.

Brother Dick, now at sea in the South Pacific, had the engineering preparation in the early days, but around 1938 Fred swung into Math and since has gone into the technical field in earnest.

Sidelights on him must include the Chevvy coupe he drove for years. It was a marvel of the depresssion era. Garages all over the country said it positively wouldn't run—but Fred kept it on the road. He would explain modestly that of course he used the very best baling wire. Aside from calculus and such, his hobbies are vegetable raising, highly experimental cookery, and drawing, in what he hopes will become the Petty style.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF TED KERR. Small Parts rates another star in its service flag and the Army has a baseball star as well as a new soldier. TED KERR left us a couple of weeks ago with an overload of good wishes and advice. We bet he'll work with the Army as well as he did with Salt Lake City, California State League and other ball clubs.

ON GOOD NEWS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. "Arkie" hasn't changed much since he became Pvt. ARVIN BOWEN of the Army Air Corps. A letter from Sheppard Field, Texas, sounds exactly like his chatter around the department. According to him, anybody who thinks he works hard in the factory should try Uncle Sam as a boss.

TED MURRAY has been back in G-3 for several weeks, gas-welding near his original tacking station. He has good news from his Army brother, who had been missing since the fall of Bataan. Sergeant Murray is well, although a prisoner of the Japanese in the Philippines.

EVELYN LEWIS, too, is happy over word at long last from her aunt in the Army Nurse Corps who survived Corregidor and is in a prison camp on the Islands.

Good news right here in Manifold Small Parts is the promotion of FRANK MARSH to assistant foreman of the department. There was quite a to-do here, with BRITTIE pinning on the badge and lots of handshaking all around.

Mo Loft Sez

by Gilbert Cusey

Perhaps the funniest thing that has happened recently in the loft was the April Fool's Day idea of LUKE and LITTLE BEAVER. Much effort was expended in trying to coax HOLT (CHARLES ATLAS) into becoming a part of the scheme, but he has staged a sort of retirement of late, having developed a distaste for anything that might get him into the news. However, all was not in vain, for hardly had they ceased paying attention to Mr. Holt when who should unsuspectingly walk in and sit down **between** the two plotters but HERB CROUCH. With hardly a word of warning he was attacked from practicolly all angles and before he could even grab his pipe (which was lost enroute) he was started off for the first aid station. It didn't cause as much excitement as was hoped for, but still provided a comic relief from the day's work. I must add that others thought it would have been more effective if Little Beaver had been carried 'cause it was maintained that he looked more like a victim to start with.

One of our favorite sons, MR. PATRICK CARTER, has forsaken his old pals and buddies for the time being. He has gone up to engineering so he can work the eight to four-thirty shift. He says it makes him feel more like a big shot. In fact, since the change of position he has purchased for himself another car of approximately 1914 vintage but has been able to make only one round trip to work in it. Congratulations to him on his ability to find white elephants. Anyone having junk see Pat Carter before throwing it away, as he'll pay above ceiling prices for it.

It seems that HERB (CASANOVA) CROUCH is on the loose again so all others take warning and take proper precautions. Yes, Ole Casanova is a pretty regular customer of Pacific Square throughout the week and especially on the week-ends. He tells us he spends his time up in Ramona punching cattle, but whoever heard of any cattle running around at 3:30 in the morning?

LOCHINVAR LUKE has gone into retirement for a short while. It seems after his last date he came home minus one tooth. He claims it came out while he was eating, but we have our doubts, knowing Luke as we do.

At least one of our group seems to be extremely happy since he has moved upstairs. In case you're wondering, it is CHOPPY WELSBACKER we're talking about. (That's O. K., Chappy, we know you like publicity.)

We are a little late with this, but better late than never is our motto. We wish to welcome MAX EASTON into our fold—perhaps he will understand soon why it seems all loftsmen are off the beam a bit.

We almost forgot, but we have acquired another seagoing landlubber in our crew. He's BOB ANDREWS, the proud admiral and owner of the Andrew's Navy, consisting of an 18 ft. flatty—one of the sleekest men of war on Missian Bay. At the present he has been aground but once. He tells us he chased four Jap Zeros out of the area in one week. We wonder how he manages to keep the boat in such fine flying condition.

One name that has been missing from the news for awhile comes back this time with a nice story connected. Too bad he won't be here to enjoy this but Knock-Knack PARMEN has taken a short vacation. (No connection between his leaving and the coming issue of the magazine.) However, to get on with the dirt, Parmen's eye seems to have strayed out of the loft and where his eye goes he is not far behind. So during lunch one bright day we find our hero braving the stares and whistles to pay a social call. This called for immediate action on the part of the Troublesome Foursome comprised of LITTLE BEAVER, LUKE, WEED and HOLT. With a fair showing of talent they entered into a rendition of the famous song, "The Call of the Wild," or popularly known as the "Wolf Cry." Our hero remained seated at the desk calmly daring them to do their worst, so they did. They formed an audience of four to find out how he was getting along—much to his surprise when he turned around. It seems they were all sworn to secrecy or are holding back what they learned in the hope of using it themselves sometime, 'cause your reporter could learn nothing of what must have been overheard.

Plant Engineering

by Robert E. Christy

Well, it has been a long time since you have had to wade through a column from this department. You should be rested enough to be able to stand it, so here we go again.

First, we have said "adios" to three members of our department in the last six weeks: Miss HAYDEE HOOD, when she left us to become a member of the "WAACS"; WILLIAM HOUSTON, who answered the Army's call to service, and WEBB TREAHY, who has taken over the Assistant Foreman's post in Mechanical Maintenance. Taking over the post vacated by Webb we welcome to Plant Engineering J. A. "DEL" FERNALD. Good luck to all of you in your new positions.

I don't think we could stand to have anyone else leave the department very soon. Another farewell party at Bernardini's would probably put us all so far under they would have to pass our food to us with a sling shot.

Believe it or not, our Bowling team did not win the booby prize, although it seems they worked terribly hard for it. It is rumored among them that it is going to be a different story next year. They will be after 1st prize with blood in their eye and their eye on the head pin.

I hear that the Hillside Hospital almost lost a father awhile back. The report we got was "Mother and baby doing fine; father should be able to report back to work in a few days now." BILL DEAN, now completely recovered, claims that new boy of his will be ready to take over here at Ryan's any day now. Bill will be joined in the ranks of fatherhood soon by B. R. McCLENDON, who is pacing the floor every day in anticipation of the event. So probably by the time you read this "papa" No. 2 will be throwing his chest out all over Plant Engineering and we insignificant mortals will have to move out to make room for the two proud "Popas."

Ryanettes

by Tom, Gerry and Marion

BRIDES AND WEDDING BELLS:

DON WILCOX of Inspection and VIRGINIA MURDOCK of Engineering became Mr. and Mrs., Saturday night, April 3rd. A reception was held at the Park Manor. Best of luck to you both.

As reported in the last issue, the fatal step has now been taken by EDNA WILLIAMS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.

BLESSED EVENTS:

RALPH FLANDERS, Chief Manifold Dispatcher, proudly announces his new son, now weighing 9 pounds, named RUSSELL EMERSON—nice going, Ralph.

MISCELLANEOUS:

It is rumored that TOM DAVIDSON of Quality Control checked a cinch hand the other night and cleaned up—anyone know about the losers?

MARJORIE KOENIG, E. A. MOORE'S secretary, doesn't treat her benefactors very well. Mr. PLUMMER drove her to the factory from the highway the other morning and upon leaving the car, she walked off with his lunch. A mistake, Margie?

JIMMIE ORR, Airplane Production Control, is moving to his new ranch in Lakeside. From latest reports, his house is constructed (by his own hands) and his two horses are in residence, the Orrs expecting to move in very shortly. Good luck, Jimmie, and raise some beef for all of us!

That handsome husband of MARION KEY's is back in town again—for a two week vacation this time.

What's this we hear about MARIAN CONTRERAS of the Inspection Office falling over a jig in the dark after working overtime last week? It seems she arrived limping to work the next day with countless bruises and several badly skinned spots. Too bad, Marian—hope you are all well by now.

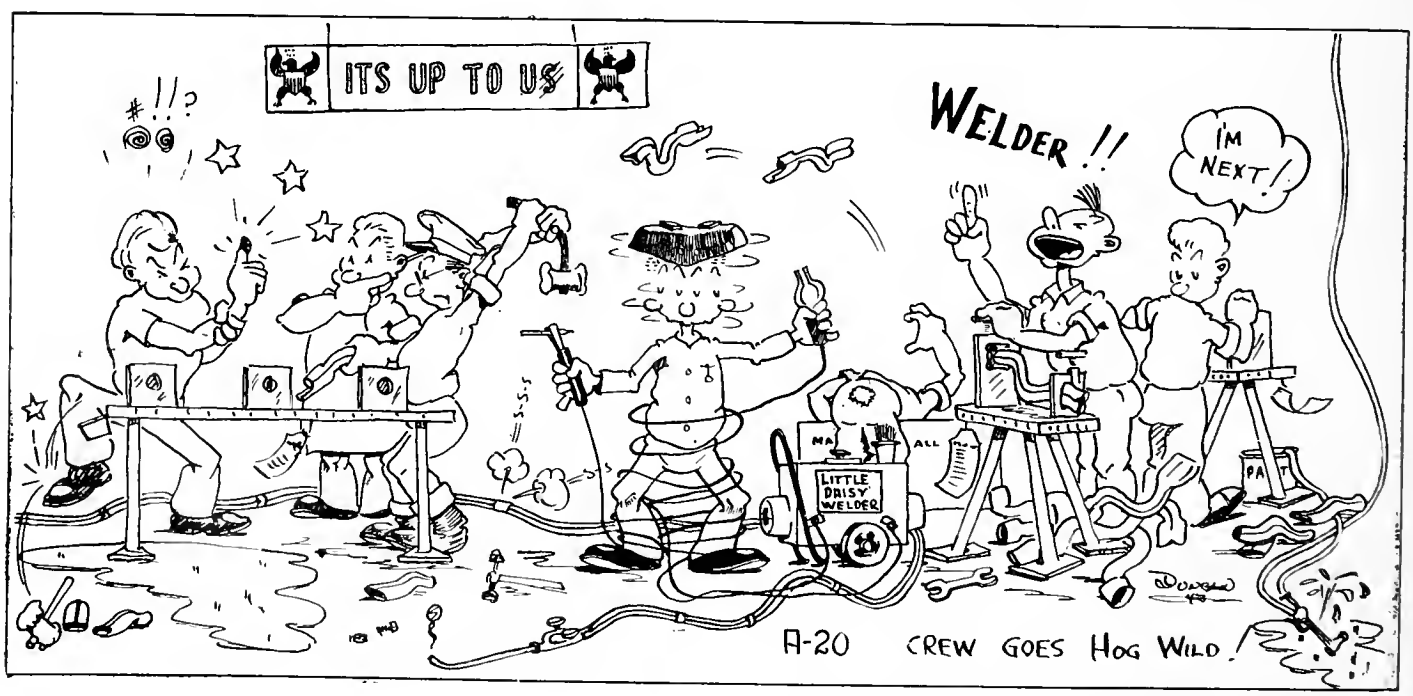
Well—see you next issue—we hope.
TOM & GERRY—also MARION.

(Marion also contributed to the last issue and we're sorry her name wasn't included. —Editors.)

Pickin's Are Still Slim

The editors of Flying Reporter have been swamped lately under tons of mail asking how come "Slim's Pickin's," the humor column by Slim Coats, hasn't been appearing.

The answer is that Slim, who is a leadman in the Manifold Department, has been so busy lately with his chores in the factory, plus his work as a member of the Ryan entertainment troupe which puts on free shows for servicemen, that he just hasn't been able to find any spare time to bat out any literary masterpieces. However, the editors are in continuous negotiation with Slim and hope that before long he can be persuaded to resume his column.



REX:- PLEASE NOTE, THIS IS NOT PROPAGANDA !!

Wing Tips

by Chuck Kellogg

Calling all athletes! Report at once to R. K. GIRD of Wing Assembly. He claims that he can make softball players out of glamour boys and strong men alike, such as EASY NORTH and DICK HERSEY. By the way, the latter has just received his first promotion on the team. He is now occupying the position of waterboy.

Handsome RICHIE RICHARDSON is the leading contender for that envious position of pitcher, with SHORTY YEAGLE winning the roce for the catching spot. It looks as if a dark horse by the name of KELLOGG might be able to hold down that first sack. I imagine HAIRBREADTH HARRY SCHIEDLE will be the second baseman. SCUPER ZOOK will be stopping the hot ones at shortstop, with SPEEDY HERSEY on third. At left field we will have our courageous CAPTAIN GIRD, with BOB (Di Maggio) PHELAN in center, and if BUTTERFINGERS BEERY shows up, we'll have a right fielder. Well, all I have to say is that if we can bring our own umpire, we can't lose.

That's enough of the frivolous side of Ryan for now. We will speak of more important things like how Mr. CARPENTER, the king of the night shift, is getting along. It must be pretty tough, Carp, old pal, to have wild men like BENNETT and EDDY around. Not to mention the Wing Assembly tenor, BAILEY. I'll bet there is many a time that you have wished you had some of us day crew men around to get in the way.

Well, fellow workers, it looks as though our moment of suspense is over. Cupid seems to know what he is doing ofter all. RUTH CONNELLY is back at work, and with a diamond ring on her left third finger. Best of luck to you and Eddie, Ruth.

Speaking of getting back to work, fellows, we didn't quite make "Consolidated" time on our wing, but watch our smoke from here on. We all hope to better their time on the next ship. Right now I have just three hopes—that we beat their time; that we put out a better wing, and that the automobile HARRY SCHIEDLE sold me makes it to work in the morning so I can make the deadline for this issue.

Smoke From a Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

We're giving you fair warning. Don't be surprised if you happen to see the cheerful, ever-smiling faces of some of the Laboratory personnel in a Fox Movietone feature the next time you splurge on a show. It has come to the attention of the "Super Snoopers" that DON HEYSER, MARTIN (TERMITE) CHUDNOFF, and MAC McINTIRE accompanied BILL BATZLOFF out to La Jolla Caves recently to see for themselves what the club Bill has been boasting about really can do. This club is made up of fellows (including our Bill) who call themselves "Bottom Scrotchers." Anyone who can meet the qualifications is eligible for membership. The not-so-simple requisites are as follows: A candidate must dive 20 ft., bringing up three abalones before coming to the surface, and he must also catch a shark with his bare hands. Standard skin diving equipment, used by the members, consists of bathing trunks, foce plotes, a pair of fins, and an abalone iron. Eight years old, the club has only seven members at this time.

Of course, we all realize that Laboratory guys are always ready to try anything. Therefore, it was not too surprising when Chudnoff donned a diving helmet, went down about 10 ft., and floundered gracefully about for a good six minutes. Mac manned the pump ond fed his pal the necessary air, while Don jumped madly about in an endeavor to record the scenes for posterity with the aid af his trusty camera. Just in case his pictures don't turn out, we have been assured that Mr. Latour, photographer for Fox Movietone, was also present and that he also took a number of pictures.

The boys came back sunburned and tired, but nevertheless happy. An abalone feed would be particularly appropriate at this time. We're going to see what we can do about it, anyhow. By the way, we're all pretty proud of the fact that, in Bill, we have a representative in the "Bottom Scratchers."

If you have been in the Lab recently, you have no doubt noted the georgeous bouquets adorning our files and desks. Thanks to the Chem Dept., we have a wide choice of beakers to be used as vases, and thanks to SALLY, we are kept supplied with a variety of fresh flowers. All we need now are lace curtains and a teapot to make the scene complete. We think the flowers do a lot for our morale, and it's really a treat to be permitted to smell roses instead of hydrofluoric acid for a change.

One of the most interesting and well liked personalities around this plant certainly deserves an orchid, only this particular gentleman grows his own. We are speaking of VIC DU SHAUNE, head of the Maintenance Department. When you notice the girls are wearing luscious camelias, you can be sure that Mr. du Shaune has brought some of his home grown and hand picked beauties and distributed them among the girls in the plant and offices. A sincere thanks to you, Mr. du Shaune, from us all!

And speaking of orchids, we believe our ever faithful mail man, Mr. ATCHISON, deserves a few. He is always smiling and pleasant, he always has a kind word, and he can say these kind words in either Spanish or English, having spent a good many years "South of the Border." We're fortunate indeed to have you with us, Mr. Atchison!

Maintenance

by John Rodgers

MR. W. L. THEADY has come back to the Maintenance department, but this time as assistant foreman. We are glad to have him back in our fold. He is well worthy of his promotion. He has been with the company for several years. They made no mistake in his appointment and he will receive the full cooperation of every man in the department.

MR. DU SHAUNE, foreman, and MR. THEADY as assistant foreman—with these two good men in charge of the maintenance and upkeep of the entire plant, there will be no delays or shut downs.

Messrs. ZIEGLER and REISE are certainly two busy men. They are better known as Bill and Ed.

Our good friend CONDE seems to be a little nervous here lately. I wonder if the call of the desert land of Arizona has a grip on him.

ERNIE JOHN seemed to have a streak of bad luck last week. Someone dropped a cigarette in the back seat of his car, burning the back seat and upholstery. The company fire department saved his car (good work).

MR. McCUNE has been limping around lately on one wheel—the other a little flat. Be careful, Mac. Those old dogs are hard to replace.

Highly Experimental

by Bob Wallin

Sorry we missed the last issue. To make a long story short, we just didn't have time to do anything worth writing about. When this department gets a rush job, they just work, eat and sleep—and that last is extra-curricular.

Due to the increased activity over here, we have three more plant police helping "Hap" IRWIN. The newcomers are J. E. "Scotty" JOHNSTON, H. I. "Whitey" DIAMOND, and H. W. "Pied" PIPER.

We have had a number of changes in personnel in the last month. The whole department was really sorry to say goodbye to foreman BUD MEIXNER, who has taken a position with another company. Others who have left the department are VIRGINIA KEY, DORIS SCOTT, THELMA FRANKLIN, BILL BROWN, and HOMER MULLENIX. HELEN HALBESMA and MARY BURKE have joined the Ryan brigade over at Consolidated, and FRANCES MARCHMAN and BESSIE OWENS have transferred to Wing department.

On the other side of the ledger, we welcome LARRY MARTIN, our new superintendent, project coordinator BILL BURBUSSE, PAUL VEAL from Welding, and MERLE McGREW, who transferred from RECEIVING to take THELMA FRANKLIN'S place. Also a hearty "welcome home" to MARIAN HOSAR, who has been on the sick list for four months.

That seems to be all the news so I'll just lean back and enjoy my spring fever again.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

Another good turn for the Navy

Some of the boys in Engineering got a bright idea after attending an informal dinner of Ryan engineers recently. Speaker at the dinner was Lieutenant Commander Sanchez, just back from the war in the Pacific. He told them the lack of just one or two little things seems to make a big difference to the boys in the Navy—alarm clocks, for one; gadgets to trim finger-nails, for another. These two things are impossible for Navy men to buy anywhere, and when one of the sailors manages to beg or borrow one, he practically swoons with joy. "If these two little things can make our boys so happy, why don't we try to round up a few for them?" the engineers asked each other. They went to work. So far they have collected quite a number of alarm clocks and several nail clippers. Many of the clocks had to be re-built by the engineers, but they didn't mind. They're still looking for more. So if you have an alarm clock or a nail clipper you can spare, just send the word to Kay Larkin in Engineering, and he'll take it off your hands.

Promotions for Mel Thompson and Ray Clever

Promotion of Service Manager Mel Thompson to the temporary position of Assistant to the Vice-President in Charge of Manufacturing was announced recently by the company management. Moving into the position of acting Service Manager to replace Mel Thompson is Ray Clever, formerly on Thompson's staff as a Field Service Representative.

A fortune into bonds

The largest single purchase of war bonds ever made at Ryan came about last week when A. A. Simmer of Manifold, first shift, bought twenty-seven $500 bonds with a maturity value of $13,500.

Simmer, who formerly owned a hardware and sheet metal store in Berham, Minnesota, came here two years ago to retire. He invested part of his savings in a local tourist court and settled down to a leisurely life. However, when the war began Simmer wanted to do his share, so he emerged from retirement and went to work again on the Ryan production line. Recently he sold out his tourist court and has now put all his cash into war bonds which he purchased through the Ryan Accounting department.

More promotions

There's always plenty of opportunity for ambitious Ryan men and women to keep on moving up the promotion ladder, as shown by the continuous series of promotion notices posted in the factory. Recent promotions include T. G. Lockwood to Leadman of Fuselage on second shift, Kirk Sellew to the position of Automotive Service Manager, Frank Marsh to Assistant Foreman of Manifold Small Parts, and George P. Brooks to Leadman of Drop Hammer on third shift. (For news of other promotions see pages 14 and 17.)

Single day induction course

Beginning Monday, April 19th, each new employee will spend his first day at Ryan in a one-day, eight-hour induction class, and will not report to his Foreman until the second work day. This induction course, previously given in classes of one hour each day for the first eight days an employee was on the job, is designed to acquaint new Ryanites with the company and its part in the war effort. Interesting material on the company's history, its products, its rules and regulations and the services which it offers its employees is presented through lectures, slides, motion pictures and a tour through the plant.

Mel Thompson, who has just moved up to be Assistant to the Vice-President.

Ward Fitzpatrick, well-known San Diego insurance man, donates a handsome trophy for the Ryan golf tournaments. He's shown presenting it to two early winners — Ray Morkowski, left, and Bernard Bills.

A. A. Simmer of Manifold displays his newly-acquired bonds totaling $13,500 to Pauline Yates, left, Mary Journat, center, and Elizabeth Rodford, right, of Accounting.

A bit of fost oction at a practice session of the Ryan girls basketball team. Left to right, Dorothy Bryan, Alice Mumper ond Kollie Kockritz.

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Ray Clever — newly-oppointed acting head of the Service Deportment.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Bread costs ships

The British Isles cannot produce their consumption of wheat, and must import a substantial part of it; therefore, consumption of wheat products is discouraged. As the Food Ministry puts it, "Bread costs ships." The use of potatoes instead of wheat products is urged and it is common in England for families to eat potatoes in one form or another three times a day.

But it's not enough

The War Department recently gave figures on American Industry's January production of certain types of war material. First, production of bombs: 70,000 aircraft bombs of 1,000-pound size or larger—enough to bomb the enemy for 30 days at the rate of 2,300 bombs a day. Production of aircraft: Approximately 5,000 airplanes, more than 65% of them of the combat types. Equipment far ground and air forces: 3½ times the rate of January, 1942.

Womanpower for '43

By the end of this year,5,200,000 women will be working in war production plants and in essential services, while close to 209,000 more will be doing active service in the armed forces. That sounds like a large order, but excluding farm women, there are 4,500,000 women in the United States between the ages of 18 and 45 who have no children under 16. Even if that supply were used up, there would still remain over 9 million more women under 45 with children under 16 from which the country could draw for additional womanpower.

Worker boosts output 500%

Michael J. Connors, 47-year-old machinist at the Cowdrey Machine Division of the American Type Foundry, Inc., Fitchburg, has designed a special planer head to machine extractor plugs for a gun part. His suggestion resulted in a 500% gain in production, saving three man-hours per day and releasing two machines for other needed production. Connors has been a machinist for 31 years.

How about us?

Britons consume 30% more fresh green vegetables than they did before the war.

Pastor and policeman

Pastor Hal E. Norton, Roundy Memorial Baptist church, in Milwaukee, is guarding a war plant in his spare time (six out of seven nights a week), and using the wages to help pay off the $5000 church mortgage. Sunday he takes over with his church duties again, only to resume his position as guard that night.

Night flying by day

The Navy has turned "day into night" to produce more instrument and night-flying pilots quickly. With the new technique, a green cover is placed over the windshield. The aviation cadet dons red filter goggles, through which he can see the instrument panel clearly. His visibility outside the plane, however, through the green cover, is limited sharply or cut off completely. The instructor, wearing no goggles can see clearly through the green cover and check practice landings or other maneuvers by the student who is flying in simulated darkness and getting night flying and instrument flight practice with the safety of daytime operation.

SPORTS

Here's the girls' team that carried through the winter basketball season. Left to right, Geneva White, Kallie Kockritz and Alice Mumper—guards; Ellen Mosley, Dorothy Bryan and Velma Grubbs—forwards. Unable to be there for the picture were Vida McKee, Shirley Weothersbee and Bette Landon.

Girls' Basketball Team Ends Season

After starting off the Winter Basketball League with a raw of straight wins, the Ryon girls' team finished only third best in the finals. Nevertheless, some excellent team work was displayed and the ability of Captain Velma Grubbs to ring up the baskets grabbed the spotlight for Ryan on several occasions.

Carrying the brunt of the playing throughout the season were Shirley Weathersbee, Vido McKee, Bette Landon, Ellen Mosley, Alice Mumper, Kallie Kockritz, Geneva White, Dorothy Bryan and Captain Velma Grubbs.

With the close of the basketball season, interest has shifted to volleyball. A girls' team is already practicing and will soon be looking for competition. Getting ready to pour on the heat against Ryan opponents are Genevieve White, Ruth Booth, Olivia Robinson, Gertrude Champ, Velma Grubbs, and Ellen and Eileen Mosley.

Softball Interest Hitting A New High

The softball bug is on the loose and is foraging throughout the plant. Although the entry blanks for departments interested in forming teams have been out only a week, many teams are already practicing and are asking for regular games. To date the following departments have turned in their roster complete ready to play: Wing, Sheet Metal, Inspection, Drop Hammer, Maintenance, Manifold, Fuselage, Office, and a Girls' Team which is a pick from all the departments in the plant. About fourteen teams are expected before the league play starts.

These softball games will be played immediately after work for first shift teams. Second and third shift teams will play as shown on the bulletin boards. Anyone interested in either forming a softball team or playing on a team, contact Travis Hatfield, Personnel. Bats, balls and masks are furnished to each team free of charge.

Tennis Club Ready To Start

Looking for new talent is the Ryan Aircraft Tennis Club which will be active again this summer. If you know how to play and are practically a professional, sign up. If you haven't played for years, get out the racket and join in. If you've never played, you're missing a fine sport, so come on out and learn. Get in touch with Cormack Berryman in Crib No. 3, Travis Hatfield in Personnel on first shift, or Blanche Attridge in Personnel on second shift. The first meeting of the club brought 17 interested parties to light, but undoubtedly there are many more around the plant.

Volleyball Season Opens With Two Wins

Marching home with easy victories in their first two starts, the Ryan Men's Volleyball team is set to meet competition such as U. S. Naval Hospital, the Marines, Naval Training Station, San Diego Club and the various aircraft teams. In the starting lineup for Ryan has been Bob Chase, Morris Straton, Speedy Cole, Cormack Berryman, A. G. Harris and Slim Plummer.

Ryan Rifle Club Elects Officers

Temporary officers of the newly-organized Ryan Employees' Rifle Club were elected at the first official meeting of the club on March 28th. Douglas B. Clark, of Manifold Production Control, will act as president until annual elections ninety days hence. Other officers pro tem are vice president, R. E. O'Keefe of Sheet Metal; secretary, Sidney A. Christie of Tool Design; treasurer, M. E. Crafton of Stockroom; and executive officer, A. R. Butler of Manifold. Other members of the executive committee include Messrs. J. D. Hole, Drop Hammer; H. M. Van Zandt, Tooling; and J. Newman of Manifold.

Announcement was made that an indoor range has already been secured and that negotiations are under way for an outdoor range also. The club is finding itself a little short of ammunition of various calibers until its supply arrives from N.A.A. In the meantime a limited amount has been made available by loans from members.

A hearty vote of thanks to George Sinclair for his tireless efforts in getting the club organized is expressed by the members and officers.

A Toast to the Ryan All-Stars

. . . by A. S. Billings, Sr.

The San Diega Winter Baseball League ended Sunday, March 29, with Fort Rasecrans peeling off the league championship in the final game with Ryan. The hame team finished secand in bath the first and secand halves with 11 wins and 4 losses.

During the seasan, the Ryan team offered same stiff campetition for several service teams composed af experienced professianal players. The outstanding scores stacked up by the Ryanites were possible anly through the fine team spirit plus the individual performances af the fallawing:

The fine pitching af Bab Ballinger, of Manifald, wha wan 9 straight games.

The second base and short-stop combination of Erv and Jack Marlette, both of Manifald. Erv hit a caal .450 for the winter.

The pinch hitting and pitching of Luther French, which was respansible for keeping us in the league on twa accasians. This is the same French wha won 18 and last 4 for Fresno in the California State League and whose career in baseball is assured if the war doesn't last too long. French also hails fram Manifald.

The excellent hitting and fielding cantributed by the three Kerr boys. All three have had professional experience.—Frank with Columbus in 1942, Ted with Pocatello and Bob, a farmer San Diego High School star. Bath Fronk and Ted are now in the Army Air Forces.

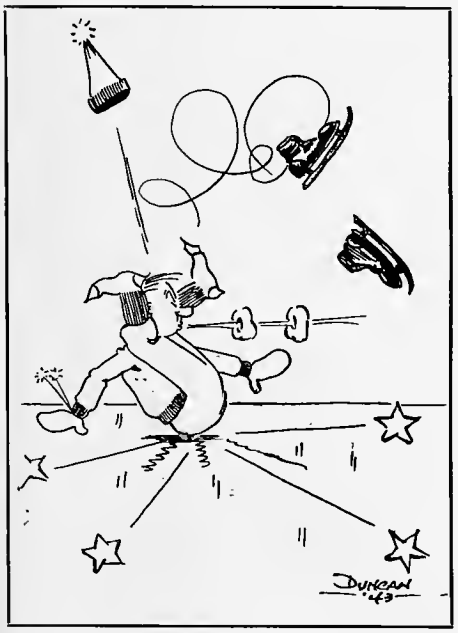
The good job of outfielding dane by Robert Kellogg, Jack Billings, Warren Kanagy, A. G. Harris, Mase Martin and Arthur S. Billings, Jr. Of this group, Robert Kellogg, a brather of Chuck Kellogg of Wing department, has signed with the Braaklyn Club. Jack Billings, former Ryan recreatianal directar, and Warren Kanagy are in the Navy, but ploy with Ryan when possible. Harris has filled in in utility roles, and Mase, a late-camer, will be in there regularly in the summer league. Arthur Billings is playing with La Jolla High Schaal.

The timely hitting and catching by Art Spahr, farmer Haaver High School star and ex-Ryan employee, who is now preparing far his appaintment exams at Annapalis.

The outstanding professianal ball playing of Del Ballinger, San Diego Padres catcher. Many good professional ball players are there ane Sunday and aff the next —but, Ballinger, ance he decided to play regularly, was there for all games.

So there you have the ball club—a real fine crawd of fellaws an a par with any Class "B" league team. They'll be aut there an the some sand-lots during the summer league.

So much for the ball players, but the yarn is not camplete withaut passing out a few bouquets ta Jim Bunnell af Personnel far his cooperatian, to Travis Hatfield for his arrangement af games and material, and to Tom Downey, Braaklyn scaut for the West Coast, wha has furnished the club with uniforms during the entire winter league seasan at na cost ta our Welfare Department. To wind up this baseball resume, a vote af thanks to that swell kid fram Manifold, Ralph Geise, wha is there every Sunday ta keep the score and get the news to the papers.



Manifold ice-skating enthusiasts are ready ta start taking lessons from Flayd Dungan just any day now. Dungan volunteered to shaw them some af the finer techniques at a recent skating party. He really made an all-star hit!

Office and Seven-Ten Fighting For First

. . . by Ed Sly

It's all aver now but the shouting!—or is it all over? Na! not quite! Going into the last night af the leagiue, the top four teams were all in a position to win the first prize. The chips were really down and the pressure was up abave the safety point. In ather wards, anything cauld and did happen.

It seems that the "Office," captained by M. M. CLANCY, lost the first game, and in the meantime the "Seven-Ten," CLAUDE NADEAU and Co., had won their first game. As a result, the league lead was all tied up and the bets were high and the balls were heavy. When the pins stapped falling, and the smoke cleared, both the Office and Seven-Ten were still tied for first place. (It's been nice knowing yau, Claude!!)

A playoff will be rolled in the near future ta determine who gets the glory and who gets only the handshakes. Let's all be there and see this bloody match to the death.

In the third place, one paint behind the twa tied for first, are the "Hat Shots," who seemed ta have been just breathing hard on the first place team and never able to catch and hold the top spot. Next came the "Thunderbolts," who rode the top rung for the mast part af the season.

Ryan Golfers Trample Solar

Beating Solar one up—3½ to 4½—on the rolling greens of Rancha Santa Fe, the Ryan golfers feel ready for any takers. Upholding the home plant at the taurnament on March 28th were Larry Gibson and Charles Smith, Bernard Bills and Frank Finn, Keith Whitcamb and Bab Barker, and Geargе Leeper and H. C. Oakland.

The previaus Sunday, the Ryan tournament at the La Jolla Cauntry Club brought some new names to the front.

Popping up in first place with a low grass af 83 was Charles Smith to knack the fomed czar of the little white ball, Bernard Bills, from his usual hanors to a lowly secand. Third low grass was captured by Frank Finn. Low net man was A. R. McReynolds with 68, but Logi Bennett and Gary Adams were hat on his trail with 69 and 70 respectively.

Most interesting aftermath of the tournamen is the rumor that Personnel Manager Gary Adams is spending his evenings at hame studying the latest edition of "How to Win Friends and Influence People on the Golf Course."

MORE ABOUT

EDDIE MOLLOY

(Continued from page 13)

So he stuck with Curtiss-Wright, and warked his way up to assistant chief engineer in five years. However, Stinsan offered him a position as factory manager and praject engineer in 1939, and he accepted. There he had charge of developing the Stinsan Army O-49 short-range observation plane.

Ryan offered him a major executive job in 1940. Molloy put it up ta his family whether ta stay east or go west, and the vate was unanimous far the west. So in August, 1940, Molloy left Stinson to become works manager at Ryan, and was elected Vice-President af the compony in 1942.

Mallay has been engineer for bombers, transports, seaplanes, amphibians, cropdusters, trainers, ambulance planes, observation planes, patrol flying boats — just about every imaginable type of aircraft, in fact. He's worked on some types in recurring cycles; far example, training planes of the vintages of 1915, 1920, 1924, 1928, and 1940; submarine-based planes in 1917, 1920 and 1923. Many of today's fighting craft are using ideas he first helped work out on the "Sturtevant Steel Battleplane" af 1915 and the Loening M-8 fighter af 1918. Among the other well-known oldtime planes he worked on are the Loening M-2 "Kitten" monaplane, the Keystone B-3 and B-4 bombers, the Curtiss-Wright SOC's (scaut observation land and seaplanes), and a whole string of light and heavy Army bombers.

Molloy has two sans, 18 and 15, and a daughter wha is now the wife of a flight commander at the Ryan School of Aeranautics in Tucson, Arizona.

SAN DIEGO CALIF.
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Joe Smith of Plainville Knows

RYAN BUILDS WELL!

"JOE SMITH" typifies Americans in action on the production front. Joe knows he has far more than a job to hold down—he has a war to win. At Ryan he's learned that to win he must build well—and fast! Whether the product of Joe's craftsmanship is a Ryan airplane, an exhaust system or a major sub-assembly, he knows it must not, cannot fail his brothers-in-arms on the fighting fronts.

Tomorrow's Airplanes Will Be Yours
Bought With Today's War Bonds

FLY ON
Ryan
TO BUILD WELL

AT WAR'S END no one doubts the vital role of aviation in building the peace. Then, in a hundred "Plainvilles" every Joe Smith who can will be flying as owner or passenger in Ryan planes, because "during the war" Americans everywhere learned that Ryan Builds Well.

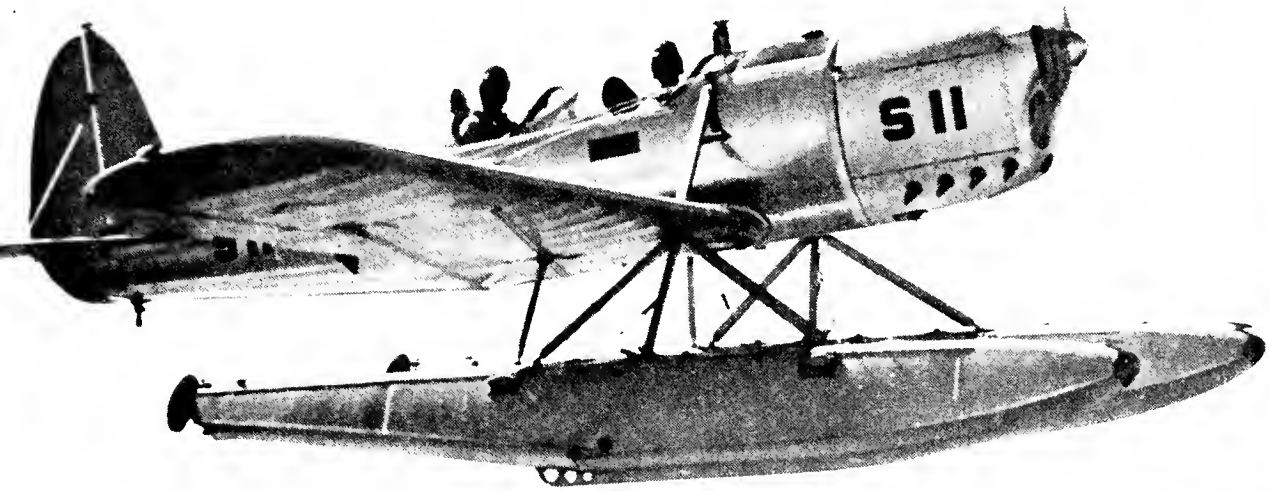
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif. — **Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.**

Ryan Products Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft

Ryan Flying Reporter

Australians Now Using Ryans

(SEE PAGE ONE)



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PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF THE Ryan
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Ryan

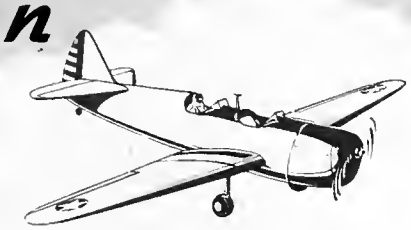
The formation of the new National Aircraft War Production Council is good news for the aviation industry — and for America. It means each company will get the benefit of everything the others have. No stalling, no holding out — everybody throws everything into the common pot so Uncle Sam can have the best planes ever built.

The recent visit of executives of East Coast aircraft factories to our plant was a great success. Discussions were keen, interest high, and everyone eager to cooperate. Eastern plants will soon begin to show the results of some ideas their men picked up at Ryan. And our plant will be using things we've learned from the eastern men!

All of us should be proud that our company is taking its full share in the progressive work of the Council.

T. Claude Ryan

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Japs Using Captured STMs But

RAF Gets Seaplanes

Ryan-built planes are being used by the Japanese Army to train its fliers!

This strange twist in the fortunes of war came to light recently when the company learned that about 50 Ryan ST primary landplane trainers produced here for the Dutch colonial government were seized when the Japs invaded the Netherlands East Indies.

But on the other hand a large number of Ryan seaplane trainers were successfully evacuated from Java and are now being used to train fliers of the Royal Australian Air Force.

This information was received from a Dutch officer who was captured at that time but later managed to escape and has just joined his compatriots in this country after a roundabout trip from Java.

"During this officer's imprisonment near Batavia Air Field he saw the Japs using the Netherlands East Indies fleet of Ryan landplanes regularly for aerobatic training and formation flying," the company's informant declared. "The one enjoyable sight he saw during his captivity, he said, was when two of the planes collided in midair as the result of poor piloting."

> Everyone at Ryan has been further infuriated at the Japs by the news that some Ryan-built planes are being used by the enemy. Let's stay mad—because the madder we are, the harder we'll work, and the more equipment we'll turn out to help our own fliers win!

This fleet of American-built Japanese-used Ryan trainers was part of a consignment of land and seaplane trainers shipped from the Ryan factory in the fall of 1940. Landplanes for the Netherlands Indies Army went to Bandoeng, while Navy land and seaplane trainers were sent to the Morokrembangan Naval Air Base at Soerabaja, Java, affectionately known among the American flight instructors in the Indies as "Little Pensacola." They were used there for a year to train a motley collection of novice pilots: refugee fliers from Holland—Dutch colonials from Java, Sumatra and Borneo — Dutch - Javanese half-castes—Chinese—even, at the end, native Javanese.

When war broke out in the Pacific, training operations at the Soerabaja Navy pilot school were combined with aerial spotting duty. Students and instructors were ordered to fly at a high altitude and keep an eye on the northern horizon to warn of approaching Japs.

This led to many dog fights. Several times, after spotting Jap pursuits streaking in from the north,

(Continued on page 25)

Japs are learning to fly in captured Ryans—but wait till they tackle Dutchmen and Australians, who also learned in Ryans!

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Copy deadline for the next issue is May 17th

5 years or more at Ryan

FORD LEHMAN

"Engines are my meat," says Ford Lehman. "Ever since I was a little kid monkeying around my father's garage back in Kidron, Ohio, I've had a hankering for things that run."

Sometimes that hankering got him into trouble. Once when his father came home unexpectedly, and found that Ford and his brother were skipping school to work on Ford's decrepit '22 Chevvy, the sparks really flew. That Chevvy, incidentally, was the apple of Ford's eye. It burned out a connecting rod every time around the block, thus giving him hours of mechanical bliss. "It was probably a good thing when the connecting rod finally went through the side of the engine and we gave up," Ford admits.

When Ford was almost ready to pass his 14th birthday, he decided he must learn the manly art of smoking—of course without parental knowledge. Having finagled a few cigarettes, he secluded himself in the family Chick Sale and was puffing away when the familiar "haloo" of his neighborhood pal reached his ears. Once outside, all thoughts of smoking quickly vanished, until he noticed spirals of smoke issuing from every cranny and crevice of the little backhouse. By the time he reached the scene, the building was making a fiery exit, and his dad was approaching at an ominous gait. Over the smouldering ruins, a poorer and wiser Ford began construction of his first and only building enterprise.

Nor was this the only time that Ford learned the hard way. Working as a garage mechanic in 1932, he took up welding on the side and was soon doing welding jobs for the trade—and feeling pretty cocky about it. Then one day a farmer brought in a cracked cylinder head to be fixed. This was new to Ford, but he did know that the head must be pre-heated. So he carefully set it up on a bed of coals in the furnace—and forgot about it. The hours he spent putting that cylinder in shape after the posts mounting the rocker arm shaft had melted away, will always be a reminder that cast iron should never be left in a hot furnace without attention.

While he was working at the garage, Ford had his first airplane ride, and soon became an addict of back-yard airplane building. Enthusiastically he designed his own high-wing monoplane and had the fuselage practically complete when he ran out of money. He finally swapped his creation "as is, where is" for a piano accordion.

But an accordion held no dice with an airplane, so Ford started saving money in earnest. When his wampum belt was sufficiently full, he headed for the Ryan School of Aeronautics to take a welding course, and immediately thereafter went to work for the Ryan Company. Starting as a production welder under Ed Morrow, he was later switched to manifold welding and then became assistant foreman in charge of second shift airplane welding. More recently he has been placed in charge of all certification tests and experimental welding in the plant.

The Foremen Have A Birthday

Dine and dance became the order of the day when the Foremen's Club celebrated its second birthday

Out in the kitchen in an ecstasy of culinary delight was Harley Rubish voicing, in a peculiar combination of a chant and a whistle, this verse:

"Slice it thick; slice it thin;
Slice it straight or crooked—
It's still balagna!"

Doing his worst—liverwurst—at the same table was "Pappy" Seaton, who stepped aside for a moment while photographer Tommy Hixson got an incriminating shot of Rubish viciously attacking the bologna.

The occasion was the recent gathering of the Ryan Foremen's Club, which combined installation of officers and celebration of the club's second birthday with a buffet dinner and an evening of dancing to Eddie Harris' band. During the latter, an unannaunced and entirely spontaneous floor show was given by the Whirling Dervish fox-trotter, Steve Dever, who demonstrated his ability to substitute for a Ryan drop hammer.

Officers installed included Carl Palmer, Finishing, who took over the presidency from Harley Rubish; vice president, Roy Ryan of Final Assembly; secretary-treasurer, Gene Wilcox, Finishing; and members of the entertainment committee, Vic Du Shaune, Steve Dever, Charlie Frantz and Floyd Bennett.

The signal honor of the evening—the cutting of the birthday cake—was bestowed upon Ace Edmiston, for his efforts in bringing about the organization of the Foremen's Club two years ago.

The Foremen's Club has always been an alert, active outfit at Ryan, and all the foremen value their membership in it highly. The club meets monthly—but never at the same place twice; the foremen believe in continuous shifting for the sake of variety.

With more and more new foremen being created as the company grows, the Foremen's Club looks forward to making itself more and more worth while, not only to its own members but to the Ryan organization as a whole. Carl Palmer, Harley Rubish, and the rest of the gang are aggressive, live-wire fellows with lots of ideas, and they have some mighty interesting plans which they expect to unveil in the near future.

One of the ideas about which the foremen are most enthusiastic is the idea of sponsoring some big company-wide emplayee recreational and social activities as a supplement to the program already being carried out for Ryanites by the Personnel department. President Carl Palmer has been in conference with Personnel on the subject. And when either Carl or the Personnel gang goes to work on anything, substantial results soon appear. So watch for developments!

Ace Edmiston did the honors for the evening when he cut the handsomely-decorated birthday cake.

New officers installed were: Seated, Carl Palmer, president; standing, Gene Wilcox, secretary-treasurer, and Roy Ryan, vice-president.

Harley Rubish, retiring president, decided it was all a lot of bologna when he turned chef for the occasion.

You Never Can Tell

by Jack Graham

You never know what an exciting past, or unusual hobby, the fellow next to you may have

That plain-looking fellow next to you punching the time clock—that quiet girl behind you waiting her turn—they look like average, run-of-the-mill folks, don't they?

But you never can tell what an exciting past or unusual hobby they may have. Everyone looks about the same in factory clothes, and you'd never guess what they were before they joined the production line, nor what they're doing now in their spare time.

It's amazing what unusual personal histories you can find everywhere in the Ryan factory, once you start looking. Recent issues of the Flying Reporter have told of a sheet metal cutter who used to be a kingpin in Asia's show business, and was well acquainted with all the sinister characters on Shanghai's Blood Alley, "wickedest street in the world"; of a foreman who makes such a well-paying hobby of swapping that he can take a rowboat and trade it up into a high-powered motorboat; of a girl in Engineering who is granddaughter of the present U. S. Ambassador to Russia, another who is a close relative of the President of the United States, and another who has both a Red Army flier for brother and a Cossack for father; of an ex-capitalist who has bought $23,500 worth of War Bonds while working in the Ryan manifold department; of a band-saw operator who used to be a noted night club dancer; of an engineer who writes movies for Myron Selznick in his spare time; of other workers who have such hobbies as long-distance swimming, catching alligators, building motors, or performing autopsies for the Coroner's Department.

And there are plenty more that haven't yet been written about. I'd like to present three of these unknowns to you now: Frank Page, Earl Atkinson, and James House.

Frank Page, dean of Ryan's "I've Been Working on the Railroad" gang, spent 35 years behind the throttle of a locomotive before he finally settled down to running a firmly anchored machine in Ryan's machine shop.

"Tallowpot" Page, or "D. A." as the boys in machine shop call him, guided bucking locomotives on the high slopes and ridges of the Colorado mountains for more than a third of a century before coming to San Diego and Ryan.

One of D. A.'s choice accomplishments was the piloting of one of the powerful engines on the old Pike's Peak cog railroad. He had to run this engine almost straight up three miles into the clouds to the dizzy height of 14,401 feet. Once he made the run after nightfall, in the midst of a howling blizzard, to hunt for an elderly couple who hadn't returned from a hike up the mountain. He found them—frozen to death in the snow near the track. The husband had evidently had a stroke and his faithful wife had tried to keep him warm by covering him with her coat. D. A. has always regretted that he couldn't have seen them on his regular daytime trip down the long road, as they had apparently tried to get close to the railroad and call him for help.

After leaving the Pike's Peak line D. A. ran hot-shot freights and passenger trains for 25 years. During the last war he often stayed at the throttle for as long as 40 hours without more than a hasty nap, for soldiers had to be moved and supplies jammed through. Wrecks were numerous and D. A. frequently had to hit the dirt when a rockslide or the tail lights of another train's caboose suddenly loomed ahead of him.

Earl Atkinson, debonair leadman of the Drop Hammer department, is known as "Muscles" to his multitude of friends. He's an amateur six-day bicycle rider, weight lifter and oil painter.

Bicycle racing has always captivated Earl from the time he first trundled his tricycle around the block until he rode an expensive racing bike in cross-country competition. By the time he was a high school senior in Seattle he had won numerous medals and trophies as a member of the crack Columbia Saddle Club. In 1933 he took the state championship after a gruelling 72-mile race against the top riders of the northwest. He has also placed high in many distance races up to 300 miles in length.

Since coming to Ryan three and a half years ago, Earl has given up cycling and turned to weight-lifting for exercise. He's built himself a fine set of bar and lever weights, and recently won recognition at the local weight club as one of the best lifters for his weight in this neck of the woods.

Earl has taken up painting and photography in recent years, concentrating chiefly on sports pictures. He has a fine, up-to-date home photo-finishing laboratory.

Just to fill his odd moments, he also goes in for softball—he's playing manager of the fast Drop Hammer team.

And then there's genial James House of Airplane Welding, who's a noted poultry fancier on his home time.

Jim is one of Ryan's top gas welders, but he's probably prouder of his prize-winning chickens than he is of his welding talents. He owns a flock of rare imported Black Minorcas—fowl noted for their large, tasty eggs as well as their beautiful, lustrous, blue-black feathers. Hatmakers prize the long, graceful tail feathers of Black Minorcas, and gourmets prize their sweet-flavored eggs.

Jim also raises White Wyandottes, White Rocks, Buff Orpingtons and some rare White Brahmas. These Brahmas come from Asia and are the largest known members of the chicken family. Sometimes they weigh as much as 15 or 16 pounds.

Editor's note: For pictures of the three Ryonites told about here, see poges 22-23.

Confessions of a Field Service Man

by

RAY CLEVER

AS TOLD TO

KEITH MONROE

Official fall guy — that's the role Ray Clever plays. And he likes it!

I'm a member of an exclusive fraternity. One of the most exclusive in aviation.

It's an informal brotherhood composed of men who are the official punching bags and fall guys at every air field in America and many abroad—in short, the aircraft companies' field service representatives.

The field service rep is the poor innocent who goes out to inquire how his company's planes are doing. Daniel, venturing into a lion's den, had a soft touch compared to anybody in my line of work.

When one of us unfortunates shows up at an airfield and starts asking about the performance of his company's ships, he always gets the same answer. The words may be a little different, the embroidery may vary. But the sentiment always boils down to: "Your planes stink."

If we service men can judge from what our customers tell us, our companies have yet to produce an airplane that's any good. Flying Fortresses may be the scourge of Germany, but when their mechanics meet a Boeing service man they'll tell him the planes are travelling junk heaps. P-38s may maw down enemy fighters by the dozen, but pilots tell Lockheed reps that a P-38 can't fight its way out of a cloud-bank. America's transport planes are slower than elephant caravans; its observation planes can't climb high enough to hurdle a step-ladder; its training ships fall apart if the pilot takes a deep breath. That's the sort of squawk that greets a service rep wherever he goes.

However, there's a good reason why every field man catches nothing but hell. I am supposed to be Mr. Fix-It in person. So, when I venture into a hangar, everybody rallies 'round to tell me the troubles he's having with Ryan planes—hoping I can help him get rid of his grief. As I usually can.

I hear about everything that's wrong with Ryan ships, while the things that are right about them seldom reach my aching ears. Sometimes I think the boys are exaggerating a wee bit, just for the purpose of prodding me into super-special service. But that's all right. If airplanes never gave trouble, I'd have no job. So I keep smiling through the storm of dead cats and custard pies.

During the last couple of years I've been travelling the California circuit, visiting Army schools which use the Ryan PT-22 primary training planes. An average visit goes something like this:

First I check in with the Commanding Officer and the resident manager, to see if they have any bad news about their Ryans. Usually they may gripe a little, but they seldom have any detailed complaints. So I always date on interviewing the C. O. and the manager.

Then I head for the hangar and start hunting the Supply Officer. Most times, he is also hunting me—having already heard via underground channels that I'm on the premises—so it isn't long before a blood-curdling yell greets me from the other end of the building: "Hey, Clever! What are you going to do about those stick grips?" or "Ray! When do we get those blank-blank stabilizers?"

This is the signal that the Supply Officer has sighted me. I fix my face in a smile and stride toward him, hand outstretched. Sometimes I'm in doubt whether he's going to clasp my hand or bite it, but so far I've escaped tooth-marks.

The Supply Officer gets a firm grip on me and hauls me into his office. Then he proceeds to tell me all the things that have gone wrong with the Ryans since my last visit.

Army schools keep close check on the performance of every plane. There are daily, weekly and monthly inspections, each for

(Continued on page 15)

Ryan's joint labor-management War Production Drive committee in session. Left to right, Norman Edwards, Murray Leonard, Jr., George Roberts (of national War Production Drive headquarters), Charles Andersen (co-chairman for labor), William Wagner (co-chairman for management), Lieutenant Commander Emmet O'Beirne, Harley Rubish, and R. G. Plummer. Below, O'Beirne makes a brief talk to the Ryan "thinker-uppers."

Men who think UP

Long to be remembered by many Ryanites will be the recent presentation of War Production Drive medals direct from the hands of Lieutenant Commander Emmet O'Beirne. O'Beirne received the Navy Cross for his courageous action aboard the "San Francisco" in battle of Savo Island near Guadalcanal. He was on the bridge when his cruiser spearheaded a line of American warships—outnumbered and outgunned—directly between two columns of Japanese battleships and cruisers, scoring a decisive U. S. naval victory.

Medals for valuable suggestions were presented by O'Beirne to the following Ryanites: Bronze medals to Jack Graham, R. F. Hersey, Leon Moore, J. L. Hanson, E. J. Also, C. E. Benbow, Carl Huchting, Gustove Harris and S. C. Wayte.

Silver medals to Ed Kuebler, George Shermon, Elmer Church, Emil Magdick, H. J. Johnson, S. V. Olson, O. G. Johnson and Win Alderson. Silver medal and bar to C. C. Ryker; silver bar to be attached to medal already held, to Ross F. Plumb.

Gold medals to T. P. Lyle, Henry A. Hall and a gold bar to Dick Gillam.

Not present to receive their awards were O. F. Finn, bronze bar; J. E. Gallaher, bronze medal; Carl Hyatt, silver bar, and Joe Rice, gold medal.

Above, R. F. Hersey of Wing receives a Bronze Medal for his idea concerning application of neoprene. At right, Commander O'Beirne pins a Bronze Medal on Vincent Jack Graham of Airplane Dispatching for ideas regarding ventilation.

Above, Mr. Roberts and Commander O'Beirne congratulate Dick Gillam of Stamping. One of Ryan's most prolific idea men, he received a Gold Bar to be attached to the Gold Medal he already holds.

Clarence Foushee

Manifold Development

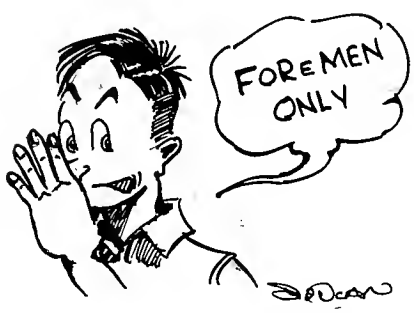
Ryan's youngest foreman takes charge of Ryan's newest department

One of the youngest foremen ever appointed at any major factory in America—that's Clarence "Frenchie" Foushee, 22-year-old foreman of Ryan's newly organized Manifold Development department.

When Foushee was appointed foreman a few weeks ago, he took the latest step in his rapid climb up the Ryan ladder that has brought him in 3½ years from "just another workman" in the Manifold department to leadman, to assistant foreman, to foreman. This quiet, dark young fellow claims to have no idea why or how he's risen so fast—unless the secret lies in plain hard work.

By getting up a little earlier than the next fellow and working a little later at night, Foushee has managed to pile out quantities of work that quickly catch the attention of the man above him—and to keep studying the latest wrinkles in aeronautical work so he'll be ready for the next promotion.

Foushee was born in San Diego, but he's travelled all over America and a good many other neighborhoods of the earth in the last 22 years. His father is a naval officer, and, naturally, the family moved every time the father's station shifted. But San Diego has always been a favorite spot with the Foushees and when Clarence set out to make his own living, this was the place he wanted to work. The small but growing Ryan Aeronautical Company looked like a good place to work, so he stopped in one day and applied for a job. He had studied aeronautical subjects at San Diego Junior College and the University of Pennsylvania so the company took him on. He was given a job on second shift since he wanted to continue his studies part time at San Diego State College.



"For the first two weeks I did nothing but grinding, over and over again on the same job," Foushee recalls. "I felt a little discouraged, but I just kept working harder and trying to turn the stuff out faster. Then pretty soon they began to give me a bigger variety of jobs to do."

After a year and a half of miscellaneous pounding and grinding, Foushee was made a second shift leadman under Butch Ortiz. A year later he became assistant foreman on the second shift, and just a few weeks ago, the new Manifold Development department was set up and Foushee put in charge of it.

This new department will have charge of making all manifold templates, doing experimental work on radical new ideas in manifold production, handling of engineering orders and other assignments requiring theoretical background as well as mechanical know how.

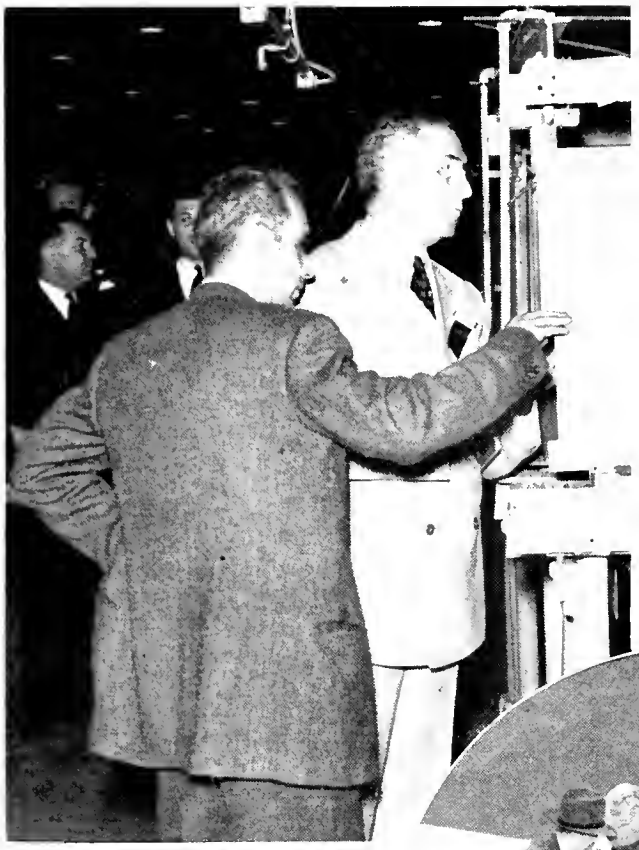
To celebrate his new job, Foushee is getting married. The girl, also a native San Diegan, went to the same schools and lived in the same neighborhoods that Clarence did, but the two never met until a year ago. "I can't understand how we missed each other for so many years," he says wonderingly.

The aeronautical career which Foushee has begun so brilliantly represents only a second choice career for him. He and his father (now on active duty with Atlantic convoys) both planned that he should go to Annapolis and become a naval officer. Foushee passed the naval academy's written entrance examinations with flying colors, but when he took the physical exam, they discovered he was color blind.

That was an awful jolt, but Foushee quietly began studying aviation instead. He had been fascinated by airplanes since he was a small boy—had built many model planes and, in high school, had even constructed a full-size glider which he flew many times around Camden, New Jersey. So when the Navy turned him down, aircraft work was the answer.

Top Eastern Visi

Executives of the leading Eastern aircraft companies visited Ryan recently during their trip to the Pacific Coast for formation of the National Aircraft War Production Council. One of the men elected to the six-man board of directors of the national council was T. Claude Ryan, who has also served as a director of the west coast AWPC since its formation in 1941. During the visit of the easterners to the Ryan plant, they spent considerable time studying Ryan's unique Quality Control system, which has reduced scrap losses by thousands of dollars and saved countless man-hours of lost time. Bert Holland, quality manager and originator of the system, explained it to the visitors during a meeting in the conference room; then they toured the plant to see Ryan's manu-



Abave, Claude Ryan shows Glenn Martin some special factary equipment.

In foreground at right, Vice-President Eddie Mallay and Dr. Lambard by a PT-25.

Left to right, below: Bell, Martin, Ryan, Clyde Vandeburg of OWI, Vice-President Earl Prudden of the Ryan Company.

Around the table: C. W. Perelle, Vice-President af Consolidoted Vultee; Prudden; Russell; Goad; Bell; Martin; Ryan; Holland; Damon; John

Aircraft Men
Ryan

facturing activities. That same evening Mr. Ryan was host at an informal party for the eastern executives, Army and Navy officers, and prominent San Diegans. Entertainment at the party was provided by the entertoinment troupe formed recently among Ryan employees. The eastern visitors included Glenn L. Martin, head of the aircraft company bearing his name, and newly-elected president of both the east coast and national AWPC groups; Lawrence D. Bell, president of Bell Aircraft; Ralph Damon, president of Republic; L. C. Goad, general manager of Eastern Aircraft Division of General Motors; J. Carlton Ward, Jr., president of Fairchild; Frank F. Russell, manager of the national AWPC; and Dr. A. E. Lombard, Jr., of the Aircraft Production Board.

Ward takes notes from Ryan, with Dr. Lombard and Malloy in background.

At left, Russell, Woodhead, Bell and Ernie Moore, Ryan's production superintendent.

Below, S. A. Moore, Ryan's tooling superintendent; Damon, Martin; Ryan.

Lee, manager of AWPC, West Coast; Harry Woodhead, Consolidated Vultee's President; Lauren D. Lyman, United Aircraft executive; Sam Breder, Ryan Sales Manager.

What

Edit

IT WAS known as The Case of the Missing 15 Points—but it took no sleuth to track down the thief.

Two rib roasts, cut from opposite sides of the same beef and weighing exactly the same—12½ pounds—were put in the oven. One was roasted at 450° F; the other at a moderately low temperature of 300° F. Both were removed from the oven when the meat thermometers indicated exactly the same internal temperature; in other words, the same degree of doneness. The meat cooked at high temperature had lost 4 pounds in the oven—the one cooked at low temperature only 1½ pounds. In modern, up-to-date terms that means a difference of 15 points!

But weight wasn't the only difference. The roast cooked at high temperature was very brown and in some spots actually burned; the ends of the ribs were charred and the meat had shrunk away from the bone. The drippings were much more than needed for gravy and burned almost to the point of being unusable. The roast cooked at a low temperature, on the other hand, had a tempting golden brown color, and the drippings were clear and sufficient to make the proper amount of gravy.

That rule — ALWAYS USE A LOW TEMPERATURE—holds good whether roasting, broiling, panbroiling, braising or cooking in water. And it's the most important rule to be remembered in all meat cookery.

Basically, there are only two different ways to cook meat—dry heat and moist heat. Meat is composed of muscle fibers held together by connective tissue. Cuts which have a relatively small amount of connective tissue are tender cuts and can, with very few exceptions, be cooked by the methods which are called "dry heat methods." These are roasting, broiling and pan broiling. On the other hand, the less-tender cuts which contain large amounts of connective tissue require moist heat to make them tender and so are cooked by the "moist heat methods"—either braised or cooked in water.

In ROASTING, regardless of the kind of cut, the procedure is the same. The roast should be wiped with a clean damp cloth — not washed—then seasoned, if you prefer to do your seasoning at the beginning. Most cuts have a fat covering over at least a portion of the roast. When placing the roast in the pan this side should be up so that as the meat cooks, the fat will melt down and run over and through the meat, making basting unnecessary. Preferably use a wire rack in an open roasting pan to keep the meat from stewing in its own juices. The old idea that a roast had to be seared before it went in the oven has been blown up. This not only takes more fuel, but it causes the meat to shrink.

Your family's preference will determine the degree to which you

When Roasting

1. Season with salt and pepper.
2. Place fat side up on rack in open roasting pan.
3. Insert meat thermometer if available.
4. Roast in slow oven—300° to 350° F.
5. Add no water. Do not cover. Do not baste.
6. Roast to desired degree of doneness.

When Broiling

Panbroiling

1. Place meat in heavy frying-pan.
2. Brown meat on both sides.
3. Season with salt and pepper.
4. Do not cover. Do not add fat or water.
5. Reduce temperature and turn occasionally.
6. Pour off fat as it accumulates in pan.

Oven Broiling

1. Turn oven regulator to "broil."
2. Place meat 2 to 3 inches from heat.
3. Broil until top is brown.
4. Season with salt and pepper.
5. Turn and brown other side.
6. Season and serve at once.

Cookin'?

MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

roast beef and lamb. Beef is liked rare, medium and well-done, but many think it has the best flavor if served just a little this side of well-done. Lamb is served either medium or well-done. Veal should be cooked well-done, but not over-cooked, for then it becomes crumbly and hard to slice. Pork is always cooked well-done to bring out its full, rich flavor and to prevent trichinosis.

BROILING requires a tender cut of meat, but many of the less-demanded cuts such as shoulder lamb chops, ham butt slices, etc., can be broiled to perfection because they are tender. Grinding breaks down the tissues and makes even the less-tender cuts suitable for broiling in the form of patties. The exception to the rule on broiling of tender cuts, however, comes in pork and veal—braising is much better for both.

The same cuts suitable for broiling may also be PANBROILED. Panbroiling differs from frying in that no fat is added to the pan—enough cooks out of the meat to grease the pan and keep the meat from sticking. When panbroiling ground meat patties, however, it's a good idea to rub the pan with fat before putting the patties in, as they are more likely to stick than the larger pieces. Steaks and chops should be turned with either a spatula or a fork, but if using a fork, be sure to stick it in the fat.

It is not necessary to preheat the broiler pan, or to sear the meat. Searing does not keep in juices in steak or chops any more than it does in a roast. The old practice of browning quickly at a high temperature was one reason for a hot, smoky kitchen. The speed of broiling can be regulated by the distance between the top of the meat and the heat. A one-inch steak should be placed about two inches away from the heat in order to brown the meat attractively without over-cooking. Steaks or chops less than one inch thick are more satisfactorily cooked by panbroiling.

When Braising

1. Seoson with solt ond pepper.
2. Brown meat on oll sides in hot fat in heavy utensil.
3. Add smoll omount of liquid, if necessory.
4. Cover tightly.
5. Cook ot low temperature until tender.

When Cooking in Water

Stews

1. Cut meat in 1- to 2-inch cubes.
2. Seoson with solt ond pepper.
3. Brown on oll sides in hot lord, if desired.
4. Cover with woter ond cover kettle tightly.
5. Cook slowly until done. Do not boil.
6. Add vegetobles just long enough before serving to be cooked.

Large Cuts

1. Cover meot with hot or cold water.
2. Seoson with solt and pepper. Cover kettle tightly.
3. Cook slowly. Allow to simmer, not boil.
4. Add vegetobles, if desired, just long enough before serving to be cooked.

BRAISING is the most popular method of preparing the less-tender cuts of meat. There is a long list of cuts suited to this method of cooking — pot roasts, Swiss steaks, short ribs, pork and veal chops and steaks and many others. In browning the meat, use the fat from the meat itself if possible. Brown slowly, as the meat holds its rich color better if this is acquired gradually. The savory goodness of braised meat depends to a great extent on a good brown outside. For liquid, water, vegetable juice, milk or either sweet or sour cream may be used. In adding more as the liquid cooks away, add only a very small amount at a time; and it is better to let the meat sizzle gently before doing this. This cooking down of the liquid helps make that good brown coating.

When COOKING IN WATER, exactly the same method is followed for stews and large meat cuts. In cooking large cuts, the liquid usually is water, but in making stew, tomato juice or the liquid from cooked or canned vegetables is good.

(Prepared from material supplied by the National Live Stock and Meat Board of Chicago.)

Meet— Larry Martin

The most secret department in any aircraft factory is the Experimental Department. Meet the man who works behind locked doors at Ryan.

NO VISITORS ALLOWED

Larry Martin and his crew have wrecked more airplanes than anyone else at Ryan. They do it intentionally.

During Martin's thirteen years in aviation he has devoted a large part of his time to experimental work. And one of the jobs an experimental department must do in test work is subject the structural parts of an airplane to pressure until they break.

As head of the Experimental department at Ryan, this dapper little Irishman still carries on his crushing and tearing test tactics. All his work is done secretly, behind steel fences and locked doors; all experimental work in America is highly confidential these days. But it's no secret that under Martin's direction skilled men and women workers build, by hand, airplanes whose destiny is destruction.

These planes are used for so-called "Static Tests" for the purpose of proving the strength of the design. In static tests of a plane, all its structural elements are tested on the ground to determine whether or not they'll be capable of standing up against the toughest conditions they'll encounter in actual flight, landing, and take-off. If the airplane has been properly designed and properly built, it will pass these brutal tests.

To find out exactly how strong the airplane really is, each structural member is loaded with weights until it fails. Sometimes the destructive-minded members of Experimental discover that the strength of a part is many times greater than ever will be required of it. This displeases them, because it means that the member is heavier than it needs to be. So they send it back to engineering to see if it can be redesigned with a reduction in weight, and then they retest it to make sure it is strong enough but not too heavy.

Of course, Larry Martin doesn't devote all his attention to the destructive part of his department's activities. He directs construction of the mock-ups (full-size wooden models of a new plane which are used to check the fit of each part and tested in various ways) as well as the miniature models which must be tested in a wind tunnel, and the first actual airplanes for test flight.

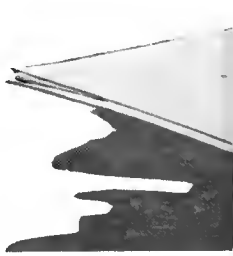
No new type of Ryan plane will be able to leave the ground until Larry Martin okays it. All the experimental development, all the complex and delicate testing of new designs is now his responsibility. Obviously, to handle that kind of a job, a man would need an unusually extensive aviation background. This is just the kind of background that Larry Martin has.

He has been connected with such famous companies as Martin, Curtiss-Wright, Stinson, and Fairchild. He has been a flier himself. And he knows factory production from A to Z, because he came up the hard way —he started in at an ordinary workman's bench and toiled his way up through the ranks.

Born in Baltimore in 1906, Martin was one of those youngsters who wanted to fly almost from the first time he saw an airplane. At first there was no aviation activity in Baltimore and Larry didn't see how he could break into the game. So his first few jobs were as painter, carpenter, sheet metal worker and other manual occupations. But in 1929 Glenn L. Martin opened an aircraft factory in Baltimore and Larry was one of the first lined up at the gate waiting to apply for a job.

He started in as a mechanic in the Final Assembly department, worked his way up to leadman, and in 1931 took a job with what is now North American—known in those days as Berliner-Joyce Aircraft Company. At B-J he got his first taste of experimental work, installing an automatic pilot in a Curtiss Condor. He didn't know it at the time, but it was the first automatic pilot ever put into an airliner.

During his three years with B-J, Martin helped to build two experimental planes and three experimental floats for the Navy, and one experimental plane for the Army. The company in the meantime had changed hands, and plans were being made to move to California. At that time Martin wasn't interested in going to California, so in 1934 he signed up with Fairchild in Hagerstown, Md., as a supervisor in the Hull department.



About this time he was also learning to fly in his spare time—and secretly, so his mother wouldn't worry. He bought an Aeronca C-3 for himself and flew it all over the countryside on weekends, unbeknownst to his family. Larry's brother was an enthusiastic full-time flier who had no hope of keeping it from his family. Now and then the brother would graciously take Larry up for a ride and even show him a little about how to pilot a plane. Larry still chuckles when he recalls the look on his brother's face the day Larry give him the C-3 he had been flying for years.

During three years with Fairchild, Martin worked his way up to Assistant to the Superintendent in charge of the Hull Department and Final Assembly. He helped build what was then called the Baby Clipper for Pan American and several private planes for such notables as Gar Wood and Richard Archbald?

In 1937 Curtiss-Wright offered him a position at the Buffalo plant as supervisor of their float assembly work. He had done a lot of work on floats with B-J and Fairchild and was beginning to make a reputation for himself in this field among eastern companies.

So Larry took the job and drove to Buffalo, arriving in the middle of a howling blizzard. "By the time I was within 100 miles of Buffalo, I never wanted to get any closer to the place," he recalls. "If it hadn't been a longer drive home than it was on to Buffalo, I would have turned around right then. And I didn't feel any happier when I went to work. After two days at the plant, the snow got so thick that I was snowed in at home and couldn't even reach the factory for a week. Believe it or not, the snow was six feet deep outside my house. And cold? Man! I tell you, that Buffalo has the lousiest weather of any place I've ever seen. I can remember seeing the ice just breaking up on the lake the 30th of May."

If it hadn't been for Buffalo's semi-permanent cold and snow, Larry Martin might be with Curtiss-Wright yet. He got another real taste of experimental work there, when he was put in charge of all experimental work on the P-40 fuselage. He ate it up. One of his proudest recollections is assembling the first fuselage for that model. With a picked crew of twelve men, he started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and had the fuselage completely assembled by 10 o'clock the next morning.

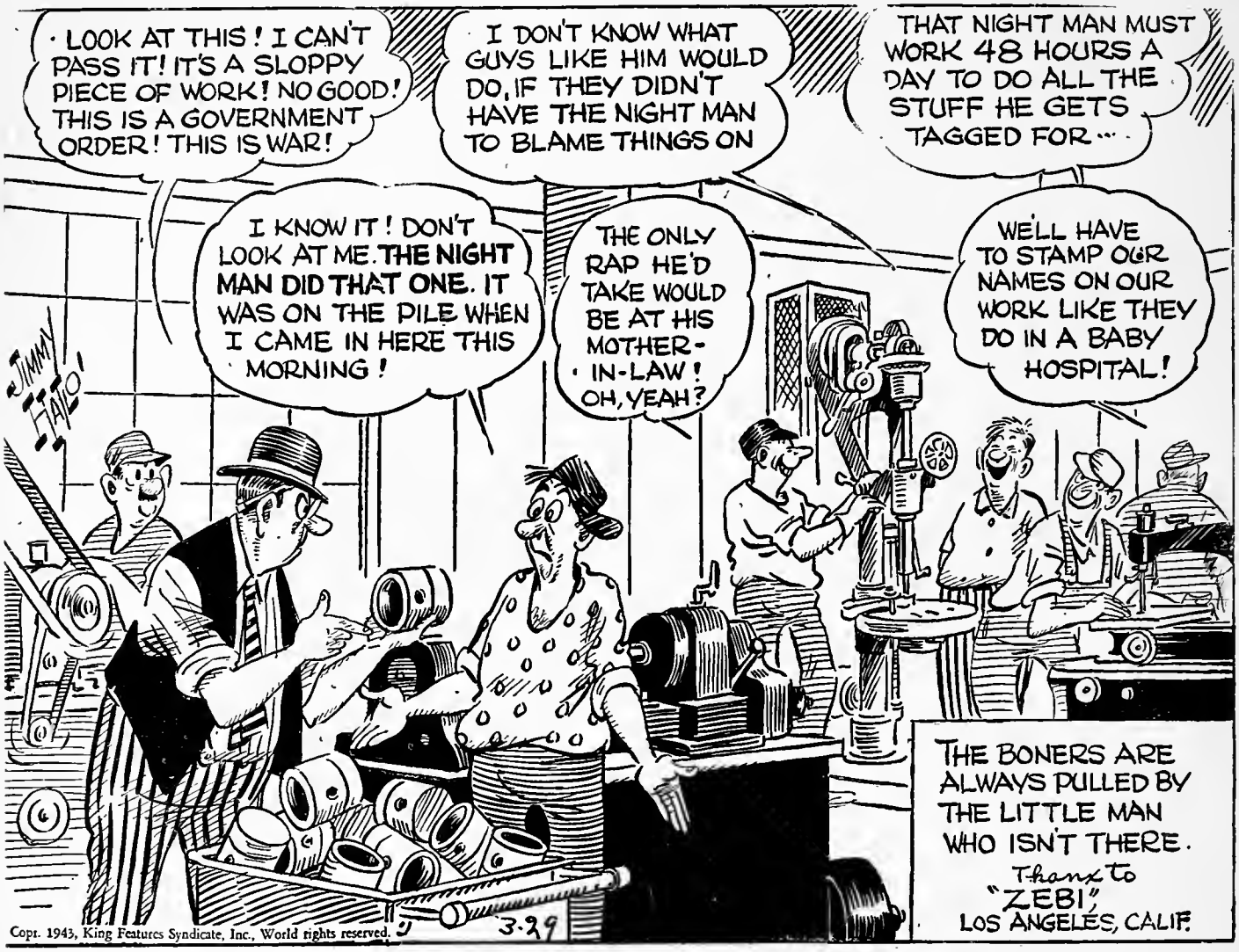
But four winters in Buffalo were enough for Larry, even with the fun of doing experimental work. He went to Stinson in 1940 as assistant to the assembly superintendent. A little later, when Fairchild offered him the opportunity to take full charge of all experimental work on its new training plane, he accepted.

Then came the latest, and what Larry hopes will be his last, change of allegiance. He had been hearing a lot about California. Being a bachelor, there was nothing to prevent him from rambling wherever he chose, so in the late fall of 1940 he took a vacation trip out here just to see if the Golden State was all it was cracked up to be. While here he met his old acquaintances Eddie Molloy and Shell Moore—with whom he had worked on many jobs at Curtiss, Stinson, and Fairchild. They gave him an enthusiastic sales talk about signing up with Ryan.

(Continued on page 14)

They'll Do It Every Time

by Jimmie Hatlo—courtesy Los Angeles Herald-Express



MORE ABOUT

LARRY MARTIN

(Continued from page 13)

Larry came in as Cost Estimator. Later he worked up to Chief Dispatcher, then Assistant to the Factory Manager, and in March was appointed head of Ryan's Experimental department.

Larry, like his old friend Eddie Mollay, has had a little trouble with his first name. He was christened Lawrence C. Martin. But he always signs his name L. C. Martin and at school his initials gave classmates the idea of calling him "Elsie," which didn't appeal to him. He encouraged friends to call him Larry—which stuck so well that nobody knows him as anything else nowadays. When the Ryan purchasing agent had a name plate made for Martin's desk, he ordered it printed "Larry Martin" without a second thought.

Martin can't very well sign letters or checks with a nickname, however, so he still uses "L. C. Martin" as a signature. This sometimes leads to a little confusion—and once almost left him penniless. Ryan had sent him to Tucson in charge of a crew of men doing some special work there immediately after Pearl Harbor—and when the company mailed him a $1500 check to cover expenses, the check was made out to "Larry Martin." When he tried to cash the check, he ran into a stone wall at the bank because all his identification cards read Lawrence C. Martin. "Until I finally produced somebody who could identify me as Larry," Martin recalls, "I was afraid that L. C. Martin was going to be stranded in Tucson without a nickel for himself or his crew."

Institute Course Helps Another Ryanite

"The Ryan Institute Course 'Aircraft Construction and Maintenance' may have some of the young folks buffaloed but it can't stop us old guys." So says A. G. "Pop" Harris, 55, of the Ryan Machine Shop. And he backs up his statement with a certificate of graduation just issued to him by the Institute for the course he signed up for in December. He says, "I told my wife if Claude Ryan was willing to gamble twenty-five dollars on me I'd just take him on! Now I'm ready for that examination that comes up in July and this is going to be one time that I gambled and won."

Harris, who worked for himself for the twenty-four years prior to his coming to Ryan in 1940, says he wouldn't work for anybody where he couldn't work with the same interest that he would put into his own business. He's been at Ryan for two and one-half years and likes his job.

MORE ABOUT

FIELD SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES

(Continued from page 5)

different purposes, and there are also 25-hour, 50-hour, 75-hour and 100-hour inspections. This last one keeps a three-man crew busy eight hours on the Ryan PT-22s.

So if an airplane develops even tiny weaknesses, they're not going to be overlooked. Like a Recording Angel, the maintenance chief keeps a comprehensive maintenance record sheet known as Form 41, which notes the condition of every feature of the engine and plane through a 90-day period. This form follows the plane wherever it goes—so even if a Ryan is transferred from one base to another, every mechanic who works on it can read its whole life history.

Consequently, the Supply Officer has plenty of facts with which to belabor me. He seldom discusses routine repairs with me, but whenever anything unusual comes up, or the same fault develops in a number of planes, or a need arises for replacement parts that aren't promptly forthcoming—when such things happen, as they frequently do, then I hear about it. But loud!

I find that the best way to deal with the Supply Officer is to sit back and nod sorrowfully while he is hammering the arms of his chair and giving voice to his opinions of my airplane. After some minutes of this, he will subside, and in the meantime I will have found out what was on his mind.

When I've heard all his complaints, I can usually suggest ways to fix up everything that has gone wrong. If I couldn't, I wouldn't last long as a service representative.

If an epidemic of some mysterious ailment has broken out among the PT-22s, or a plane refuses to fly smoothly for some hidden reason, or a series of tricky repairs have to be made, then it's up to me to assume the role of The Brain. Before the Ryan company first sent me out on the road, it spent months teaching me every detail of service, maintenance and repair work on the PT-22s. So I am expected to know everything there is to know about what makes them tick, and be able to expound at length on the cause and cure of whatever troubles there are.

Likewise, if any supply difficulties should bob up—such as the continued non-appearance of replacement parts that have been on order for days—it's my job to find out whether the bottleneck is in our factory, or a supply depot, or in some transportation company. And then to siphon the needed parts through the bottleneck.

I've had enough training so that I can usually come up with the right answers to most of the questions tossed at me, and can even roll up my sleeves and massage the innards of a PT-22 to good effect. As far my less frequent chore of finding missing parts, I can usually produce them as fast as a magician produces white rabbits, by means of a few long-distance phone calls to the right parties and maybe a quick dash to San Bernardino, Santa Ana or San Diego.

After the Supply Officer has finished with me, and I've finished pacifying him, I go back into the hangar and browse among the Ryans being inspected or repaired. There the mechanics and maintenance men usually have some more fancy baked goods to fling at me.

And, brother, those boys in the hangar are tough. They eat broken bottles and wear barbed wire next to the skin. When they start telling you what they think of the plane they're working on—whether it's a giant transport plane or a two-seater trainer—the atmosphere sizzles.

Now, no man likes to spend hour after hour listening to his company's products being assailed, even kiddingly, as junk. But that is the perpetual fate of airplane service representatives, who must be diplomats and always take it without ever dishing it out. So my half-day or more in the hangar is spent soaking up punishment. But at last night falls and I leave the scene, lurching and weaving visibly as I walk.

During the evening I usually get together with some of the boys from the air field for a bull session. Sometimes they let down their hair and take off their shoes and tell me what they really think about Ryan planes. Once an old-time AAF officer, who has been in the Army since 1920, broke down and confessed he thought my company's current trainers were as hot as any he'd ever seen. Since then I've carried his photograph next to my heart.

Having worn out the subject of airplane service, I repair to my hotel room for sleep that knitteth up the ravelled sleeve of care. The next morning I leap from my bed with a glad cry to welcome the new day, and set out for another air field where I'll repeat the whole process.

When I finally reach the home office in San Diego after one of my jaunts, I turn in a bulky written report. Naturally Mel Thompson and Walt Locke, as well as several other executives, want to know all the details about performance of our planes at every field.

I squirm while my report is being read. If my statements indicate that any users of our planes weren't perfectly satisfied, I have some tall explaining to do. "Why didn't you tell them so-and-so, Clever?" I am asked sternly. "Clever, don't you remember the tech order covering that point issued in June, 1939?" "Ray, why weren't those supplies delivered 24 hours earlier?"

So you see the aircraft company field service representative gets raked from stem to stern both coming and going. However, by being on the spot wherever the armed forces are operating his company's airplanes, he often can and does render invaluable service—not only to the Army or Navy, but to his own company as well. That's my job—and believe it or not, I like it!

Prescription Safety Lenses Available

Prescription glasses with safety lenses are now available at the plant tool store.

These glasses may be obtained at cost. Apply at the tool store for particulars.

'Way Back When

The time is 1932, and Roy S. Cunningham is about to take off in the Detroit News Trophy Race. Flying solo in a 35,000 cubic foot balloon, he was to finish fourth in a field of eight landing near Cleveland after a twelve-hour flight from Detroit in which he spent a good part of the night over Lake Erie.

"That was quite a race," Roy recalls. "There was a mixture of warm and cold air that night which was tricky. My balloon got so low over Lake Erie that I had to drop most of my ballast to keep out of the water. If I'd gone in, all I had was a rubber boat and a prayer."

In his ballooning days, from 1927 to 1933, Roy often placed high in big races, but never won. He is proudest of having been chief of the ground crew for the balloon which won the Gordon Bennett International Trophy Race in 1927.

Roy was one of the early enthusiasts for all forms of air travel. He was a member of the famous old Albatrosses—the second officially recognized glider club in the United States—back in 1927. Two years later he was one of a group of ten Detroiters who chipped in to buy a training plane and take flying lessons. But by the time he'd had four hours of dual instruction, he was married; and since then he hasn't been aloft much in balloons, gliders, or airplanes. He gets most of his flying thrills vicariously nowadays as Ryan's Production Control Superintendent.

The lady in the picture? That is Mrs. Sid Erwin, wife of the president of the Detroit Balloon Club. A different girl sponsored each balloonist in the race, and Roy drew Mrs. Erwin.

Final News

by Enid Larsen

We in the Northwest corner are beginning to come alive again. By that last statement, I mean that the Department is beginning to glow again, with many of the old familiar faces. We are so glad to have so many of our personnel back from Consair, and are looking forward to the time when the rest of our members will join us on this side of the field. Welcome home gang!!!

RALPH FELIX up and did it. Yes, girls, you were a little too slow. A most charming young lady beat you to it. Congratulations to the bride and groom. Cheer up, gals, there are still a few eligible males runnnig around loose in the Department, and just think, just seven months 'til Leap Year.

We are most happily welcoming H. J. VAN DER LINDE, who has joined the first shift gang as General Foreman in charge of all Assembly Departments. He has been night Factory Superintendent for the past fifteen months. He has his desk out in our corner, and from now on, something tells me there will never be a dull moment around here. You are swell, John, and we hope you like your new work.

With summer just around the corner, many of our personnel have jumped the gun and have taken their vacations already. BRUCE FALCONER, HARRY WISNER, GEORGE WESTOVER and JESS LARSEN are among those who have enjoyed a few days away from the factory.

Did we hear a retraction from E. D. SLY, in regard to the remark he put in the Flying Reporter, viz: "(It's been nice knowing you, Claude!!)" It was a swell play-off, Seven-Ten and Office, and although the Seven-Ten emerged victorious, the Office put up a swell fight, and lots of fun was had by all. We hope in the future, that all the Bowling Leagues can wind up with such a bang.

'Nuff said for now, folks, I have to go some to hit the deadline as it is. See you next time, I hope.

Mo Loft Sez

by Gilbert Cusey

I have had my doubts from time to time, but I am now convinced that anything can and probably will happen in the loft.

To give weight to my conclusion let me call your attention to the new hair-do sported by Little Beaver, complete with ribbon. I saw it during the middle of the day so there can be no mistake.

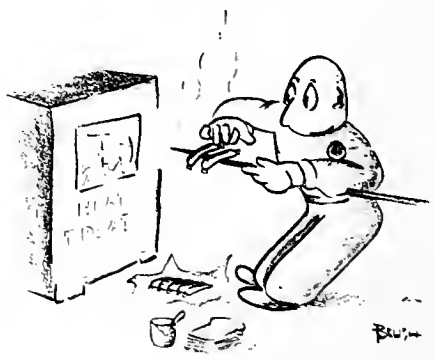
HOLT remarked to me recently he thought EDDIE GLIDDEN was really a sailor at heart because he is always using language connected with boats. Don't get me wrong, I am not referring to his descriptive terms but such expressions as "if you fellows don't get this work out by four tonight I'll get my neck in a sling."

I have reason to believe that NOBLE would like to be a detective. In particular he would like to find out who used his back pocket as a storage place for a glass of water.

The proper place for this note might be in the Swap News in case Holt has anything to trade, but I know he is in the market for a pair of belt-high waders. He tells me it makes no difference if there are holes in the soles since that is not where he has been getting the wettest.

It seems that the women have decided to invade the loft for at least part of the time. It may be just a rumor but it has been suggested that they were receiving encouragement from certain members of the loft. I don't think I had better mention names but if RAZZY could have seen what came out of one of the packages the girls were carrying he might have considered spending more time in the loft.

One thing that the loft has to be given credit for is the fact they try never to do anything half-heartedly or in small measures. They take their work seriously and that attitude seems to carry over into their everyday life. A few short months ago the plant was asking for more production and, as I said before, even a simple thing like that was taken seriously. Special reference for further information: R. HAYWARD, CARSON or RAZZY.



Keeping Up With The Joneses Isn't Considered Smart Today

The following piece, brought into the plant by Joe Silva, manifold arc-welder, has been passed around and read with approval. It's a condensation from the Waterville, N. Y., Times, and was written by Ralph de Castro, of the Savings Banks Association of New York. Several of the Ryan people thought the Flying Reporter should carry at least parts of it, so that all the Ryan workers could see it. Consequently, here it is:

SPEND, SUCKER, SPEND !

The last war . . . remember? Silk shirts! Hand tailored suits. Ten-dollar felt hats. Better, larger, sweller apartments.

Then it happened. 1918 and the Armistice. The war boom petered out. The cuffs on the silk shirts were frayed, and the colors were faded. And people moved back where they'd come from. But . . .

"Don't let it get you down, Bud! You can't hold this country back. Don't sell America short—why, with our natural resources, and the way we work . . . " So we started on the second lap, on the same circular track.

1923-29. Prosperity. Nothing ever like it before. Bootleggers, parties, automobiles. More silk shirts. Radios, refrigerators, real estate, furniture, diamond rings, boats. . . .

Then 1929 and CRASH again! "Dear Mr. Jones . . . unless you send us a check to cover two unpaid installments . . . Dear Sir . . . in the hands of our attorneys, unless . . . Sorry, Jones, better look around for a new job . . . No Help Wanted."

How come? How did we get that way—again?

Bonds weren't good enough for us. Savings banks weren't as exciting as brokers' offices. We wanted for next to nothing the things our fathers had worked and sweated and saved for. My wife's clothes had to be more expensive than your wife's. You spent a thousand dollars for your car? So what? I'm spending thirteen hundred for mine. (On time.)

Must we come down with another crash? Must we ignore the lessons taught us by history? It's what's beginning to happen, right here—now—in our country.

People are making more money than they ever did before, and spending it faster than they ever did before. But the time's going to come when they'll need those dollars they're throwing around now. And all the gimmicks and gadgets they think they need now won't be worth a dime on the dollar then.

So look . . . When you want to spend money or buy something new, just imagine you were spending your next-to-last dollar. If you're making more money, save more—don't spend more!

Why do you suppose your government urges you to save? To ward off disaster!

To make sure that the crash that "couldn't happen here" doesn't happen again. So that possible (if not probable) after-war depression won't find you at the end of a breadline fifteen million people long. So that a war we win by fighting won't be lost by waste.

Nobody can tell you what's going to happen after the war. But somebody can tell you what will happen to you. YOU can.

Make a plan and stick to it. Guarantee your own future. So many dollars every payday into War Bonds. Then, come hell or high water, follow your plan.

Protect your family. Build up reserves. Create a stack of money and make it grow. And the bigger the stock you create, the better off you'll be—to buy the good things you will want when the war is over.

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall

On Deadlines. There are two kinds nowadays. The first is the sort you have to do things before: such as pay bills before the tenth of the month, taxes before the fifteenth of March and get in copy for the Flying Reporter by the date shown on the bottom of the inside cover of that magazine. The new kind of deadline is the one you can't do things until: such as getting more coffee, gasoline, meat and so on. The familiar type rushes at you, and the more recent keeps slipping backward.

On Spring: Maybe it isn't only the big worries and small complexities of living that disturb us. Part of the fretting could be seasonal. There are signs of Spring here in the factory just as authentic as the first robin. The man across the way seems to be in a trance, but comes out of it to say, "When the war is over, what fishing there'll be. Not many people can get at them now, what with working longer and having no rubber. But next spring — boy!"

The gal alongside explains her dreamy look with, "What a day to clean house."

Other influences of spring noted are romantic developments, the vogue urge to reform in some way, and a new crop of colds.

FRANK WILSON, soon due back from a home leave of thirty days, will have his reason with him. He married her May 1 in Wellesley, Mass.

Frank's arc welding pal, PAT PATTERSON, went mildly haywire in his absence and for some time appeared in homegrown pink whiskers. The spade beard, although it could have been called otherwise, made Pat look like a picture of his grandpa, the one his grandmother never could stand.

BARBAO had a flash of inventive genius and outdid the commercial announcers on the care of the flashing smile. For teeth that gleam, his system is "put 'em through the sandblaster."

Speaking of methods, ED KUEBLER should tell how he gets the results he does. He spent four and a half months on the collar jigs in small parts and never turned out a poor piece. He has now moved on to spot-welding, but still is interested and available for consultations on rings, clamp-bands and such. He couldn't have picked up his way with jigs while he was running a general store in North Dakota. He must have learned some pointers around his father's blacksmith shop.

On Accidents: JOE RICE, machine set-up man, had an accident for the books. His plane was sideswiped by a truck. The job was on its way to Tucson in a trailer, when it was struck. So far Joe, who has been trying for the Air Corps entrance tests in Arizona, hasn't said what the damage to the plane was. He had spent weeks, and that isn't all, getting it in good repair, and the smash must have hit Joe hard even though he was unhurt.

RUSSELL STEIN'S crackup on his motorcycle kept him laid off for several weeks. He said the machine, although battered, came through in better shape than he did. His shoulder injury was pretty serious.

On old timers and newcomers: BERNIE BRIDWELL was away from the plant for a long time while he was under treatment. Maybe he'll be able to avoid an operation. Another invalid was LEO SINKLER, who successfully ducked all winter but caught a bad jolt of flu a few weeks ago.

Pleasant days haven't led the Second Shift bowlers astray. They still turn out for practice and for the series. Miller is hanging onto the high individual score he has held for the past two months of the series, and inviting anybody to take it away from him.

New on the job, but not to the factory, is EVELYN WOODCRAFT. She came out of her cage at A-1 and bypassed a 5-cent raise to join the punch press team of SAYRE and PEGLER. The new deal seems to be working nicely for all three of them.

FRANK WALSH'S outfit has added the FLICK brothers, EARL and ROBERT, and AMELIA ESPINOSA, all metal fitters new to Ryan. DOROTHY KAIN, who moved over from Maintenance a while back, is now right at home and on the beam in Small Parts. MARY FILLEY has started setting up collars to tack. VIRGINIA WEIDEL is the girl who recently took over the gas welding table next to ROMOLA GROW on the day shift.

On Libraries. FLOYD BENNETT now has the complete files of the Flying Reporter in two good-looking bound volumes. He had all the issues carefully saved, and didn't have the big hunt DAN BURNETT did when he wanted to do the same thing a little earlier. Thanks to his friends, the Burnett copies are complete, too.

My thanks for the ODIN autobiography. It was a treat on the first and following readings and is an addition to my library. In fact, it is a twenty percent increase to the one-foot shelf, making a nice deviation from Webster, Roget, Bartlett and Farmer.

Fumes From the Paint Shop

by George and Lil

You know, folks, the swing shift seems to get better and nicer as you go along with it. Just like one big school classroom, remember?—with rest periods being turned into quiz contests and spelling bees. (Get it, DRAKE?) Maybe we're coining something and don't know it. Of course, where there's a school there must be a school marm, and we have that too. Guess who. That's right. Rosie did it again.

For a moment let's turn back a couple of weeks and remember to thank that bashful man WALLACE for the swell cigar and wish him and the Mrs. and the new additoin all the luck! It was a girl. That makes two, doesn't it, Wallace? Oh well—remember the old proverb, "If at first you don't succeed—"

Do you recall that little rhyme you read way back when? It went like this—Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? I believe all of us remember that, but only a few of us know the modern versions of it. Starts out like this—Larry, Larry, Rosie, and Drake, How does your garden grow?

Well, Spring is here. ROSIE BARTHOL, LAVADA DUHLSTINE, and BILL McBLAIR are on vacation. Hope they have a good time and hurry back.

We are very sorry to hear that Mrs. HALL is sick. Hope she will soon be back with us.

Wing Tips

by Chuck Kellogg

I think the time has come to speak of the major phenomenon of the Wing Assembly department. If you are ever around the department desk during rest period, you will know of what I speak. Just close your eyes and picture a short, heavy-set man, dressed in a pair of dark brown "Victory" pants, a light tan shirt, a green necktie, and a very loud and brilliant, checkered, greenish-brown sport coat; he is standing in the center of a group of ardent admirers doing his stuff.

His hands are hanging loosely at his side; his eyes are closed; there is a look of great concentration on his face. His mouth opens slowly, then closes; he swallows, opens his mouth again, and a large silvery bubble emerges, floats slowly to earth and bursts, leaving a small damp spot to show that his aim is true. The man then smiles a satisfied smile and prepares to start again. This, dear readers, is our very own phenomenon, otherwise known as EASY NORTH. You know, the idea for this article came to me the other day while I was taking my Saturday night bubble bath.

I will now tell of more ordinary things such as our wonderful softball team. To date we haven't won any ball games, but boy, oh boy—can we break the bats! HARRY SCHIEDLE is our heavy hitter at present with an average of one thousand for one time at bat. I am next with an average of minus ten thousand for ten times at bat.

Now for just a bit about our department. We have seen quite a change in the last few months with new contracts and many new employees and methods, to say nothing of a new swing shift. For my part of Wing Assembly, I'll say we are doing pretty well on the work we are doing, and in the very near future we will do much better. I cannot do justice to the other sections of our department as I don't know all there is to know. Why doesn't someone in the know contribute something to these articles?

That is about all there is to say for now. If I thought you would like some of my corny jokes, I could write for another couple of hours, but I am too smart for that.

PLANT ENGINEERING

Robt. E. Christy

To those of you who were smart enough to pass up this column in the last issue but are wading through it this time, I would like to introduce two new "Fathers"—B. R. McCLENDON and WILLIAM H. DEAN. For over a week now these boys have been trying to outdo each other on the subject of babies. The climax came during lunch hour a few days ago when the two of them spent the entire period folding small squares of paper into miniatures of those three cornered affairs so necessary to a baby's wardrobe, and trying to convince the other of the advantages of his particular method.

I thought the army made men of the boys it accepted into its great fraternity. I am now rather concerned about it. The boys seem to become effeminate or at least domestically inclined. A letter from BILL HOUSTON, now training with the Army Air Forces, contained this excerpt:

"Complete outfits of clothing were furnished, the details of which will be omitted due to the lack of variety in color. Two pair of shoes or rather boots that haven't reached maturity, were issued, and they are a half size longer than any I've ever worn. Apparently the Army thinks a man's feet will grow more than his mind."

Also he went on to say:

"I became a washerwoman, but I am inept and inexperienced. However, the Army feels that every man has talent in this particular line, so they furnish us soap, scrub boards, scrub brushes, etc."

Well, girls, it appears as though the Army will certainly aid you, for you won't have to be fussing about your husband's ties, etc., nor will you have to bother about his laundry after this war. You can see that he will be perfectly capable of handling it himself.

Between McClendon's new son and the Army, Mac isn't getting much sleep nowadays. He says the baby keeps him awake all night, and that 1-A classification the mail-man left for him keeps him awake all day. Don't let it worry you, Mac, look at the head start you'll have on Houston. You know how to wash clothes. They will probably make a second lieutenant out of you for that.

K. O. "TARZAN" BURT is on the injured list as a result of perfecting his jungle call. It was so loud that it scared Burt himself so badly he fell out of the tree he was playing in and sprained his ankle. The result is that he is no longer writing fan mail to Johnny Weismuller.

Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

Way out West where men are men and smell like horses. Guess it is all right to talk about horses in an airplane factory. I remember back when we sat out by the stables and talked about airplanes while watching them shoe horses. It all brings me back to last week. There is something about the smell of leather that gets you. While walking around town the other day I was passing a saddle shop and decided to take a look and see what new gadgets they had added to saddles, etc. They had quite a stock of saddles, bridles and whathaveyou. In the rear of the shop they had a repair room.

When I entered I heard voices in the rear and as I walked down the aisle the voices got plainer. Seemed like one of them was familiar and I went on back to see who it was. There was ROY CUNNINGHAM, his golf bag laid out on a table, explaining how he wanted something built onto it. I got over closer and found that he was going to have a saddle built on the back of the golf bag. A rather unusual case, the saddle maker said, but possible. I got the following explanation from Roy about it.

He was going to play golf with BILL CAMERON Sunday and it seems thot he has to carry Bill around the course every time they play. The last time they played he beat Bill and Bill put up the excuse that he would have played a better game but that in carrying him Roy had let his feet drag and this had annoyed him so that he couldn't play his best.

"Sunday he won't have any excuse, because I am having a saddle built, stirrups and all, so Bill will be comfortable," Roy explained.

Well, well and well—KENNEDY went and did it. With all the good advice he has been given and the example set for him by GEER—he went and got married. Nevertheless and notwithstanding we all wish you the best of luck, Jack, in your new venture. Yes, the lucky lady is BERTHA KLINGER. Bertha is known to most of us, having worked in Dispatching and in Factory Office. Good luck to both of you.

Production Control extends their sincere sympathy to Mr. G. C. GROFF in his recent bereavement.

"—I Suggest We Right and Finish Turning the Casings by Using a Stub Arbor and Center Tail Stock, With a Tang Driven Fixture."

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac

"It has been rumored that you are receiving money for playing football here. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir. But I have to make money. I'm putting my mother through welding school."

* * *

Jones: "I didn't know you suffered from rheumatism."

Smith: "Sure, what else can you do with it?"

* * *

Reize: "I saw you the other day at the corner of Fifth and Broadway winking at the girls."

Smith: "I wasn't winking. That is a windy corner and something got in my eye."

Reize: "She got in your car, too."

* * *

The trainer put his two performing dogs through their routine while the vaudeville agent watched utterly bored until, at the finish, the little dog piped up, "Well, pal, how's about booking us?"

"My God," exclaimed the agent, electrified, "You don't mean the little dog's talking?"

"Nah," said the trainer, wearily. "The big dog's a ventriloquist."

* * *

A colored damsel refused to hang any mistletoe at Christmas, and with powerful disdain expostulated, "No suh! Ah got too much pride to adv'tise for de o'dnary courtesies a lady have a puffic right to expeck."

* * *

A businessman visiting Washington met a young lady and took her to dinner and a night club. Late in the evening he put his arm around her and whispered in her ear. "No!" she screamed. "Positively no!" And she slapped his face. He fainted. When he revived she asked, "Was that slap such a hard one?"

"Not at all," he replied. "I fainted because, after all these months, that's the first definite answer I've received in Washington."

* * *

Gary Adams went into a butcher shop and asked for a ten pound turkey.

"O. K.," said the butcher. "How do you want it financed?"

* * *

Navy variation: Sighted schooner; drank same.

* * *

Bill Wagner tells me that Slim Coats is a dirt farmer. I have to believe it because I've been there when Slim was slinging dirt.

* * *

I heard about a party the other day in which the girls were supposed to dress in costumes the color of their boy friends' hair. I was just wondering about the girl with the bald-headed boy friend.

* * *

Did you hear about the fellow who sat up all night trying to figure where the sun went when it went down? The next morning it dawned on him.

"Did he take his hard luck like a man?"

"I'll say he did—he blamed it on his wife."

* * *

A woman not used to hard work took a job at the Ryan plant. She was worried about some bumps that showed up on her arms. She went to see a doctor about it. "He said the bumps are quite all right," she told a neighbor; "they are muscles."

* * *

"So you met your wife at a night club," asked one. "That must have been exceptionally romantic.!!

"Romantic, nothing!" snorted the other. "It was mighty embarrassing. I thought she was at home taking care of the kids."

* * *

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer.

"I'd rather not. They are not fit words to tell a gentleman."

"Then," said the lawyer, "whisper them to the judge."

* * *

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?" He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood and said, "I'd travel!"

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone—in his hand was a nickel!

A soldier came back to camp after an attack, with a Jap helmet slung over his shoulder. "I had to kill a hundred Japs to get this," he announced.

"Why?" asked his buddies.

"Had to get the right size," he said.

* * *

A cook in a lunch room was telling a customer whom he had just served about his record in World War I. "Yes sir," he said, "I was officers' cook for two years, and was wounded twice."

"You're a lucky man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

* * *

Smoke From a Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

That loud "Boys, please don't spank me!" and "Please don't use that paddle on me!" which echoed down the hall one morning early was the voice of SUE trying to talk herself out of a birthday spanking. She finally succeeded in persuading the Lab Staff that she really didn't deserve the usual birthday greeting, but not until after she had been thoroughly scared. Congratulations, Sue, and many more happy birthdays to come!

Have you wondered how Dakar, Bizerte, Leningrad, Kharkov and all those front-line, front-page places appear on a map? We now have a map of the Mediterranean, Europe, and Northern Africa adorning a wall of the Laboratory. It is proving to be of interest to all of us as well as to visitors. So that we may have a more vivid picture of where Allied troops as well as the Axis troops are, there are small flags pinned up in strategic spots. Keeper of the flags in accordance with current news is WILSON G. "HUBBUB" HUBBELL. We have also located the "Chetniks" and given them a flag.

And speaking of hubbubs, the party at JIM and KAY SCURLOCK'S house was some celebration! The Lab Gang sat down to "Abalone Steaks" with all the trimmings, the abalones being freshly caught by none other than BILL BATZLOFF, our denizen of the deep, and done to a crisp savoryness by the girls. The strawberries were furnished the gang by "Hubbub" himself.

The Lab Bowling Team got together recently to celebrate their placing ninth in the Ryan League. Their little shindig was a huge success, judging by the weary-eyed specimens reporting to work the next morn. The "take" was over $24.00, and they made good use of every penny of it. The only thing we didn't like about it was that it was strictly a stag party, which, of course, eliminated us. We felt, quite justifiably too, that since we had spent our Monday nights in rooting for and praising the talents of the local five, we, too, deserved a little relaxation, but it seems these sentiments were not shared by all. We aren't going to forget this, boys. Our hearts are full of revenge, and there is nothing so dangerous as a pair of fuming super-snoopers, we always say.

The most popular guy in the Lab at high noon is FORD LEHMAN, Welding Supervisor. He has the right technique of getting in good with the secretaries—a stick of gum right after lunch works magic around these premises. That's why he rates those bright smiles and that good service without even having to raise his voice to a bellow, which is the commonly-accepted procedure.

Right here and now, the Lab gals want to say "Thanks" to our mothers for being so sweet and understanding and for bearing with us even during times of strain—such as those nerve-wracking hours spent on writing our column. They're a couple of swell "Moms," and we'd like to take this opportunity to show our appreciation publicly and to send them these verbal orchids. In case it has slipped your mind, Mothers' Day is right around the corner—May 9th, to be exact.

Inspection

by Irene Travis

REPORT: After talking with several supervisors of inspection, I find that the Inspection Department is doing a very good job of being on the job every day and on time; that the most absentees are from sickness.

LEADMAN: Christy of crib 1 is always on the job. Never been absent but one day since he came to work two and half years ago, and you would have been absent too, if the dentist had taken what few teeth you had.

MEN: Ida Thurnell says a good man is hard to find. Ida has been here almost a year and never absent. How is that for a helpmate, fellows?

LOST: Bill Bilbern from Shipping Inspection at Bekins to Final Assembly. Hate to lose a good man for Bill is always on the job. Frank Powell is taking Bill's place at Bekins.

A RING: You will find on Ruth's finger and the lucky fellow is Gene Mattson of Final Assembly. Ruth is in Crib 3; they both work the second shift. The great event will take place soon. Happy landing.

GIRLS: M. Setter, inspector of Paint Processing has a very good record, no days off since he came here to work two years ago, except vacations, and who wouldn't take them? He drives a fresh air taxi.

ATTENDANCE: For the past year the following inspectors in Crib 4 have perfect attendance records: Lula Stone, Ida Thurnell, Alice Dewey Johnson, Homer Pugh, Ralph McLester, Bill Rossi and Poppy Garrison. Along with the above, Susan Rowan, Shirley Gatliff, Bob Southern and D. J. Donelly have been present every day for the past two months.

TRANSFERRING: Prettyman, supervisor of Final Assembly Inspection, says his men are always on the job unless they are really ill. With the center section out of the jig and another going in, he is having to transfer several men. Wilder of Crib 5 is relieving Gene Mattson who will take over vertical jig, so Jueschke can take over flaps. These are on second shift and with the day shift have a good attendance. Long is holding a very good record; only one day off in over a year. Jennins was off five days from sickness.

VACATION: Dick Collins of Crib 1 is taking his vacation this week. This is a well earned vacation since it's his first in six years. Hope you have a good time Dick.

TEACHER: Hatcher, he will be known as from now on; as he has left Ryan to teach at the Vocational School. He will be teaching men so they can take their place on the production lines. We hated to have him go. He had been with the company for several years.

DYES: Gordon Becker, magnetic Inspector in Crib 1, dyes not his hair but bolts, nuts and parts. Gordon has perfect attendance; not a day off in two years.

DATE: Is May 30th. The bells will be ringing for Marjorie Davis and Bill Hroy to say their I Do's.

LOOK GIRLS: We have a new inspector, John Renner in crib 3. He is dyeing (to meet you girls) with the magnetic machine. He hails from Canton, Ohio.

LETTER: From Paul Wallensak telling us he is in the Navy now. Paul will be remembered from Cribs 1 and 3, last of Shipping Inspection Crib 1. Answered his letter in the form of a chain letter, and I know he will enjoy that letter for the boys in service love to get mail. Write to all you know and do your share to give them the little happiness you can.

NEW FACES: In Crib 4 we noticed Molly Twichell, Wanda Tuenge, Leona Day, J. H. Boone and Mrs. Beane. Glad to have these new people and I'm sure you will enjoy your work with the swell folks in this department.

ANOTHER: Eligible lost to a girl from Nebraska, so we hear. LeFleur is going to middle aisle it with his school days' sweetheart very soon. More power to you LeFleur.

NAVY: Halland of Crib 1 hasn't missed a day since he came to work for Ryan nearly nine months ago. His son has just gone into the Navy.

ELIGIBLE: Bill Mattson. Yes, girls, he's a bachelor and has only lost one day and a half since last September so the pay check comes in regular. Better look out, Bill, your brother Gene has fallen.

SICK: Edna Farnsworth of Crib 1 has been absent for the past week with bronchitis. Hope you will soon be back on the job.

LAST: Two months George Tiedeman, Win Alderson and Ruth Barnett have had a perfect attendance in Crib 3.

PB2Y-3: Parfield, one of the Final Assembly inspectors, comes to us with three years service with Consolidated. Been here two months, present every day and on time.

PERFECT: Attendance record for this year is held by Al Johnson of Crib 3. Remember girls, he is one of the eligibles.

BACK: On the job of dyeing is Cormack Berryman. Glad to have you back and feeling fine after your illness. Sorry you didn't get any calls from the notice in last issue.

NAVY INSPECTOR: Porter is raising rabbits. He bought two about five weeks ago and you should hear him tell how many he has (maybe he is counting his chicks before they hatch).

From the Beam

by Pat Kelly

There are submitted herewith, for your perusal, various facts and fancies as observed from the factory beams where we spend much of our time, or rather, the company's time. We get, you might say, a bird's-eye view of the antics of our contemporaries below, and the sights are often intriguing.

For example, we noticed "CHIEF" WALKER, of Tooling, admiring his new equipment and wearing a long white cloak. The cloak was unusual, so we slid down a nearby post, stealthily approached the stalwart "Chief" from the rear, and gently raised the cloak. So help us, the blighter was trouser-less! We then executed that brilliant military maneuver so well described by the writers of "They Were Expendable" as "getting the hell out of there."

BIG JIM HYDE, furnace operator, was the recent honoree at a "shower." It was a complete surprise, not only to Jim, but to many others in the vicinity of the Ajax salt bath, when a quenching operation assumed the proportions of a block-buster near miss. Jim, who received the major share of flying particles, was heard to say, "Yea, Boy! There's gonna be some changes made heah, Ah'll tell ya for shore!"

Speaking of changes being made, have you noticed how often the subject of victory gardens now enters into conversations superseding topics such as "the five-hundred-mile trip we made over the week-end"? For the information of those who have gardens we wish to announce a novel experiment in irrigation. As history tells us, many great inventions were, more or less, purely accidental. In this instance, ERNIE JOHN of Maintenance, attempting to run a water line to his garden, connected his pipe into the hot line from the heater. Amazing results are predicted from this innovation. And you who have gardens also have gophers. To those who have cussed this furry little fellow we cry "Shame," for he, too, may be put to use. Have you considered "gopher on toast"? There's a tasty dish that will help solve the meat problem.

We are sure many of you will remember MIKE CADY, electrician, who left the company sometime ago to re-enter the Navy. We understand he has seen much action on convoy duty and is soon to go up for commission as ensign.

Another wire-puller, DAVE GORDON, is the boastful father of a lovely baby girl. We warn you, Dave, though cigars may be rationed, we expect ours.

That brings to mind the famous Gordon-Atkinson wrestling match that is still talked about by the fortunate few who witnessed it. EARL "BULL" ATKINSON, of Planishing, is sincerely at work developing his physique into one of Herculean beauty. A muscle-building class he organized failed simply because the pace he set was too much for the members. Earl has been looking longingly at all that lead Ryan uses for dies—it would make such lovely shots, dumbbells, and bars, wouldn't it, Earl?

There's a chap in the Loft who evidently is taking a correspondence course in osteopathy and is putting into practice, during the rest periods, what he learned in the last lesson. We noticed him giving a "treatment" to a most charming patient, and from the gracious smile bestowed upon him, we judged he is quite successful.

In the interest of rubber conservation, we wonder if there isn't some way to eliminate from the road leading to the parking area the many tank traps we daily bounce through.

OSCAR KUTSCHE'S son, Lt. John Kutsche of the Air Corps, is visiting his dad while recuperating from injuries received in a crack-up. Lt. Kutsche is following in the footsteps of his father, who was "over there" in '17 and '18. It goes without saying that Oscar is all smiles. He showed us son's picture no less than five times in one day!

To those of us who knew and worked with HAROLD HILL, his passing away was a shock. Always cheerful, never too busy to do a little job for us, eager to answer our questions, he lived up to his own exacting code. Many years of welding placed him at the top of his profession. He will be sorely missed. Our sympathy is extended to his family.

Library Has New Aircraft Material

Aircraft Riveting: by E. B. Lear in collaboration with James E. Dillon.

A guide for the student emphasizing practical aspects of the most important functions of riveting.

Aircraft Spot and Seam Welding: by George Kuntz.

Tells about the internal mechanism of these machines and how they function.

Industrial Inspection Methods: by Leno C. Michelon.

Text used in War Training Division of Illinois Institute of Technology which was set up in cooperation with the Ordnance Office of the U. S. War Department. A guide to inspection methods and practice, correct use and application of precision measuring instruments, along with problems relating to the precision inspection of ordnance materials.

Engineering Mechanics: by Frank L. Brown.

Written by a professor of applied mechanics at the Universtiy of Kansas, this is a revised and reset edition of a book that has been a standard for years.

Airplane Design Manual: by Frederick K. Teichmann.

For students as well as the practicing aeronautical engineer, this airplane design manual outlines an orderly form of procedure covering such subjects as preliminary weight estimate, the three view, and the balance diagram necessary.

Plant Protection: by E. A. Schurman, Chief of Protection at Glenn L. Martin Co.

A handbook for American industry—factories, mills, docks and shipyards. How to set up and organize a department and run it efficiently.

Maintenance

by John Rodgers

Mr. ARTHUR REISS is the father of a fine young son. Mother and son are doing well, but Art says he has had several bad nights.

Mr. McCUNE is reported on the sick list. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. STARKWEATHER and Mr. RAPER went fishing last Wednesday down Mexico way. They reported a bad day and no fish. Why not try a different spot? Yours truly catches some real nice ones around Encinitas.

Mr. BILL BOURLAND, foreman on the third shift, and his crew certainly have the fine support of Mr. BOB REVILEE of third shift in the main plant. We certainly appreciate the fine cooperation you have given to all of the gang on this shift. Keep up the good work, Bill.

Welders CORNELIUS, RAPER and BROWN have a very nice lady as a helper. Now will you be good, boys?

We have lost a good friend in the death of Mr. HILL, who was in the Maintenance department for over a year. We are very sorry to hear of his death. It was quite a shock to all of us. We send our sincere regrets to his family and share their grief. A nice donation is being taken up by his friends in the Maintenance department.

It seems the softball team is doing a lot of practicing lately. They had better come out on top. At this writing I haven't learned who is on the team, but we will hear more about that later.

Ryanettes

by Tom, Gerry and Marion

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT:

Sweater girls are observed in the best places.

The modern girl hasn't an hour-glass figure, but she makes every minute count.

A person can't tell about women aircraft workers (and if you could, you shouldn't).

MISCELLANEOUS:

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to BUD GROFF in the loss of his wife and infant daughter. Also to KENNY KRULL, Assistant Foreman, Experimental, whose father passed away last week.

LORETTA ANDERSON, of Airplane Production Control, has left Ryan to go back to her home. Good luck, Loretto—we'll all miss you.

Rumor has it that Inspection and Engineering are getting together again, after the wedding of DON WILCOX and VIRGINIA MURDOCK a few weeks ago. Not mentioning names, but—

C. L. (FRENCHIE) FOUSHEE, of the Manifold Development Department, was married Easter Sunday in the Chapel of Roses. Congratulations, Frenchie.

'Bye for now—

TOM & GERRY, also MARION.

Inside Ryan

Notes from a roaming reporter

The welding Browns

Though few people know it, Ryan has a whole family of welders working here. They are O. L. "Brownie" Brown of Maintenance, the father; Velda Brown of Gas Welding, the mother; Zola Brown Parks of Stainless Steel Welding, the daughter; and Gerald Parks, the son-in-law, who also works in Stainless Steel Welding. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were welders for 17 years in Champaign, Ill., before coming to Ryan in 1941. This is one family that really is 100% behind the war effort!

His hobby is poison

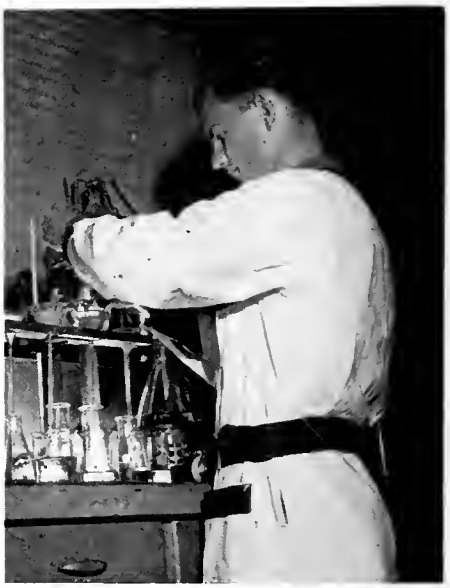
He makes no claims of being a psychologist, but Keith Whitcomb of the test Lab does spend his spare time analyzing people. He's a deputy coroner for San Diego County! Since September he's performed autopsies on all suspected poison deaths—from two to six a month. Whitcomb, who has a degree and two years graduate work in chemistry, has to test for each individual poison since most of the common ones con't be readily spotted. This procedure requires about 12 hours—sometimes as high as 20—depending upon how soon he chances on the correct poison.

One of the hardest poisons to detect is oxalic acid. A dose of two ounces may cause death in as short a time as three minutes or as long a time as 23 days. Immediately after death, the body may give no signs of the poison; not until two or three days later does the corrosive effect of the acid become noticeable. "The carbon monoxide cases are the ones I particularly hate to see coming up," Whitcomb explains, "because they mean I have to give up 5 cc of my own blood to compare with that of the deceased."

Ice skates make good earphones

Because a lot of second shift Ryanites like to ice skate, some bedridden boys in the Navy Hospital got radio headsets recently. Bill Cornett, Ernie Simonson, Roy Geesey and Jens Newman have been going to the skating rink from 12:30 a.m. to 4 a.m. once a week, and have built up quite a good-sized informal skating society. But in order to have the rink opened for them in the wee small hours, they've had to guarantee a flat fee to the rink management. So they take up a collection among themselves each week, and whenever the collection has been larger than the required guarantee, they've tossed it in a kitty. By New Year's, the kitty was so large that they looked around for something to do with it. Somebody said, "Let's ask the Navy Hospital if there's anything we can do for their boys." The Navy said, "Headsets would be swell! So headsets it was. Since the first of the year 75 have been purchased by the Ryan skaters for the lads in the Navy Hospital—Rohr employees, who are joining Ryanites in their skating parties, have bought an additional eight. So enthusiastic have Ryan skaters become over this opportunity to do another good turn for the Navy that they are making an earnest effort to obtain donations of used headphone sets. Any Ryan employee having one which he can donate, can bring a lot of enjoyment to some bedridden Navy man by leaving it with Travis Hatfield in Personnel on the day shift, or with Millie Maurer at the Manifold G-2 desk on second shift. (This information contributed by Bill Cornett.)

Frank Page of Machine Shop—veteran locomotive engineer whose story appears on page 4.



Keith Whitcomb of Laboratory. His hobby is autopsies!

James House of Airplane Welding—noted poultry fancier in his off hours. You'll find more dope about him on page 4.

Glenn L. Martin, president of Mortin Aircraft, takes a squint ot welding operations during his visit to our plant. The gent behind the mask at left is Claude Ryan. "Best picture of me ever token," he told our camermon.

The "welding Browns"—son-in-low Gerald Parks, daughter Zola Brown Parks, mother Velda Brown, and father "Brownie" Brown.

Earl "Muscles" Atkinson, leodmon of Drop Hammer. See poge 4 for the low-down on him.

Outside Ryan

What's doing at other factories

Famous dancer making airplanes

Ruth St. Denis, famed dancer, is working on the midnight to morning shift ot the Douglas aircraft plant.

Our secret weapon

Of the way in which American war workers have been contributing suggestions to speed up production, Donald Nelson hos this to say: "We can properly call this our secret weapon because it cannot be mode to serve the enemy, whose craftsmen toil under the lash of the slave driver. Already some magnificent things have been brought to light through workers' suggestions. Men have made contributions that are now closely guarded military secrets. They are of that importance. But these great improvements do not measure the power of this weapon. The millions of little improvements that save an hour or a pound of brass make it devastating. In their aggregate these will amass our production victory."

Habos go to work

Hobos have settled down to war work or military routine, judging by the 75 per cent decrease in travel among those professional sightseers, reported by Special Agent Charles N. Ferrer of the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

The Army picks up the hoe

The Army expects to make early and profitable use of the plough and the rake ond the hoe. Victory gardens will grow at the camps where suitoble soil is handy to the living quarters, and provide a share of the vegetables the soldiers require for their mess. They'll produce whatever the men in the service prefer, or, on expert advice, whatever crop seems best suited to the location of each porticular camp.

Cora uses her head

Cora's job is to build rubber pontoons, the landing gear for seaplanes. The operation was awkward and slow. She suggested, "Why not fold the top chafing strip double so that one girl can hold the strip by both ends while another girl helps center it? It works easy when centered properly." So it proved. And the United States Navy received more flying boats sooner because Cora had used her imagination.

Dauble safety

Safety matches carried around the Hercules Powder Company plant at Baraboo, Wisconsin, are made doubly safe in a cast iron box with a spring lid. Who carries matches in a powder works? Welders, who light their torches under the eagle eye of safety engineers.

A 50% increase

The Four Wheel Drive Company of Wisconsin reports thot one of their employees, Earl Ruchdashel, submitted a suggestion on a new method of tool grinding which allowed him to increase his machine from 129 to 237 r.p.m. This allowed him to increase his production 50 per cent. Not only does the new tool cut faster and more accurately, but whereas the old one had to be ground for every three pieces, the new tool will stand up for half a day of work.

For future education

Savings through War Bond purchases already accomplished are almost sufficient to provide four years of college education for every young man and young woman in Americo between the ages of 18 and 21.

SPORTS

Morrow Takes Shooting Honors

Elwin Morrow nosed out John Costien by 7 points for top honors in the new Rifle Club's first shoot recently at the Stanley Andrews range. Morrow riddled his targets for a score of 156, while Costien tallied a 149. Third place in the Class A competition went to Harold Hangii, who shot a 138.

Scores in the other classes were as follows:

CLASS B

Brand	121
O'Keefe	115
Clark	93

CLASS C

Pierson	85
Adams	78
Descouteau	75

WOMEN'S DIVISION

Mrs. Pierson	44
Mrs. Descouteau	27

The Rifle Club will participate in six more shoots this month. Here's the schedule:

Wednesday, May 12—.22 Cal. Rifle at Stanley Andrews down-town store; starts at 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, May 16—.22 Cal. Rifle at S. D. Police range 9:00 a.m. Also Silvergate Rifle Club Black Powder open match.

Wednesday, May 19—.22 Cal. Rifle at Stanley Andrews down-town store; starts at 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, May 23—.22 Cal. Rifle at S. D. Police range 9:00 a.m. Also Silvergate Rifle Club Black Powder open match.

Wednesday, May 26—.22 Cal. Rifle at Stanley Andrews down-town store at 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, May 30—County wide, open Black Powder match at the West Coast Rifle Club. All members shooting or interested in the old Black Powder guns invited to attend. Time: 9:00 a.m.

Finn Wins By One Stroke

Shooting a gross score of 85, O. Frank Finn nosed out Bernard Bills by one stroke to lead a field of 63 golfers and win the Ryan Golf Tournament at the Coronado Country Club April 11. Stanley Wilkinson, playing with a handicap of 20, won low net honors with his gross score of 87.

Other low scores were made by Arden Scroggs, whose 67 net won second lowest net honors; William La Porte, whose 69 net won third lowest net, and Keith Whitcomb, whose 87 gross tied him.

The large field of 63 golfers included seven new starters, one of whom trailed the field with a high score of 131, and was handicapped 35 for the next tournament. This information is added for the benefit of prospective contestants who might think that competing with men who shoot in the eighties would be a little too rough going.

Peffley Singles Bowling Champ

Charlie Peffley of Monifold Assembly is the singles champion of Ryan bowlers. Competing in the 169 division, Charlie mowed down the maples for a 554 series, with games of 171-201-182, during the recent week-end tournament at the Tower alleys.

The 170 and over division was won by Fred Hill with 536, including a 208 game; R. Parks took the 159 title with 576; and R. H. Berner the 149 bracket with 527.

High games were O. L. Brown with 200, T. Kell with 204, Bill Durant with 215, and Ed Sly with 190.

The doubles scores were as follows:

300 and under Bracket—
Peterson and Furdock.....968 Series
Turner .....High Game, 194

300 to 320 Bracket—
Cundiff and Durant.....1080 Series
Dryer .....High Game, 219

320 to 340 Bracket—
Walker and Hutchenson....1115 Series
Leonard .....High Game, 202

340 and over Bracket—
Love and Vogel .....1095 Series

The next tournament will be held May 15 and 16.

Eight Softball Teams In Action

Eight teams swung into action Tuesday, April 27, to open the Spring Softball season, which will continue for fourteen weeks. Teams representing Monifold Tigers, Monifold Stacks, Sheet Metal, Maintenance, Drop Hammer, Inspection, Wing, and an eighth team recruited from the plant at large, the Scavengers, compose the league.

Later it is planned to form two teams, one from the first and third shifts and one from the second or third shift, both of which will enter an Aircraft League that is scheduled to start late in May. Eventually from all Ryan teams an all-star team will be selected to represent the company in the Best league competition of the San Diego Managers' Softball Association.

Although not enough women have reported for practice to organize a league as yet, it is hoped that several teams may yet be organized. To date only enough girls have been showing up regularly to make up two teams. All girls interested in softball, who can practice every Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at Rose Park Playgrounds are asked to get in touch with Travis Hatfield or Blanche Attridge in the Personnel Department.

Ryan Sports Calendar

For the benefit of people who don't read bulletin boards and who are always wondering where to go for recreation, here is a list of sports and activities organized by the Personnel Department for Ryan employees:

Archery—Every Monday, all day, at the Consair Range, Balboa Park.

Ice Skating—Tuesdays, 12:30 a.m. to 4 a.m. at Glacier Gardens.

Roller Skating—Wednesdays, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.; 11 p.m. to 3 a.m., at Pacific Rink.

Swimming (with instruction for beginners) —Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 a.m. to 12 noon; Fridays, 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., Consair Pool.

Swimming Life Saving Classes—Tuesdays and Thursdays, 4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m., Consair Pool.

Badminton—Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 10 p.m., San Diego High School Gym.

Girls' Physical Training — Thursdays, 6 p.m. to 7 p.m., Consair Gym. Fridays, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.

Table Tennis and Archery Classes—Thursdays, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., Consair Gym.

Rifle Club's Outdoor Shoot—Third and fourth Sundays of each month, 9:30 a.m. to noon, S. D. Police Range.

For activities at the Consair Gym a membership ticket costing one dollar a month is required. However, the ticket entitles the member to dances, get-acquainted parties, and other activities.

If these activities don't offer enough variety, send your suggestions or requests to Travis Hatfield in the Personnel Department.

Ryan Baseball Club Wins One, Loses One

. . . by A. S. Billings, Sr.

The Ryan Club, having two open dates between the Winter and Summer Baseball League, kept in action by playing the Naval Training Station Marines at the Training Station before a crowd of 4,000 service men. This was a well-played contest, with Ryan winning 7-5 behind the excellent pitching of Bob Bollinger and hitting of Claude White.

The following Sunday, we opened the baseball season for the Camp Callan soldiers at Camp Callan, where we lost by a score of 9-8.

The club has lost Robert Kellogg, Claude White and Don Smith to professional baseball, but as the club has plenty of reserve talent, we will be able to have a good ball club in the Summer League, which opens on Sunday, May 2. All scheduled games appear in the Sunday edition of the San Diego Union each Sunday for the information of those who are baseball-minded.

MORE ABOUT

RYAN PLANES USED BY JAPS

(Continued from page 1)

the pilots of the unarmed Ryan planes couldn't get them back to the base in time and were forced to take to the clouds or try to outmaneuver the Japs. Once a skillful Dutch flier, caught aloft by an enemy pursuit, played tag with him for 25 minutes before finally outmaneuvering him in the nimble Ryan and making his way home. The Ryan was full of holes and had its tab controls shot away, but it reached Morokrembangan safely

When the invader's troops began moving south so fast that Soerabaja was obviously doomed, the STM landplanes there were flown inland about 50 miles to Malang. The Dutch primary training course hadn't included cross-country flying, and many of the students who ferried the ships had as little as three hours solo time, but they all arrived safely. Several days later the students and Dutch Army pilots flew the planes several hundred miles westward to join the Netherlands Army Air Force's Ryans at the base near Bandoeng.

In the last hours of Soerabaja, a large number of the Navy Ryan seaplanes still at the Naval Air Base there were dismantled and rushed aboard ships pulling out for Australia. Reaching Australia safely, they were used for a time by Dutch Colonial refugee pilots, then sold to the Royal Australian Air Force and are now in use training Anzac fliers. However, the Army Ryans and some of the Navy landplanes were captured in Java, flown to Batavia Air Field by the Japs, and have been in use ever since for training Japanese pilots.

Many Dutch colonial pilots who received their first instruction in Ryan seaplanes at Soerabaja are now undergoing their advanced training at the Royal Netherlands Military Flying School in Jackson, Mississippi, before returning to combat zones on missions of vengeance.

Wanna Swap?

Do you hove something you wont to buy, sell, or trade? Tell your fellow Ryonites obout it in this column! Write your od ond send it to Keith Monroe, Flying Reporter, or drop in the Flying Reporter box just inside the moin foctory entronce. No charge, of course!

SWAP—Willys 1935 sedan, excellent condition, for machine shop equipment. Emmet Hyder, 1846, Airplane Welding.

WANTED—Used radio not over 2 years old. Jack Wilton, 25, Salvage.

SWAP—8-tube custom twin speaker auto radio for outboard motor, boat, trailer or what have you. Jim House, 1827, Airplane Welding.

SWAP—General Electric refrigerator, perfect condition, for cow or good used car. Jim House, 1827, Airplane Welding.

SWAP—4x5 Speed Graphic camera and all equipment for what have you. Bill Cundiff, 2379, Maintenance.

WANTED—Good pressure cooker, preferably large size. Cash for best offered. V. T. Pierson, 3585, Final Assembly, or Capt. Pierson, Plant Police.

SELL OR SWAP—16 ft. boat, 10 h.p. outboard, 10 radios (console, table, auto and portable), speakers, tubes and parts; also 11 in. boat prop and about 100 pounds of magnet wire. Will sell, trade for tools or what have you. G. P. Dedman, 2548 Electrical Maintenance.

WANTED BY THE COMPANY—Models of Ryan planes. Do you have an accurate scale model of a Ryan PT-22? The model makers who used to make plane models for us are all in the service and we have frequent need for accurate models. If you have a model or can make one, contact Bill Wagner, Public Relations, Ext. 296.

SWAP—Toy airplane gas engine, candid camera for gun or what have you. C. W. Christopher, 1560, Inspection, Crib 3.

TRADE—Service of my Alpine-Mannerheim male goats for purebred Holstein sire with recorded list of heifers. J. T. Williams, 1184, Tooling.

SWAP—One gent's rubber reducing wrap—size 42—for bar-bell or weights. G. L. Kiesel, 230, Airplane Planning.

RADIO REPAIRS—I am repairing radios for Ryan employees exclusively in my spare time at home. This way you can get good service from someone who is known to everybody and be assured of a good job. Will pick up and deliver at the back gate after work every night. Contact me during rest periods. No auto radios. L. E. Garrison (Pappy), 1532, Manifold Inspection.

WANTED—Small marine motor for cash. W. E. Kane, 3087 Inspection Crib 5, second shift.

WANTED—Outboard motor. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

FOR SALE—20 ft. cabin boat, 6 ft. beam, 6 cyl. Star motor, $300.00. D. J. Baker, 2675, Dispatching.

SWAP—Two 35-in- baseball bats for what have you. W. G. Taylor, 2253 Mechanical Maintenance, second shift.

WANTED—Electric spray outfit complete. Will pay good price. E. Noble, 1157, Small Parts, second shift.

WANTED—Nearly new 6-ft. Frigidaire for cash. E. Noble, 1157, Small Parts, second shift.

WANTED—25-ft. sailboat with cabin, in good condition. J. McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection.

FOR SALE—Mariner's luminous compass. Carmack Berryman, 2615 Inspection, Crib 3.

WANTED—Washing machine. Will pay top price for late model in good condition. F. W. Reed, 813, Contract Administration.

FOR SALE—Wilson tennis racquet, Ellsworth Vines model. Nearly new, half price. Carmack Berryman, 2615, Inspection, Crib 3.

FOR SALE—Doberman Pinscher pup. Carmack Berryman, 2615, Inspection, Crib 3.

FOR SALE—One canvas golf bag and set of Spaulding wood shaft woods and irons. These clubs are old but would do for a beginner. Very cheap. L. B. Teller, 718, Methods Engineering.

WANTED TO TRADE — My one-bedroom furnished house for a two-bedroom furnished house. I have house with one bedroom, kitchen, living room, dinette and bath, furnished complete with linens, dishes, utensils. No garage. Walking distance to aircraft companies. On 2nd Avenue, $40.00 per month. I want house with 2 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bath, furnished. $40.00 or not over $45.00 Dishes and linens not necessary; garage preferable. Near street car between 1st and 30th near University. Lt. G. R. Bills, Plant Protection Office.

SWAP—Complete Dietzen drafting set consisting of instruments, board, triangles, French curve, ink, paper, erasers, etc. In use only three weeks. Will swap for set of used golf clubs. S. Wilkinson, 2531, Finishing Inspection, Crib 8.

SWAP—1941 4-door deluxe Oldsmobile sedan, fully equipped, will trade for equity in house or farm or good lot. Robert Vizzini, 680, Airplane Planning.

AT WAR'S END no one doubts the vital role of aviation in building the peace. Then, in a hundred "Plainvilles" every Joe Smith who can will be flying as owner or passenger in Ryan planes, because "during the war" Americans everywhere learned that Ryan Builds Well.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif. — **Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.**

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft